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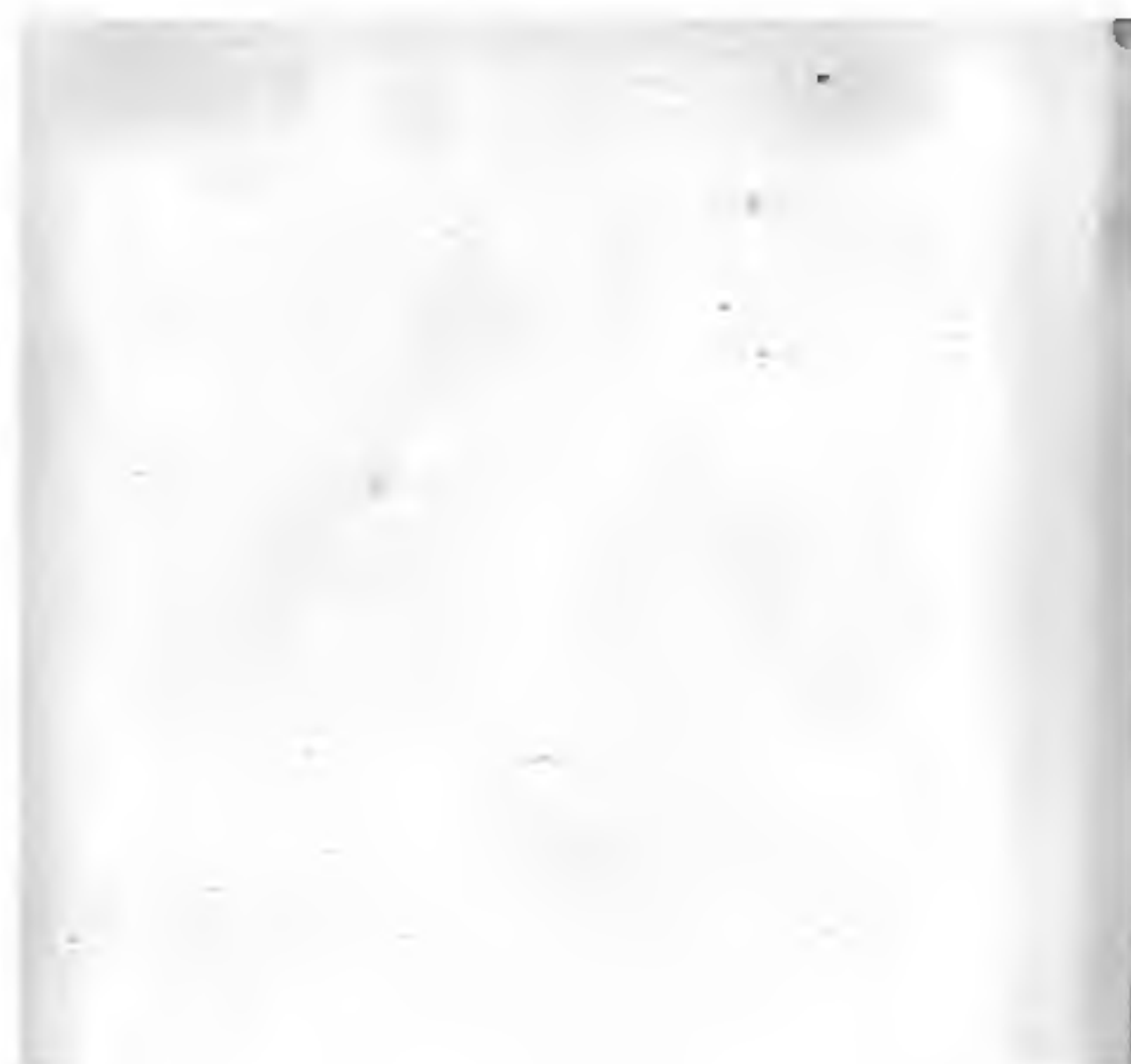
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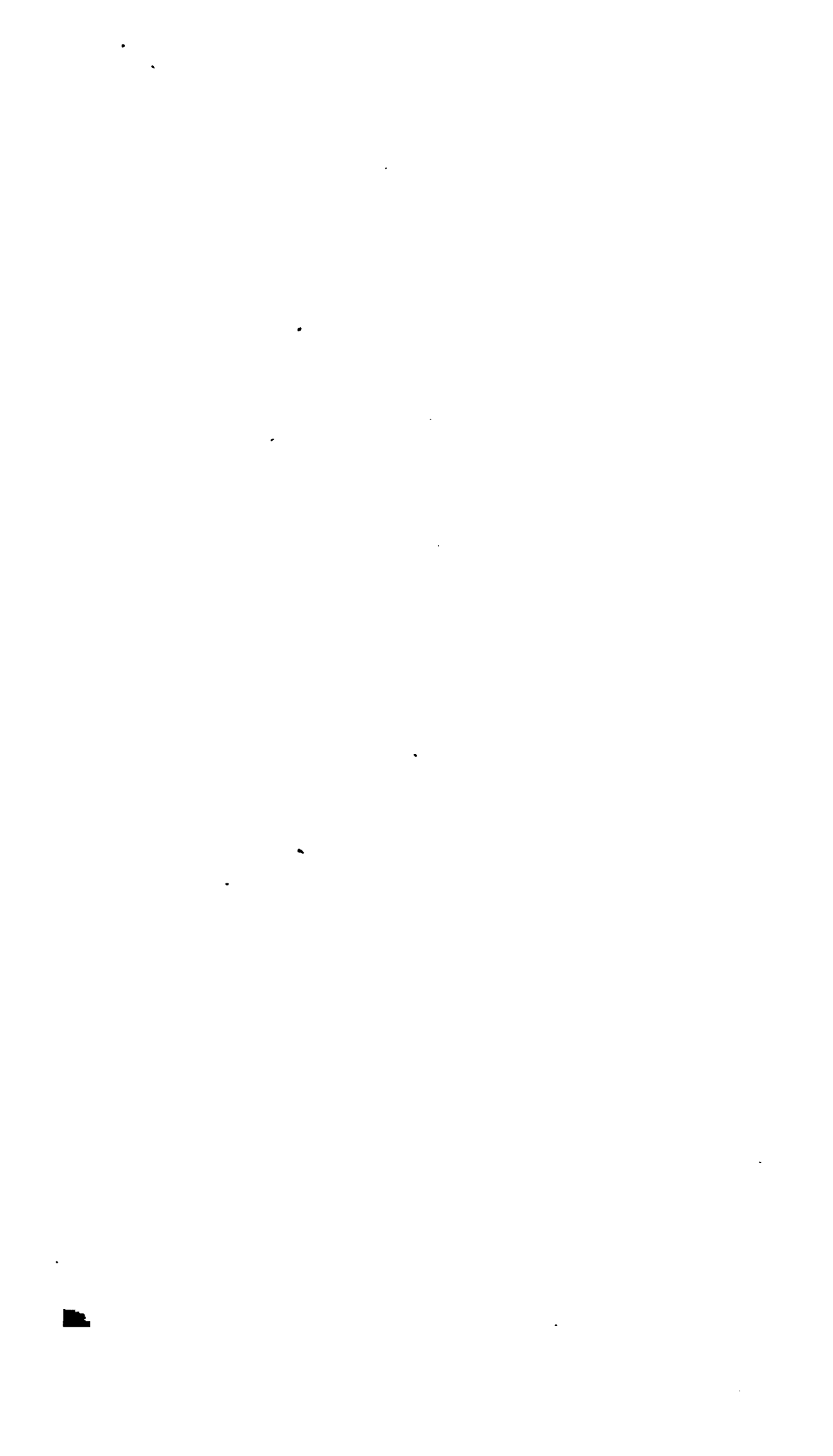
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**CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY**  
OF  
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**LITERATURE, SCIENCE, & THE ARTS.**  
**VOL. XXVII.**  
**MEMORIALS OF THE LATE WAR VOL. I.**



Drawn by W<sup>m</sup> Archibald Jun<sup>r</sup>

Engraved by W. Miller

CONTINUED.

**EDINBURGH:**  
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**1828.**



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**MEMORIALS**  
**OF**  
**THE LATE WAR.**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. I.**

**ALL THESE ARE QUIET NOW, OR ONLY HEARD  
LIKE MELLOW'D MURMURINGS OF THE DISTANT SEA.**

**J. H. REYNOLDS.**

**EDINBURGH:**  
**PRINTED FOR CONSTABLE & CO. EDINBURGH ;**  
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**1828.**





## PREFACE.

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THE achievements of the British army, during that momentous period when Napoleon Bonaparte had extended his conquests over nearly the whole of Continental Europe, form one of the brightest portions of our military annals. Never before had Britain grappled with so formidable a foe; and never was a long and sanguinary contest brought to a more triumphant conclusion. On the Continent, throne after throne had been overturned, nation after nation swallowed up in the gigantic empire which was the favourite aim of the Imperial ravager; but England, seated securely amid the waves, never for a moment acknowledged his supremacy, nor ceased to assail his power, wherever it promised to prove vulnerable. In Egypt, Italy, the West Indies, South America, *Denmark, Portugal, Spain, Bel-*

gium, and, finally, on what the Imperial braggarts styled the inviolable soil of France, the rapacious Eagle had to struggle for his prey with the British Lion. When the war commenced, our military force was far inferior to the enemy in organization, in tactics, and, in short, in every thing but valour. But, long before the contest terminated, our soldiers had in every respect become matchless; and the British arms had acquired a renown which never before belonged to them.

The Navy—the noblest and surest bulwark of Old England—led the van in this protracted warfare. In the course of a few eventful years, it swept from the seas every hostile flag; and the gigantic power of France could only be farther assailed by granting military succour to those countries in which a latent spirit of resistance to usurpation still slumbered, and promised speedily to awake. Portugal, and Spain in particular, stood in this predicament. Partly by craft, and partly by violence, Napoleon had succeeded in obtaining military possession of the whole of Arragon and Castile. Charles IV., intimidated by

menaces, and perplexed by machinations, had abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand ; and scarcely had the latter commenced his reign, when, by a scheme as artful as it was infamous, he and all his kindred were decoyed into captivity, and a member of his betrayer's family imposed upon the Spaniards as their King. In Portugal a revolution scarcely less disastrous had been accomplished. Napoleon, even before his legions passed the Spanish frontiers, had declared, in his favourite oracular style, that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign. It was well understood that he contemplated the partition of Portugal ; and the Prince of Brazil, anticipating no mercy at the hands of one, whose pastime it was to dethrone kings and extirpate dynasties, prudently retired, with his family, to his transatlantic dominions, leaving the Portuguese nation to the fortune that might befall it.

It was at this epoch, so pregnant with woe to the Peninsula, that the mountaineers of Asturia and Gallicia rose against the invaders, and, by their brave defiance, set an example which was speedily followed by *the whole of Spain*. That moral pes-

tilence which French artifice and French gold had rendered but too general among the wealthier orders, had not yet corrupted the great body of the people; and the moment when they found resolute and patriotic men to head them, they flew to arms. A strong French force was overthrown in the mountains of Andalusia; and the city of Zaragoza was defended by the brave Palafox and his fellow-citizens, with an obstinacy, to which modern history furnishes no parallel. The Portuguese, too, though, in many respects, a less noble race, remained but a short time tranquil, under the military chief whom "the Arbiter of Destinies" had sent to coerce them. After a brief but ineffectual struggle, they appealed for succour to Britain, their ancient and staunch ally. That appeal was not made in vain. It was equally in accordance with the pride and the policy of England, to give it attention. An armament was instantly fitted out, and ten thousand men were soon afterwards landed at the mouth of the Mondego.

It would be superfluous to enumerate here, *the triumphs* and vicissitudes of the pro-

tracted struggle that followed. For seven successive years, Britain poured the *elite* of her army into the Peninsula in a full and generous stream. When she first unfurled her banner there, the arms of Napoleon were dominant from the Pyrenees to the Rock of Gibraltar; when she refolded it, she had driven every invader across his own frontier, and sealed the independence of Spain, by repeated victories on the soil of France.

The recollection of those times is still vivid, and will long remain so, throughout the British Isles. The circumstances under which the Peninsular war commenced—the lofty historical associations connected with the country—the formidable character of the foe—and, above all, the memorable services of our army, combine to throw over it a degree of solemn romance, which attaches to no other struggle in which Britain has ever been engaged. Fifteen years have elapsed since it terminated, yet many brave and gentle hearts are still linked to Spain by emotions too proud and too holy even for time to destroy. There are few families *in the land* who have not one or more

relatives sleeping in a soldier's grave, among the Spanish *Sierras*; and there is certainly not one who had not, at some period or other, during the contest, a kinsman serving in the British ranks.

Under these impressions, the following Memorials are now given to the public. They embrace no regular history of the campaigns—for, at a time when so many able narratives, specially dedicated to that object are in the hands of the public, such a work would be altogether supererogatory; but they exhibit what will be sought for in vain in more dignified and voluminous productions,—faithful pictures of the individual vicissitudes of the soldier—his “hairbreadth escapes by flood and field”—his mode of cheating the lagging hours in those brief intervals of repose which war allowed him—and, above all, the peculiar emotions that agitated him, when butchery was his daily pastime, and rapine his licensed trade.

The “Journal of a Soldier” is perhaps the most faithful and unaffected record of the varied and desultory career of a private sentinel, that has yet appeared. As a fragment of general history, it is of course ob-

scure and unsatisfactory; but, as a Memorial of the sanguinary conflicts in which the author was engaged, it is fully entitled to the precedence now given it. It has no pretensions to dignity of style, and narrates only the fortunes of one who was but a unit of the thousands with whom he was banded; but the very simplicity with which these are recorded, proves it a genuine index to the feelings of a personal observer. Dr Neale's narrative, on the contrary, is of a strictly historical description. Like the author of the "Journal," he was an eyewitness of the sufferings of the British army, during the retreat in which Sir John Moore lost his life; and, having held an appointment of some distinction on that occasion, he has delineated the operations of the campaign with a faithful and vigorous pen. His estimate of the brave but luckless commander, falls short of that which has been generally adopted; but, he bears willing testimony to his character, both as a soldier and as a man, and does ample justice to the valour of his troops—a valour which shed a radiance even over the terrible reverses they sustained.

Mr Malcolm's "Reminiscences" also relate to *a period of the war*, which the Jour-



nalist has briefly noticed ; but the incidents embraced by the two works are totally different. The “Reminiscences” not only give a clear and comprehensive view of the movements of the British army in the south of France, but abound in rare and splendid pictures of the vicissitudes of war, which no one but a man of education and a poet could have painted.

The second volume contains a new Translation of Rocca’s Memoirs of the War in Spain ;—and a Popular account of the Battle of Waterloo, without which, these Memorials would have been incomplete. Rocca’s work is highly valuable for the information it gives relative to the spirit and organization of the French army ; but the principal motive, however, for including it among Narratives otherwise exclusively dedicated to our own gallant troops, is, that the reader may be better enabled to exercise his own judgment in forming an estimate of the character of the two armies, during a contest in which the national peculiarities of both were strongly developed.

*EDINBURGH, JULY, 1828.*

**I.**

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**JOURNAL  
OF  
A SOLDIER  
OF  
THE LXXI. REGIMENT,  
FROM 1806 TO 1815.**



## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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IN almost every history of campaigns and of battles, ancient and modern, it has been the endeavour of the writer to direct the sympathy of his readers exclusively to the heroes who have led their fellow-creatures to victory and to slaughter; and the mind has been withheld from the consideration of the mass of misery which war has inflicted upon the hundreds of thousands of unnoticed soldiers, equally susceptible of every feeling of pain, and more exposed to hardships and privations than the commanders—who alone reap the laurels, and the few solid emoluments of the field of battle.

It is hoped that this little Work, however humble its pretensions, may be found useful in counteracting the pernicious influence of the generally received maxim, that there is something

peculiarly honourable in the profession of arms—that it is more glorious to be employed as an instrument of terror and destruction, than in promoting the arts that gladden the life of man—in being mere tools in the hands of others, either to oppose or minister to ambition—to resist the violence of oppression, or rivet the chains of despotism, just as they shall be directed by their superiors.

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The Publishers have made repeated inquiries after the Author of the *Journal of a Soldier*, but without effect. The last time he was seen about Edinburgh, he was employed on the Calton Hill, with a number of poor labourers thrown out of regular employment, who were supported at the rate of five shillings a-week by the subscriptions of the public. From this miserable employment he found means to remove himself, and it is supposed emigrated to South America. In all probability he never heard of the success of a production which does him so much credit, and which might have been the means of alleviating the indigence which was the conclusion of so many toils and sufferings, in what is called the service of his country.

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## JOURNAL OF A SOLDIER.

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FROM motives of delicacy, which the narrative will explain, I choose to conceal my name, the knowledge of which can be of little importance to the reader. I pledge myself to write nothing but what came under my own observation, and what was personally engaged in.

I was born of poor but respectable parents, in Edinburgh, who bestowed upon me an education superior to my rank in life. It was their ambition to educate me for one of the learned professions; my mother wishing me to be a clergyman, my father, to be a writer. They kept from themselves many comforts, that I might appear genteel, and attend the best schools: my brothers and sister did not appear to belong to the same family. My parents had three children, two boys and a girl, besides myself. On me alone was lavished their care. My brothers, John and William, could read and write, and, at the age of twelve years, were bound apprentices to trades. My sister Jane was made, at home, a servant of all-work, to assist *my mother*. I alone was a gentleman in a house of poverty.



My father had, for some time, been in a bad state of health, and unable to follow his usual employment. I was unable to earn any thing for our support. In fact, I was a burden upon the family. The only certain income we had was the board of my two brothers, and a weekly allowance from a benefit society, of which my father was a member. The whole sum was five shillings for my brothers, and six from the society, which were soon to be reduced to three, as the time of full sick-money was almost expired.

I do confess, (as I intend to conceal nothing), this distressed state of affairs softened not my heart. I became sullen and discontented at the abridgment of my usual comforts ; and, unnatural wretch that I was ! I vented that spleen upon my already too distressed parents. My former studies were no longer followed, for want of means to appear as I was wont. That innate principle of exertion, that can make a man struggle with, and support him in, the greatest difficulties, had been stifled in me by indulgence and indolence. I forsook my former school-fellows, and got acquainted with others, alas ! not for the better.

I was now sixteen years of age, tall and well made, of a genteel appearance and address. Amongst my new acquaintances, were a few who had formed themselves into a spouting club, where plays were acted to small parties of friends, who were liberal in their encomiums. I was quite bewildered with their praise, and thought of nothing but becoming another Roscius, making a fortune, and acquiring a deathless name. I forsook my *classical authors* for Shakespeare, and the study of *the stage*. Thus, notwithstanding the many tears

of my mother, and entreaties of my father, I hurried to ruin. I was seldom at home, as my parents constantly remonstrated with me on the folly of my proceedings. This I could not endure: I had been encouraged and assisted by them in all my former whims. All my undertakings were looked upon by them as the doings of a superior genius. To be crossed now, I thought the most unjust and cruel treatment.

I had, through the interference of my new acquaintances, got introduced to the Manager of the Theatre at Edinburgh, who was pleased with my manner and appearance. The day was fixed on which I was to make my trial. I had now attained the summit of my first ambition. I had not the most distant doubt of my success. Universal applause, crowded houses, and wealth, all danced before my imagination. Intoxicated with joy, I went home to my parents. Never shall the agony of their looks be effaced from my memory. My mother's grief was loud and heart-rending, but my father's harrowed up my very soul. It was the look of despair—the expression of his blasted prospects—prospects he had so long looked forward to with hope and joy—hopes, that had supported him in all his toil and privations, crushed in the dust. It was too much; his eyes at length filled with tears, and, raising them to heaven, he only said, or rather groaned, “God, thy ways are just and wise; thou hast seen it necessary to punish my foolish partiality and pride: but, O God! forgive the instrument of my punishment.” Must I *confess*, I turned upon my heel, and *said*, with the most cool indifference, (so much

had the indulgence of my former life blunted my feelings towards my parents,) "When I am courted and praised by all, and have made you independent, you will think otherwise of my choice." "Never, never," he replied, "you bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."—"Thomas, Thomas, you will have our deaths to answer for," was all my mother could say; tears and sobs choked her utterance.

I was immovable in my resolves. The bills were printed, and I had given my word. This was the last time I ever saw them both. The scene has embittered all my former days, and still haunts me in all my hours of thought. Often, like an avenging spirit, it starts up in my most tranquil hours, and deprives me of my peace. Often, in the dead of night, when on duty, a solitary sentinel, has it wrung from my breast a groan of remorse.

Scarce had I left the house, when a sensation of horror at what I had done pierced my heart. I thought the echo of my steps sounded, "You will have our deaths to answer for!" I started, and turned back to throw myself at the feet of my parents, and implore their forgiveness. Already I was at the door, when I met one of my new acquaintances, who inquired what detained me? I said, "I must not go; my parents are against my going, and I am resolved to obey them." He laughed at my weakness, as he called it. I stood unmoved. Then, with an affected scorn, he said I was afraid, conscious I was unable to perform what I had taken upon me. Fired by his taunts, *my good resolves vanished, and I once more left my parents' door, resolved to follow the bent of my own inclinations.*

I went to the Theatre, and prepared for my appearance. The house was crowded to excess. I came upon the stage with a fluttering heart, amidst universal silence. I bowed, and attempted to speak ; my lips obeyed the impulse, but my voice had fled. In that moment of bitter agony and shame, my punishment commenced. I trembled ; a cold sweat oozed through every pore ; my father and mother's words rung in my ears ; my senses became confused ; hisses began from the audience ; I utterly failed. From the confusion of my mind, I could not even comprehend the place in which I stood. To conclude, I shrunk unseen from the Theatre, bewildered, and in a state of despair.

I wandered the whole night. In the morning early, meeting a party of recruits about to embark, I rashly offered to go with them ; my offer was accepted, and I embarked at Leith, with seventeen others, for the Isle of Wight, in July 1806.

The morning was beautiful and refreshing. A fine breeze wafted us from the Roads. The darkness of the preceding night only tended to deepen the gloomy agitation of my mind ; but the beauties of the morning scene stole over my soul, and stilled the perturbation of my mind. The violent beat of the pulse at my temples subsided, and I, as it were, awoke from a dream. I turned my eyes, from the beauties of the Forth, to the deck of the vessel on which I stood : I had not yet exchanged words with any of my fellow-recruits ; I now inquired of the serjeant, to what regiment I had engaged myself ? *His answer was, " To the gallant 71st ; you are a noble lad, and shall be an officer."* *He ran on in this fulsome cant for some time.*

I heard him not. Tantallon \* and the Bass † were only a little way from us. We were quickly leaving behind all that was dear to me, and all I ought to regret : the shores of Lothian had vanished ; we had passed Dunbar. I was seized with a sudden agitation ; a menacing voice seemed to ask, "What do you here ? What is to become of your parents ? " The blood forsook my heart ; a delirium followed, and I fell on the deck.

I have no recollection of what passed for some days. I was roused out of my lethargy by a bustle over my head. It was the fearful noise of a storm, which had overtaken us in Yarmouth Roads. The looks of despair, and the lamentable cries of the passengers, pierced me. I looked upon myself as the only cause of our present danger, like Jonah, overtaken in my guilty flight. The thought of acknowledging myself the sole cause of the storm more than once crossed my mind. I certainly would have done so, had not the violent rocking of the vessel disqualified me from leaving the bed on which I lay. I was obliged to press my feet against one side, and my shoulder against another, to preserve myself from receiving contusions. Striving to assuage the anguish of my feelings in prayer, I was the only composed person there ; all around me were bewailing their fate in tears and lamentations. I had seen nothing of the storm, as the passengers were all kept down below, to prevent their incommoding the seamen. During its continuance, I had made up my mind with regard to my future proceedings. As an a-

\* A ruinous castle on the shore.

† A rocky islet in the River Forth.

tonement for my past misconduct, I resolved to undergo all the dangers and fatigues of a private soldier, for seven years. This limitation of service I was enabled to adopt, by the excellent bill brought into Parliament by the late Mr Windham.

Without further accident, we arrived safe at the Isle of Wight, where I was enlisted, and sworn to serve my king and country faithfully for the space of seven years, for which I received a bounty of eleven guineas. The price thus paid for my liberty was the first money I could ever call my own. Of this sum it required about four pounds to furnish my necessaries, assisted by the sale of my present clothing; of the remainder, I sent five pounds to my parents, with the following letter :

NEWPORT BARRACKS,  
*Isle of Wight, July 1806.*

FATHER,—If a disobedient and undutiful son may still address you by that dear and now much-valued name ;—and my mother !—the blood forsakes my heart, and my hand refuses to move, when I think upon that unhallowed night I left your peaceful roof to follow my foolish and wayward inclinations. O, I have suffered, and must ever suffer, for my guilty conduct. Pardon me ! pardon me ! I can hardly hope—yet, O, drive me not to despair ! I have doomed myself to seven years' punishment. I made this choice in an hour of shame. I could not appear in Edinburgh after what had happened. Never shall I again do any thing to bring shame upon myself or you. The hope of *your pardon and forgiveness* alone sustains me. Again I implore pardon on my knees.

for the Cape of Good Hope, fifteen days after my arrival in the Isle of Wight, and before I had received an answer to my letter to my father. If my mind had been at ease, I would have enjoyed this voyage much.\* We had very pleasant weather, and were not crowded in our births. There were six soldiers to a birth, and we were at liberty to be on deck all day, if we chose.

The first land I saw, after leaving the Channel, was Porto Santo. It is very low, yet we could distinguish it plainly while we were thirty miles off. It has the appearance of a collection of small hills ending in peaks. In a short time after, we had a most pleasant sight : the island of Madeira, covered with delightful verdure. The view of it calmed me greatly ; and I felt just as I had done, the first time I saw the country, after a long illness in which my life was despaired of. How much was that pleasure increased, when we anchored between the Desertas and the island ! The weather was beautiful and clear ; we lay at a distance of not more than six or seven miles, at most, from the shore. The island is quite unlike Porto Santo. It seems to be one continued mountain, running from east to west, covered with stately trees and verdure. Every spot looked more luxuriant than another. As it is approached from the east, it has the appearance of a crescent, or new moon ; the corners pointed towards you.

While we lay there, we had boats alongside, every day, with oranges, lemons, figs, and many other fruits, which we purchased at a rate that surprised us, considering how dearly we had been accustomed to purchase them in England.

*As soon as we cast anchor, the health-boat came*

alongside, to inquire the state of the crew and passengers. This is always done, before any communication is allowed with the island. We had the pleasure to tell them, that there was not a sick person on board ; that we only wanted a supply of water, and were to sail as soon as possible.

Funchal is the largest town on the island. It is situated on the north side of the hill, towards the ocean, covering the hill from the summit to the base. The houses reach to the water's edge, and they all look as if they were newly built, they are so white and clean. Another range of hills is seen rising above the one on which the town is built ; these are also covered with houses, vineyards, and plantations of fruit-trees. Nothing could be more charming to our eyes, which had ached so long, in looking over a boundless expanse of sea.

Having completed our supply of water, we set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. As we sailed onwards, I was often surprised at the immense number of fishes of all descriptions that played round our vessel. When the weather was calm, fish of every kind, the dolphin, flying-fish, &c. were mixed harmlessly together. The shark was seen playing amongst them, and they not in the least alarmed. Small and large, all seemed collected before us to display the beauties and riches of Divine Providence in the great deep. In a dark night, the sea seemed sparkling with fire.

I inquired the cause of this assemblage of fishes, and their tameness, at an old sailor. He informed me, that the cause was the reflection of the copper on the ship's bottom, and that they were never seen *unless the vessel was coppered*.



It was early in the morning, when we first beheld the land about the Cape of Good Hope. We soon after could distinguish a hill, called the Sugar Loaf; and next reached a low island, called Robben Island. We anchored in Table Bay, and were disembarked next day.

Cape Town lies in a valley, the sides of which rise gently to the foot of the mountains that encompass it on all sides. Those near the town are of a great height. The houses of the town are all coloured white or yellow. They are mostly built of stone, and appear as if they were not a month old, they are so clean. The streets are paved with flag-stones, which, I am told, are brought from India. They are very agreeable in so hot a climate, being very cool.

I expected to see few people here but Dutch; but I found a collection of all the nations in the world. No doubt, the Dutch are the most numerous; but there are a great many Germans, Swiss, French, British, Irish, &c. all very much assimilated to each other. The Dutch have made the French more grave; the French, the Dutch less sedate. Every class of foreigners seems the better for being thus mixed with others. All are equally industrious; all seem happy and content.

I remained only three weeks at the Cape. I was again embarked in an expedition against South America, under Sir Samuel Auchmuty and Brigadier-General Lumley.

We arrived in the River La Plata, in October 1806, when we were informed that the Spaniards had retaken Buenos Ayres, and that our troops only possessed Maldonado, a small space on the side of the river, about five or six miles farther up

than Monte Video. On our disembarkation, we found the remains of the army in the greatest want of every necessary belonging to an army, and quite disheartened. On the land side, they were surrounded by about 400 horsemen, who cut off all their foraging parties, and intercepted all supplies. These horsemen were not regular soldiers, but the inhabitants of the country, who had turned out to defend their homes from the enemy.

Soon after our arrival at Maldonado, the Spaniards advanced out of Monte Video to attack us. They were about 600, and had, besides, a number of great guns with them. They came upon us in two columns, the right consisting of cavalry, the left of infantry, and bore so hard upon our out-picquet of 400 men, that Colonel Brown, who commanded our left, ordered Major Campbell, with three companies of the 40th regiment, to its support. These charged the head of the column: the Spaniards stood firm and fought bravely; numbers fell on both sides; but the gallant 40th drove them back with the point of the bayonet. Sir Samuel Auchmuty ordered the rifle corps, and light battalion, to attack the rear of their column, which was done with the utmost spirit. Three cheers were the signal of our onset. The Spaniards fled; and the right column, seeing the fate of their left, set spurs to their horses, and also fled without having shared in the action. There remained in our possession one general, and a great number of prisoners, besides one of their great guns. They left about 300 dead on the field. We had very few wounded prisoners, and these

were taken in the pursuit. I saw them carry their people back to the town as soon as they were hurt. Our loss was much less than theirs.

After this action, we saw no more of our troublesome guests, the horsemen, who used to brave us in our lines, and even wound our people in the camp.

This was the first blood I had ever seen shed in battle ;—the first time the cannon had roared in my hearing charged with death. I was not yet seventeen years of age, and had not been six months from home. My limbs bending under me with fatigue, in a sultry climate, the musket and accoutrements that I was forced to carry were insupportably oppressive. Still I bore all with invincible patience. During the action, the thought of death never once crossed my mind. After the firing commenced, a still sensation stole over my whole frame, a firm determined torpor, bordering on insensibility. I heard an old soldier answer, to a youth like myself, who inquired what he should do during the battle, “ Do your duty.”

As the battalion to which I belonged returned from the pursuit, we passed, in our way to the camp, over the field of the dead. It was too much for my feelings. I was obliged to turn aside my head from the horrid sight. The birds of prey seemed to contend with those who were burying the slain, for the possession of the bodies. Horrid sight ! Men, who, in the morning, exulting trode forth in strength ; whose minds, only fettered by their bodies, seemed to *feel restraint*, now lay shockingly mangled, and a *prey to animals*—and I had been an assistant in

this work of death ! I almost wished I had been a victim.

Until the 2d of November, my fatigue was great : constructing batteries and other works, we were forced to labour night and day. My hands, when I left home, were white and soft ; now they were excoriated and brown, and, where they were unbroken, as hard as horn. Often overpowered by fatigue, sleep has sealed my eyes ;—I have awoke groaning with thirst, and the intense heat of my hands. It was then I felt, in all its horror, the folly of my former conduct. Bitter was the sigh that acknowledged my punishment was just.

In the storming of Monte Video I had no share. We remained with the camp to protect the rear. While we lay before the town, the shells of the enemy were falling often near where I stood ; one, in particular, seemed as if it would fall at our feet. A young officer ran backwards and forwards, as if he would hide himself ; an old soldier said to him, with all the gravity of a Turk, “ You need not hide, Sir ; if there is any thing there for you, it will find you out.” The young man looked confused, stood to his duty, and I never saw him appear uneasy again,—so soon was he converted to the warrior’s doctrine.

We marched into Monte Video the day after the assault, where I remained seven months. It is a most delightful country, were it not so hot. The evening is the only tolerable time of the day. The sea-breeze sets in about eight or nine o’clock in the morning, which mitigates the heat a good deal ; yet I suffered much. It was now

the middle of December. Summer had commenced with all its sweets, on a scale I had no conception of ; neither can I convey any idea of it in words. We had the greatest abundance of every article of food, and, as the summer advanced, the choicest fruit, indeed even more than we could consume, and at length we loathed it.

I had been, along with the other youths, appointed to Sir Samuel Auchmuty's guard, as the least fatiguing duty. I would have been comparatively happy, had I known my parents were well, and had pardoned me : the uncertainty of this, and reflections on my past conduct, kept me in a state of continual gloom.

I was billeted upon a young widow, who did all in her power to make me comfortable, amongst with her aged father. Her husband had been slain in the first attack of our troops upon the place, and she remained inconsolable.

During the seven months I remained in Monte Video, she behaved to me like a mother. To her I was indebted for many comforts. Never shall I forget Maria de Parides : she was of a small figure, yet elegant in her appearance. Like the other women of the country, she was very brown, her eyes sparkling, black as jet, her teeth equal and white. She wore her own hair, when dressed, as is the fashion of the country, in plaits down her back. It was very long, and of a glossy black, Her dress was very plain : a black veil covered her head, and her mantilla was tied in the most graceful manner under her chin. This was the common dress of all the women ; the only difference *was in the colour of their mantillas and shoes. These they often wore of all colours, and some-*

times the veil was white. The men wore the cloak and hat of the Spaniards ; but many of them had sandals, and a great many wanted both shoes and stockings. The native women were the most uncomely I ever beheld. They have broad noses, thick lips, and are of very small stature. Their hair, which is long, black, and hard to the feel, they wear frizzled up in front, in the most hideous manner, while it hangs down their backs below the waist. When they dress, they stick in it feathers and flowers, and walk about in all the pride of ugliness. The men are short of stature, stout made, and have large joints. They are brave, but indolent to excess. I have seen them galloping about on horseback, almost naked, with silver spurs on their bare heels, perhaps an old rug upon their shoulders. They fear not pain. I have seen them with hurts ghastly to look at, yet they never seemed to mind them. As for their idleness, I have seen them lie stretched for a whole day, gazing upon the river, and their wives bring them their victuals ; and, if they were not pleased with the quantity, they would beat them furiously. This is the only exertion they ever make, readily venting their fury upon their wives. They prefer flesh to any other food, and they eat it almost raw, and in quantities which a European would think impossible.

I had little opportunity of seeing the better sort of Spanish settlers, as they had all left the place before we took it ; and, during the siege, those I had any opportunity of knowing were of the poorer sort, who used to visit Maria de Parides and her father, Don Santanos. They are ignorant in the extreme, and very superstitious. Maria told me,

with the utmost concern, that the cause of her husband's death was his being bewitched by an old Indian, to whom he had refused some partridges, as he returned from hunting, a few days before the battle. As I became acquainted with the language, I observed many singular traits of character. When Maria, or old Santanos, yawned, they crossed their mouth with the utmost haste, to prevent the Devil going down their throats. If Santanos sneezed, Maria called, "Jesus!" his answer was, "*Muchas gracias*," "Many thanks."—When they knock at any door, they say, "*Ave Maria purissima*;" they open at once, as they think no one with an evil intent will use this holy phrase. When they meet a woman they say, "*A sus pies senora*," or, "*Beso los pies de usted*," "I lay myself at your feet," or, "I kiss your feet." As they part, he says, "*Me tengo a sus pies de usted*," or, "*Baxo de sus pies*," "I am at your feet," or, "Keep me at your feet;" she replies, "*Beso a usted la mano, Cavellero*," "I kiss your hand, Sir." When they leave any one, they say, "*Vaya usted con Dios*," or "*Con la Virgen*," "May God, (or, the Holy Virgin,) attend you." When they are angry, it is a common phrase with them, "*Vaya usted con cien mil Demonios*," "Begone with a hundred thousand devils."—Maria was concerned that I should be a heretic, and wished much I would change my religion and become a Catholic, as the only means of my salvation. In vain I said to her, "*Muchos caminos al cielo*," "Many roads to heaven." There were few priests in the town, as they had thought it better to move off to Buenos Ayres, with the church-plate, &c. before we took the

town, than trust to their prayers and our generosity. Maria, however, got one to convert me, as her own father-confessor had gone with the rest. It was in the afternoon, on my return from guard, I first met him. His appearance made an impression on me, much in his favour; he was tall and graceful, and wore his beard, which was gray and full, giving a venerable cast to his face, and softening the wrinkles that time had made in his forehead. Maria introduced me to him as a young man who was willing to receive instruction, and one she wished much to believe in all the doctrines of the Holy Church, that I might not be lost for ever through my unbelief. He then began to say a great deal about the errors of the Protestants, and their undone state, since they had left the true church. The only answer I made was, "Muchos caminos al cielo." He shook his head, and said, all heretics were a stubborn sort of people, but begged me to consider of what he said. I answered, certainly I would, and we parted friends. Maria was much disappointed at my not being convinced at once; and her father, Santanos, said he had no doubt that I would yet become a good Catholic, and remain with them. I loved them the more for their disinterested zeal: their only wish was for my welfare.

Thus had I passed my time, until the arrival of General Whitelock, with reinforcements, in the beginning of June 1807. It was the middle of winter at Monte Video; the nights were frosty, with now and then a little snow, and great showers of hail as large as beans. In the day, dreadful rains deluged all around. We had sometimes thunder and lightning. One night in particular,



the whole earth seemed one continued blaze; the mountain on the side of which the town is built, re-echoed the thunder, as if it would rend in pieces. The whole inhabitants flocked to the churches, or kneeled in the streets.

On the arrival of the reinforcements, we were formed into a brigade, along with the light companies of the 36th, 38th, 40th, 87th, and four companies of the 95th regiments. On the 28th June, we assembled near Ensenada de Barragon, with the whole army, and commenced our march towards Buenos Ayres.

The country is almost all level, and covered with long clover that reached to our waists, and large herds of bullocks and horses, which seemed to run wild. The weather was very wet. For days I had not a dry article on my body. We crossed many morasses in our march, in one of which I lost my shoes, and was under the necessity of marching the rest of the way barefooted. We passed the river at a ford called Passorico, under the command of Major-General Gower. Here we drove back a body of the enemy. We were next day joined by General Whitelock, and the remainder of the army. Upon his joining us, the line was formed by Sir Samuel Auchmuty on the left, stretching towards a convent called the Recoletta, distant from the left about two miles. Two regiments were stationed on the right. Brigadier-General Crawford's brigade occupied the centre, and possessed the principal avenues to the town, which was distant from the great square and fort three miles. Three regiments extended towards the Residenta, on the right. The town and suburbs *are built in squares* of about 140 yards on each

side ; and all the houses are flat on the top for the use of the inhabitants, who go upon them to enjoy the cool of the evening. These, we were told, they meant to occupy with their slaves, and fire down upon us as we charged through the streets. From the disposition of our army, the town was nearly surrounded. We remained under arms on the morning of the 5th of July, waiting the order to advance. Judge our astonishment when the word was given to march without ammunition, with fixed bayonets only. " We are betrayed," was whispered through the ranks. " Mind your duty, my lads ; onwards, onwards, Britain for ever ! " were the last words I heard our noble Captain Brookman utter. He fell as we entered the town. Onwards we rushed, carrying every thing before us, scrambling over ditches, and other impediments which the inhabitants had placed in our way. At the corner of every street, and flanking all the ditches, they had placed cannon that thinned our ranks every step we took. Still onwards we drove, up one street, down another, until we came to the church of St Domingo, where the colours of the 71st regiment had been placed, as a trophy, over the shrine of the Virgin Mary. We made a sally into it, and took them from that disgraceful resting-place, where they had remained ever since the surrender of General Beresford to General Liniers. Now we were going to sally out in triumph. The Spaniards had not been idle. The entrances of the church were barricaded, and cannon placed at each entrance. We were forced to surrender, and were marched to prison.

It was there I first learned the complete failure of our enterprise. During the time we were charging through the streets, many of our men made sallies into the houses in search of plunder; and many were encumbered with it at the time of our surrender. One sergeant of the 38th had made a longish hole in his wooden canteen, like that over the money drawer in the counter of a retail shop; into it he slipped all the money he could lay his hands upon. As he came out of a house he had been ransacking, he was shot through the head. In his fall the canteen burst, and a great many doubloons ran in all directions on the street. Then commenced a scramble for the money, and about eighteen men were shot, grasping at the gold they were never to enjoy. They even snatched it from their dying companions, although they themselves were to be in the same situation the next moment.

We were all searched, and every article that was Spanish taken from us; but we were allowed to keep the rest. During the search, one soldier, who had a good many doubloons, put them into his camp-kettle, with flesh and water above them; placed all upon a fire, and kept them safe. There were about one hundred of us, who had been taken in the church, marched out of prison to be shot, unless we produced a gold crucifix of great value, that was amissing. We stood in a large circle of Spaniards and Indians. Their levelled pieces and savage looks gave us little to hope, unless the crucifix was produced. It was found on the ground on the spot where we stood; but it was not known who had taken it. The troops retired,

and we were allowed to go back to prison without further molestation.

Four days after we were made prisoners, the good priest I had conversed with in the house of Maria de Parides, came to me in prison, and offered to obtain my release, if I would only say that I would, at any future time, embrace the Catholic faith. He held out many inducements. I thanked him kindly for his offer, but told him it was impossible I ever could. He said, "I have done my duty as a servant of God; now I will do it as a man." He never again spoke to me of changing my religion; yet he visited me every day with some comfort or another.

Donald M'Donald was quite at home all the time we had been in South America. He was a good Catholic,\* and much caressed by the Spaniards. He attended mass regularly, bowed to all processions, and was in their eyes every thing a good Catholic ought to be. He often thought of remaining at Buenos Ayres, under the protection of the worthy priest; he had actually agreed to do so, when the order for our release arrived. We were to join General Whitelock on the next day, after fourteen days' confinement. Donald was still wavering, yet most inclined to stay. I sung to him, "Lochaber no more!" † the tears started into his eyes—he dashed them off—"Na, na! I canna stay, I'd maybe *return to Lochaber nae mair.*" The good priest was hurt at his retracting his promise, yet was not offended. He

\* Many of the Scottish Highlanders are Roman Catholics, particularly those of the name of M'Donald.

† A favourite national air.

said, "It is natural. I once loved Spain above all the other parts of the world; but———" here he checked himself, gave us his blessing, and ten doubloons a piece, and left us. We immediately, upon our release, set out on our return to Britain, and had an agreeable and quick passage, in which nothing particular occurred.

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It was on the 25th December 1807, after an absence of seventeen months from Britain, that I landed at the Cove of Cork in Ireland. A thrill of joy ran through my whole body, and prompted a fervid inward ejaculation to God, who had sustained me through so many dangers, and brought me to a place where I might hear if my parents had pardoned me, or if my misconduct had shortened the period of their lives. The uncertainty of this embittered all my thoughts, and gave additional weight to all my fatigues. How differently did the joy of our return act upon my fellow-soldiers!—to them it was a night of riot and dissipation. Immediately on our arrival, our regiment was marched to Middleton Barracks, where we remained one month; during which time I wrote to my father, and sent him the amount of the ten doubloons I had received from the good priest. In the course of post I received the following letter, inclosed in one from my brother. It had been returned to them by the post-office at the Isle of Wight.

*“ Edinburgh, 5th August, 1806.*

**“ DEAR THOMAS,**

**“ We received your letter from the Isle of Wight, which gave us much pleasure. I do not mean to add to your sorrows by any reflection upon what is past, as you are now sensible of your former faults, and the cruelty of your desertion. Let it be a lesson to you in future. It had nearly been our deaths. Your mother, brothers, and myself, searched in every quarter that night you left us ; but it pleased God we should not find you. Had we only known you were alive, we would have been happy. We praise God you are safe, and send you our forgiveness and blessings. The money you have sent, we mean to assist to purchase your discharge, if you will leave the army and come to us again. You say you have made a vow to remain seven years.—It was rash to do so, if you have vowed solemnly. Write us on receipt of this, that I may know what course to pursue.**

**“ YOUR LOVING PARENT. ”**

*Edinburgh, 5th January 1808.*

**“ DEAR BROTHER,**

**“ We received your letter with joy. It has relieved our minds from much uneasiness ; but, alas ! he who would have rejoiced most is no more. My heart bleeds for you, on receipt of this ; but, on no account, I beseech you, think your going away caused his death. You know he had been long badly, before you left us ; and it pleased God**

to take him to his reward, shortly after your departure. He received your letter two days before his death. He was, at the time, propped up in bed. It was a beautiful forenoon. William and myself were at his bedside; Jean and our dear mother each held a hand. Our father said in his usual manner, "My dear children, I feel the time at hand, in which I am to bid adieu to this scene of troubles. I would go to my final abode content and happy, would it please God to let me hear of Thomas; if dead, that our ashes might mingle together; if alive, to convey to him my pardon and blessings; for ere now, I feel conscious, he mourns for his faults." As he spoke, your letter arrived. He opened it himself; and, as he read, his face beamed with joy, and the tears ran down his cheeks: "Gallant, unfortunate boy, may God bless and forgive you as I do." He gave me the letter to read to my mother, aloud. While I read it, he seemed to pray fervently. He then desired me to write to you, as he would dictate. This letter was returned to us again. I now send it you, under cover of this. Your mother is well, and sends you her blessings; but wishes you to leave the army, and come home. The money you sent just now, and the five pounds before, will purchase your discharge. Send us the happy intelligence you will do so. I remain,

"YOUR LOVING BROTHER."

On receipt of this letter, I became unfit to do or think on any thing but the fatal effects of my *folly*. I fell into a lowness of spirits, that continued with me until my arrival in Spain; when

the fatigue and hardship I was forced to undergo, roused me from my lethargy.

I was now more determined to remain with the army, to punish myself, than ever. This I wrote to my brother, and desired him to make my mother as comfortable as possible with the money I had sent.

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We remained only one month in Middleton barracks, when we were again marched to Cork barracks, where I remained until the 27th June 1808, when I was embarked with the troops on an expedition under Sir Arthur Wellesley, consisting of nine regiments of infantry. We remained at anchor until the 12th July, when we set sail for the coast of Portugal, where we arrived on the 29th July, at Mondego Bay.

We began to disembark on the 1st of August. The weather was so rough and stormy, that we were not all landed until the 5th. On our leaving the ships, each man got four pound of biscuit, and four pound of salt beef cooked on board. We marched, for twelve miles, up to the knees in sand, which caused us to suffer much from thirst; for the marching made it rise and cover us. We lost four men of our regiment, who died of thirst. We buried them where they fell. At night we came to our camp ground, in a wood, where we found plenty of water, to us more acceptable than any thing besides on earth. We here built large huts, and remained four days. We again commenced *our march* alongst the coast, towards Lisbon. In our advance, we found all the villages



deserted, except by the old and destitute, who cared not what became of them.

On the 13th, there was a small skirmish between the French and our cavalry, after which the French retired. On the 14th, we reached a village called Alcobaco, which the French had left the night before. Here were a great many wine stores, that had been broken open by the French. In a large wine cask, we found a French soldier, drowned, with all his accoutrements.

On the morning of the 17th, we were under arms an hour before day. Half an hour after sunrise, we observed the enemy in a wood. We received orders to retreat. Having fallen back about two miles, we struck to the right, in order to come upon their flank, whilst the 9th, 29th, and 5th battalion of the 60th, attacked them in front. They had a very strong position on a hill. The 29th advanced up the hill, not perceiving an ambush of the enemy, which they had placed on each side of the road. As soon as the 29th was right between them, they gave a volley, which killed, or wounded, every man in the grenadier company, except seven. Unmindful of their loss, they drove on, and carried the entrenchments. The engagement lasted until about four o'clock, when the enemy gave way. We continued the pursuit, till darkness put a stop to it. The 71st had only one man killed and one wounded. We were manœuvring all day, to turn their flank; so that our fatigue was excessive, though our loss was but small. This was the battle of Roleia, a small town at the entrance of a hilly part of the country.

*We marched the whole of the 18th and 19th,*

without meeting any resistance. On the 19th, we encamped at the village of Vimeira, and took up a position amongst a range of mountains.

On the 20th, we marched out of our position to cover the disembarkation of four regiments, under General Anstruther. We saw a few French cavalry, who kept manœuvring, but did not offer to attack us.

On the 21st, we were all under arms an hour before day-break. After remaining some time we were dismissed, with orders to parade again at 10 o'clock, to attend divine service; for this was a Sabbath morning. How unlike the Sabbaths I was wont to enjoy! Had it not been for the situation in which I had placed myself, I could have enjoyed it much.

Vimeira is situated in a lovely valley, through which the small river Maceira winds, adding beauty to one of the sweetest scenes, surrounded on all sides by mountains and the sea, from which the village is distant about three miles. There is a deep ravine that parts the heights, over which the Lourinha road passes. We were posted on these mountains, and had a complete view of the valley below. I here, for a time, indulged in one of the most pleasing reveries I had enjoyed since I left home. I was seated upon the side of a mountain, admiring the beauties beneath. I thought of home: Arthur's Seat, and the level between it and the sea, all stole over my imagination. I became lost in contemplation, and was happy for a time.

Soon my day-dream broke, and vanished from my sight. The bustle around was great. There was no trace of a day of rest. Many were wash-

ing their linen in the river, others cleaning the firelocks; every man was engaged in some employment. In the midst of our preparation for divine service, the French columns began to make their appearance on the opposite hills. "To arms!" was beat, at half-past eight o'clock. Every thing was packed up as soon as possible and left on the camp ground.

We marched out two miles, to meet the enemy in formed line, and lay under cover of a hill, for about an hour, until they came to us. We gave them one volley, and three cheers—three distinct cheers. Then all was still as death. They came upon us, crying and shouting, to the very point of our bayonets. Our awful silence and determined advance they could not stand. They put about and fled without much resistance. At this charge we took thirteen guns, and one General.

We advanced into a hollow, and formed again, then returned in file, from the right in company to the rear. The French came down upon us again. We gave them another specimen of our charge, as effectual as our first, and pursued them three miles.

In our first charge, I felt my mind waver, a breathless sensation came over me. The silence was appalling. I looked amongst the line: It was enough to assure me. The steady determined scowl of my companions assured my heart, and gave me determination. How unlike the noisy advance of the French! It was in this second charge, our piper, George Clark, was wounded in the groin. We remained at our advance, until sunset; then retired to our camp ground. The ground was so unequal, that I saw little of

battle, which forced the French to evacuate Portugal.

On my return from the pursuit at Monte Video, the birds of prey were devouring the slain. Here I beheld a sight, for the first time, even more horrible ; the peasantry prowling about, more ferocious than the beasts and birds of prey, finishing the work of death, and carrying away whatever they thought worthy of their grasp. Avarice and revenge were the causes of these horrors. No fallen Frenchman, that showed the least signs of life, was spared. They even seemed pleased with mangling the bodies. When light failed them, they kindled a great fire, and remained around it all night, shouting like as many savages. My sickened fancy felt the same as if it were witnessing a feast of cannibals.

Next morning we perceived a column of the enemy upon the sand hills. We were all in arms to receive them, but it turned out to be a flag of truce. We returned to our old camp ground, where we remained three days, during the time the terms of a capitulation were arranging. We then got orders to march to Lisbon. On our arrival there, the French flag was flying on all the batteries and forts. We were encamped outside of the town ; and marched in our guards, next day, to take possession, and relieve all the French guards. At the same time the French flag was hauled down, and we hoisted, in its stead, the Portuguese standard.

We remained in camp until the day the French were to embark. We were then marched in, to protect them from the inhabitants : but, notwithstanding all we could do, it was not in our power

to hinder some of their sick from being murdered. The Portuguese were so much enraged at our interference in behalf of the French, that it was unsafe for two or three soldiers to be seen alone. The French had given the Portuguese much cause to hate them ; and the latter are not a people who can quickly forgive an injury, or let slip any means of revenge, however base.

On the 27th October we quitted Lisbon, and marched to Abrantes, where we remained fourteen days. Then we marched to Camponia, and remained there for an order to enter Spain.

The first place we arrived at in Spain was Badajoz, where we were very kindly treated by the inhabitants and Spanish soldiers. We remained there about a fortnight, when the division commanded by General Sir John Hope, to which I belonged, received orders to march towards Madrid. We halted at Escorial, about seven leagues from Madrid, and remained there five days ; but were at length forced to retreat to Salamanca.

Two days before our arrival at Salamanca, we were forced to form ourselves into a square, to repel the attacks of the enemy ; and in that position we remained all night. It was one of the severest nights of cold I ever endured in my life. At that time we wore long hair, formed into a club at the back of our heads. Mine was frozen to the ground in the morning ; and, when I attempted to rise, my limbs refused to support me for some time. I felt the most excruciating pains over all my body, before the blood began to circulate.

We marched forty-seven miles this day, before *encamping*, and about nine miles to a town next *morning*, where the inhabitants were very kind to

III. They brought out, into the market-place, large tubfuls of *accadent*, (a liquor much used in Spain), that we might take our pleasure of it ; and every thing they had that we stood in need of. This day we were under the necessity of burying six guns, on account of the horses failing, being quite worn down by fatigue. The head-quarters of the army were at Salamanca. Our division was quartered three leagues from it, at Alva de Tormes.

On the 14th of December we advanced to a place called Torro. The roads were bad ; the weather very severe ; all around was covered with snow. Our fatigue was dreadful, and our sufferings almost more than we could endure.

On the 24th of December our head-quarters were at Sahagun. Every heart beat with joy. We were all under arms, and formed to attack the enemy. Every mouth breathed hope : " We will beat them to pieces, and have our ease, and enjoy ourselves," said my comrades. I even preferred any short struggle, however severe, to the dreadful way of life we were, at this time, pursuing. With heavy hearts we received orders to retire to our quarters : " And won't we be allowed to fight ? sure we'd beat them," said an Irish lad near me ; " by Saint Patrick, we beat them so easy, the General means to march us to death and fight them after !"

Next morning we fell back upon Majorga, on the road to Benevente.

On the 25th, Christmas day, we commenced our route for the sea-coast, melancholy and dejected, sinking under *extreme cold* and fatigue, as if

the very elements had conspired against us : then commenced the first day of our retreat.

On the 26th, it rained the whole day, without intermission. The soil here is of a deep rich loam, and the roads were knee-deep with clay. To form a regular march was impossible, yet we kept in regiments ; but our sufferings were so great, that many of our troops lost all their natural activity and spirits, and became savage in their dispositions. The idea of running away from an enemy we had beat with so much ease at Vimeira, without even firing a shot, was too galling to their feelings. Each spoke to his fellow, even in common conversation, with bitterness ; rage flashing from their eyes, on the most trifling occasions of disagreement.

The poor Spaniards had little to expect from such men as these, who blamed them for their inactivity. Every one found at home was looked upon as a traitor to his country. " The British are here to fight for the liberty of Spain, and why is not every Spaniard under arms and fighting ? The cause is not ours ; and are we to be the only sufferers ? " Such was the common language of the soldiers ; and from these feelings pillage and outrage naturally arose. The conduct of the men, in this respect, called forth, on the 27th, a severe reprimand from the Commander-in-Chief.

We halted at Benevente for one night. Just as the last division of our army entered into the town, the drums beat to arms. Every man was on the alert, and at his post, in an instant. The cavalry poured out at the gates to meet the enemy ; but the French did not like the manner and *spirit that* appeared amongst us. They retired

from the heights, and we endeavoured to pass the night in the best manner in our power.

28th, the Spaniards now gave us no assistance, save what was enforced. The Duke of Ossuna has here a castle surpassing any thing I had ever seen. It was such, on our arrival, as I have read the description of in books of fairy tales. I blush for our men ; I would blame them too ; alas ! how can I, when I think upon their dreadful situation, fatigued and wet, shivering, perishing with cold ? —no fuel to be got, not even straw to lie upon. Can men in such a situation admire the beauties of art ? Alas ! only so far as they relieve his cruel and destroying wants. Every thing that would burn was converted into fuel, and even the fires were placed against the walls, that they might last longer and burn better. Many of our men slept all night wrapt in rich tapestry, which had been torn down to make bed-clothes.

Scarce was our rear-guard within the town, ere the alarm was sounded. We rushed to our posts, pushing the inhabitants out of our way. Women and children crowded the streets, wringing their hands, and calling upon their saints for protection. The opposite plain was covered with fugitives. The French, as usual, liked not the spirit with which we formed, and the ardour with which our cavalry issued from the gates. They were content to look upon us from the neighbouring heights. The bridges were ordered to be destroyed, which was done before day. That over the Ezla had been destroyed to little purpose, as a ford was found only 300 yards farther down the river. The picquets *hastened thither*, and were skirmish-



ing with four squadrons of the Imperial Guards, who had already formed on the bank. The 10th Hussars were sent for. On their arrival, General Stewart, with them and the picquets, charged and drove the Imperial Guard into the river. They crossed in the utmost confusion, but formed on the opposite bank. Some pieces of artillery that had been placed at the bridge soon dispersed them. General Lefebvre, commander of the Imperial Guards, and seventy prisoners, were the fruits of this action. We were told by the Spaniards, that Buonaparte saw this affair from the heights.

On the 30th, we reached Astorga, which we were led to believe was to be our resting-place, and the end of our fatigues. Here we found the army of General Romana. I can convey no description of it in words. It had more the appearance of a large body of peasants, driven from their homes, famished, and in want of every thing, than a regular army. Sickness was making dreadful havoc amongst them. It was whispered we were to make a stand here. This was what we all wished, though none believed. We had been told so at Benevente; but our movements had not the smallest appearance of a retreat, in which we were to face about and make a stand; they were more like a shameful flight.

From Astorga to Villa Franca de Bierzo, is about sixty miles. From Salamanca to Astorga may be called the first and easiest part of this tragedy, in which we endured many privations and much fatigue; from Astorga to Villa Franca, the second, and by far the more severe part. Here *we suffered* misery without a glimpse of comfort. At Astorga there were a great many pairs

of shoes destroyed. Though a fourth of the army were in want of them, and I amongst the rest, yet they were consumed amongst with the other stores in the magazines.

The first sixteen miles the road lay wholly up the mountain, to the summit of Foncebadon ; and the country was open. At this time it was a barren waste of snow. At the top of the mountain is a pass, which is one of the strongest, they say, in Europe. It is about eight or nine miles long. All the way through this pass the silence was only interrupted by the groans of the men, who, unable to proceed farther, laid themselves down in despair to perish in the snow ; or where the report of a pistol told the death of a horse, which had fallen down, unable to proceed. I felt an unusual listlessness steal over me. Many times have I said, " These men who have resigned themselves to their fate, are happier than I. What have I to struggle for ? Welcome death ! happy deliverer ! " These thoughts passed in my mind involuntarily. Often have I been awakened out of this state of torpor by my constant friend, Donald, when falling out of the line of march to lie down in despair. The rain poured in torrents ; the melted snow was half knee-deep in many places, and stained by the blood that flowed from our wounded and bruised feet. To add to our misery, we were forced, by turns, to drag the baggage. This was more than human nature could sustain. Many waggons were abandoned, and much ammunition destroyed. Our arrival at Villa Franca closed the second act of our tragedy.

From *Villa Franca* we set out on the 2d Janu-

ary 1809. What a New-year's day had we passed ! Drenched with rain, famished with cold and hunger, ignorant when our misery was to cease. This was the most dreadful period of my life. How differently did we pass our *hogmonay*,\* from the manner our friends were passing theirs, at home ? Not a voice said, " I wish you a happy new year ; " each seemed to look upon his neighbour as an abridgment to his own comforts. His looks seemed to say, " One or other of the articles you wear would be of great use to me ; your shoes are better than those I possess : if you were dead, they would be mine ! "

Before we set out there were more magazines destroyed. Great numbers would not leave the town, but concealed themselves in the wine cellars, which they had broken open, and were left there ; others, after we were gone, followed us. Many came up to the army dreadfully cut and wounded by the French cavalry, who rode through the long lines of these lame, defenceless wretches, slashing among them as a school-boy does among thistles. Some of them, faint and bleeding, were forced to pass amongst the line as a warning to others. Cruel warning ! Could the urgency of the occasion justify it ? There was something in the appearance of these poor emaciated, lacerated wretches, that sickened me to look upon. Many around me said, " Our commanders are worse than the French : will they not even let us die in peace, if they cannot help us ? " Surely this was one way to brutalize the men, and render them familiar to scenes of cruelty.

*Dreadful as our former march had been, it was*

\* *The last day of the year is so called in Scotland.*

from Villa Franca that the march of death may be said to have begun. On the day after we left that place, we were attacked by the French, but drove them back, and renewed our forlorn march.

From Villa Franca to Castro, is one continued toil up Monte del Cebiero. It was one of the sweetest scenes I ever beheld, could our eyes have enjoyed any thing that did not minister to our wants. There was nothing to sustain our famished bodies, or shelter them from the rain or snow. We were either drenched with rain, or crackling with ice. Fuel we could find none. The sick and wounded that we had been still enabled to drag with us in the waggon, were now left to perish in the snow. The road was one line of bloody foot-marks, from the sore feet of the men; and, on its sides, lay the dead and the dying. Human nature could do no more.—Donald M'Donald, the hardy Highlander, began to fail. He, as well as myself, had long been barefooted and lame; he that had encouraged me to proceed, now himself lay down to die. For two days he had been almost blind, and unable, from a severe cold, to hold up his head. We sat down together; not a word escaped our lips. We looked around—then at each other, and closed our eyes. We felt there was no hope.—We would have given in charge a farewell to our friends; but who was to carry it? There were, not far from us, here and there, above thirty in the same situation with ourselves. There was nothing but groans, mingled with execrations, to be heard, between the pauses of the wind.—I attempted to pray, and recommend myself to God; but my mind was so confused I could not arrange my ideas. I almost

heart was so full. At length one of General Moore's staff-officers came up, and desired the infant to be given to him. He rolled it in his cloak, amidst the blessings of every spectator. Never shall I efface the benevolence of his look from my heart, when he said, " Unfortunate infant, you will be my future care."

From the few remaining waggons we had been able to bring with us, women and children, who had hitherto sustained, without perishing, all our aggravated sufferings, were, every now and then, laid out upon the snow, frozen to death. An old tattered blanket, or some other piece of garment, was all the burial that was given them. The soldiers who perished lay uncovered, until the next fall of snow, or heavy drift, concealed their bodies.

Amidst scenes like these, we arrived at Lugo. Here we were to have obtained two days' rest; but fate was not yet weary of enjoying our miseries. On our arrival, I tried all in my power to find a place for Donald. The best I could find was a bake-house. He lay down in one of the baking troughs; I put a sack over him. In two minutes the steam began to rise out of the trough in a continued cloud; he fell asleep, and I went in search of some refreshment. I was not half an hour away, when I returned with a little bread; he was still asleep, and as dry as a bone: I was wet as mire. I felt inclined more than once to wake him; I did not, but lay down on a sack, and fell asleep. I awoke before him, quite dry. There were three or four more, lying down on the floor *beside me, asleep.* My haversack had been rifled *while I slept,* and my little store of bread was

gone. It was vain to complain; I had no resource. Cautiously, I examined those around me asleep, but found nothing. Again I sallied forth; and, to my great joy, I saw a soldier lying unable to rise, he was so drunk. His haversack seemed pretty full: I went to him, and found in it a large piece of beef, and some bread. I scrupled not to appropriate them to myself. I hastened back to Donald, and we had a good meal together. I felt stronger, and Donald was in better spirits.

The bridges between Villa Franca and Lugo had been imperfectly destroyed. The French made their appearance on the 5th of January, and took up a position opposite to our rear guard; a small valley only dividing them from it. This night we remained standing in the fields until day broke; our arms piled. The sky was one continued expanse of stars; not a cloud to be seen, and the frost was most intense. Words fail me to express what we suffered from the most dreadful cold. We alternately went to the calm side of each other, to be sheltered from the wind. In this manner, when day at length broke upon us, we had retrograded over two fields, from the spot where we had piled our arms. Many had lain down, through the night, overcome by sleep, from which the last trumpet only will awaken them.

On the 6th, the enemy attacked our out-posts; but were received by our fatigued and famished soldiers with as much bravery as if they had passed the night in comfortable barracks. They repulsed the French in every assault. The sound of the battle roused our *drooping hearts*—"Revenge or death!" *said my comrades, a savage joy glistening*

in their eyes. But the day closed without any tack farther on either side.

On the 7th they came upon us again, and were more quickly repulsed than on the day before. From the first moment of the attack, and as long as the French were before us, discipline was stored, and the officers were as punctually obeyed as if we had been on parade at home. We forgot not our sufferings; so anxious were we to end them by a victory, which we were certain of obtaining. But Soult seemed to know our spirit better than our own commanders; and, after the two last samples, kept a respectful distance. We stood to our arms until the evening, the enemy in front, amidst snow, rain, and storms. Fires were then lighted, and we commenced our retreat at dark.

Before our reserve left Lugo, general orders were issued, warning and exhorting us to keep order, and to march together; but, alas! how can men observe order amidst such sufferings! or men whose feet were naked and sore, keep up with men who, being more fortunate, had better shape and stronger constitutions? The officers, in many points, suffered as much as the men. I have seen officers of the guards, and others, worth thousands, with pieces of old blankets wrapt round their chests and legs; the men pointing at them, with a malicious satisfaction, saying, "There goes three thousand a-year;" or, "There goes the prodigal son on his return to his father, cured of his wandering." Even in the midst of all our sorrows, there was bitterness of spirit, a savageness of wit, that made a jest of its own miseries.

The great fault of our soldiers, at this time, was

an inordinate desire for spirits of any kind. They sacrificed their life and safety for drink, in many ways ; for they lay down intoxicated upon the snow, and slept the sleep of death ; or, staggering behind, were overtaken and cut down by the merciless French soldiers : the most favourable event was to be taken prisoners. So great was their propensity to drown their misery in liquor, that we were often exposed to cold and rain for a whole night, in order that we might be kept from the wine stores of a neighbouring town.

Why should I detain the reader longer on our march ?—every day of which was like the day that was past, save in our inability to contend with our hardships.

We arrived at Corunna on the 11th January 1809. How shall I describe my sensations at the first sight of the ocean ! I felt all my former despondency drop from my mind. My galled feet trode lighter on the icy road. Every face near me seemed to brighten up. Britain and the Sea are two words which cannot be disunited. The sea and home appeared one and the same. We were not cast down at there being no transports or ships of war there. They had been ordered to Vigo, but they were hourly expected.

On the 13th, the French made their appearance on the opposite side of the river Mero. They took up a position near a village called Perillo, on the left flank, and occupied the houses along the river. We could perceive their numbers hourly increasing.

On the 14th, they commenced a cannonade on our position ; but our artillery soon forced them to withdraw *their guns*, and fall back. On this



day, our friends, the tars, made their appearance; and all was bustle, preparing for embarkation. The whole artillery was embarked, save seven six-pounders and one howitzer, which were placed in line, and four Spanish guns, which were kept as a reserve. Our position was such, that we could not use many guns. The sick and dismounted cavalry were sent on board with all expedition. I supported my friend Donald, who was now very weak, and almost blind.

On my return to the camp, I witnessed a most moving scene. The beach was covered with dead horses, and resounded with the reports of the pistols that were carrying this havoc amongst them. The animals, as if warned by the dead bodies of their fellows, appeared frantic, neighed and screamed in the most frightful manner. Many broke loose, and galloped alongst the beach, with their manes erect, and their mouths wide open.

Our preparations continued until the 16th, when every thing was completed, and we were to begin our embarkation at four o'clock. About mid-day we were all under arms, when intelligence arrived that the French were advancing. We soon perceived them pouring down upon our right wing; our advanced picquets had commenced firing. The right had a bad position; yet, if we lost it, our ruin was inevitable. Lord William Bentinck's brigade, composed of the 4th, 42d, and 50th, had the honour of sustaining it, against every effort of the French, although the latter had every advantage in numbers and artillery. They commenced a heavy fire, from eleven great guns placed in a most favourable manner on the hill. Two strong *columns advanced*, on the right wing; the one

along the road, the other skirting its edges : a third advanced, on the centre ; a fourth approached slowly, on the left ; while a fifth remained half way down the hill, in the same direction, to take advantage of the first favourable moment. It was at this time that Sir David Baird had his arm shattered. The space between the two lines was much intercepted by stone walls and hedges. It was perceived by Sir John Moore, as the two lines closed, that the French extended a considerable way beyond the right flank of the British ; and a strong body of them were seen advancing up the valley, to turn it. One half of the fourth was ordered to fall back, and form an obtuse angle with the other half. This was done as correctly as could be wished, and a severe flanking fire commenced upon the advancing French. The 50th, after climbing over an enclosure, got right in front of the French, charged, and drove them out of the village Elvina. In this charge they lost Major Napier, who was wounded and made prisoner. Major Stanhope was mortally wounded. Sir John was at the head of every charge. Every thing was done under his own eye. "Remember Egypt !" said he ; and the 42d drove all before them, as the gallant 50th had done. The Guards were ordered to their support. Their ammunition being all spent, through some mistake, they were falling back : "Ammunition is coming, you have your bayonets," said Sir John. This was enough ; onwards they rushed, overturning every thing. The enemy kept up their hottest fire upon the spot where they were. It was at this moment Sir John received his death-wound. He was borne

off the field by six regiments of the 42d. and the Guards. We now advanced to the support of the right, led by Lord Paget. General Beckwith, with the Rifle corps, rushed all before him, and nearly took one of their cannon: but a very superior column forced him to retire. Lord Paget, however, repulsed this column and dispersed every thing before him: when the left wing of the French being quite exposed, they withdrew and attacked our centre, under Marmington and Leith; but this position being good, they were easily repulsed. They likewise failed in every attempt on our left. A body of them had got possession of a village on the road to Betanzos, and continued to fire, under cover of it, till dislodged by Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls. Shortly after this, night put a period to the battle of Corunna.

At ten o'clock, General Hope ordered the army to march off the field by brigades, leaving strong picquets to guard the embarkation. I remained in the rear-guard, commanded by Major-General Beresford, occupying the lines in front of Corunna. We had made great fires, and a few of the freshest of our men were left to keep them up, and run round them, to deceive the enemy.

At dawn there was little to embark, save the rear-guard and the reserve, commanded by Major-General Hill, who had occupied a promontory behind Corunna. We were scarcely arrived on the beach, ere the French began to fire upon the transports in the harbour, from the heights of St Lacia. Then all became a scene of confusion. Several of the masters of the transports cut their cables. Four of the transports ran ashore. Not having time to get them off, we were forced to

burn them. The ships of war soon silenced the French guns, and we saw no more of them. There was no regularity in our taking the boats. The transport that I got to, had part of seven regiments on board.

The Spaniards are a courageous people: the women waved their handkerchiefs to us from the rocks, whilst the men manned the batteries against the French, to cover our embarkation. Unmindful of themselves, they braved a superior enemy, to assist a friend who was unable to afford them further relief, whom they had no prospect of ever seeing again.

Secure within the wooden walls, bad as our condition was, I felt comparatively happy in being so fortunate as to be on board the same vessel with Donald. In relieving his wants, I felt less my own, and was less teased by the wit and ribaldry of my fellow-sufferers; who, now that they were regularly served with provisions, and exempt from the fatigues of marching and the miseries of cold, were as happy, in their rags and full bellies, as any men in England.

For two days after we came on board, I felt the most severe pains through my whole body: the change was so great, from the extreme cold of the winter nights, which we had passed almost without covering, to the suffocating heat of a crowded transport. This was not the most disagreeable part: vermin began to abound. We had not been without them in our march: but now we had dozens for one we had then. In vain we killed them; they appeared to increase from the ragged and dirty clothes, of which we had no means of freeing ourselves. Complaint was vain. Many

were worse than myself: I had escaped without a wound; and, thank God! though I had not a shirt upon my back, I had my health, after the two first days, as well as ever I had it.

On the morning of the tenth day after our embarkation, I was condoling with Donald, who was now quite blind. "I will never be a soldier again, O Thomas! I will be nothing but Donald the blind man. Had I been killed,—if you had left me to die in Spain,—it would have been far better to have lain still in a wreath of snow, than be, all my life, a blind beggar, a burden on my friends. Oh! if it would please God to take my life from me!"—"Land a-head! Old England once again!" was called from mouth to mouth. Donald burst into tears: "I shall never see Scotland again; it is me that is the poor dark man!" A hundred ideas rushed upon my mind, and overcame me. Donald clasped me to his breast;—our tears flowed uninterrupted.

We anchored that same day at Plymouth, but were not allowed to land: Our Colonel kept us on board until we got new clothing. Upon our landing, the people came round us, showing all manner of kindness, carrying the lame and leading the blind. We were received into every house as if we had been their own relations. How proud did I feel to belong to such a people.

We were marched to Ashford barracks, in the county of Kent, where we remained from the month of February, 1809, until we were marched to Gosport camp, where the army was forming for a secret expedition. During the five weeks we lay *in camp*, Donald joined us in good health and *spirits*. All the time I lay at Ashford, I had let-

ters regularly from my mother, which whiled away the time.

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We sailed from the Downs on the 28th of July, and reached Flushing in thirty hours, where we landed without opposition. Our regiment was the first that disembarked. We were brigaded, alongst with the 68th and 85th regiments, under the command of Major-General De Rollenburgh. Here, again, as in South America, I was forced to work in the trenches, in forming the batteries against Flushing.

On the night of the 7th of August, the French sallied out upon our works, but were quickly forced back, with great loss. They were so drunk, many of them, that they could not defend themselves ; neither could they run away : we, in fact, gave up the pursuit ; our hearts would not allow us to kill such helpless wretches, a number of whom could not even ask for mercy.

On the evening of the 10th, we had a dreadful storm of thunder and rain. At the same time, the French Governor opened the sluices, and broke down the sea-dikes, when the water poured in upon us, and we were forced to leave the trenches. However, on the 13th, in the evening, we commenced a dreadful fire upon the town, from the batteries, and vessels in the harbour, which threw bombs and rockets on one side, whilst the batteries plyed them with round-shot on the other. I was stunned and bewildered by the noise ; the bursting of bombs and falling of chimneys, all adding to the incessant roar of the artillery. The *poke* of the burning houses and guns, formed al-

together a scene not to be remembered but with horror, which was increased, at every cessation from firing (which was very short), by the piercing shrieks of the inhabitants, the wailings of distress, and howling of dogs. The impression was such as can never be effaced. After night fell, the firing ceased, save from the mortar batteries. The noise was not so dreadful: the eye was now the sense that conveyed horror to the mind. The enemy had set fire to Old Flushing, whilst the New Town was kept burning by the shells and rockets. The dark flare of the burning, the reflection on the water and sky, made all the space, as far as the eye could reach, appear an abyss of fire. The faint tracts of the bombs, and luminous train of the rockets, darting towards, and falling into the flames, conveyed an idea to my mind so appalling, that I turned away and shuddered.

This night, our regiment was advanced a good way in front, upon a sea-dike, through which the enemy had made a cut, to let the water in upon our works. Towards midnight, when the tide was ebb, Colonel Pack made a sally into one of the enemy's batteries. We crossed the cut in silence; Colonel Pack entered first, and struck off the sentinel's head at one blow. We spiked their guns, after a severe brush. At the commencement, as I leaped into the works, an officer seized my firelock before I could recover my balance, and was in the act to cut me down; the sword was descending, when the push of a bayonet forced him to the ground. It was Donald, who fell upon us both. I extricated myself as soon as possible, rose, and fell to work; there was no time to congratulate. The enemy had commenced a heavy

fire upon us, and we were forced to retire with forty prisoners. We lost a great number of men killed, wounded, and missing. Donald was amongst the latter, but joined in the morning.

Next morning, Monnet surrendered, and we marched into Flushing, scarce a house of which had escaped ; all was a scene of death and desolation.

The wet and fatigue of the last few days had made me ill. I was scarce able to stand, yet I did not report myself sick. I thought it would wear off. Next night I was upon guard. The night was clear and chill ; a thin white vapour seemed to extend around as far as I could see ; the only parts free from it were the sand heights. It covered the low place where we lay, and was such as you see early in the morning, before the sun is risen, but more dense. I felt very uncomfortable in it ; my two hours I thought never would expire ; I could not breathe with freedom. Next morning I was in a burning fever, at times ; at other times, trembling and chilled with cold : I was unfit to rise, or walk upon my feet. The surgeon told me, I had taken the country disorder. I was sent to the hospital ; my disease was the same as that of which hundreds were dying. My spirits never left me ; a ray of hope would break in upon me, the moment I got ease, between the attacks of this most severe malady.

I was sent, with many others, to Braeburnlees, where I remained eight weeks ill—very ill indeed. All the time I was in the hospital, my soul was oppressed by the distresses of my fellow-sufferers, and shocked at the conduct of the hospital men. Often have I seen them fighting over the expiring bodies of the *patients*, their eyes not yet closed in



death, for articles of apparel that two had seized once : cursing and oaths mingling with the dying groans and prayers of the poor sufferers. How dreadful to think, as they were carried from beside of me, it might be my turn next ! There was none to comfort, none to give a drink of water with a pleasant countenance. I had now time to reflect with bitterness on my past conduct ; but I learned the value of a parent's kindness.

I had been unable to write since my illness, and I longed to tell my mother where I was, that she might hear from her. I crawled along the wall of the hospital to the door, to see if I could find a more convalescent than myself, to bring me passage. I could not trust the hospital men with the money. To see the face of heaven, and breathe the pure air, was a great inducement to this difficult exertion. I feebly, and with anxious joy, pushed open the door ! horrid moment, dreadful sight ! Don lay upon the barrow, at the stair-head, to be carried to the dead room ; his face was uncovered and part of his body naked. The light forsook my eyes, I became dreadfully sick, and fell upon the floor. When I recovered again, there was a vacancy of thought, and incoherence of ideas, that remained with me for some time ; and it was long before I could open a door without feeling an unpleasant sensation.

When I became convalescent, I soon recovered my wonted health. The regiment arrived at Burnley upon Christmas day ; and I commenced my duties as a soldier. By the death of Don I had again become a solitary individual ; nor did I again form a friendship, while we lay here, which was until May 1810 ; at which time we got

route for Deal. We remained there until the month of September, when an order came for a draught of 600 men, for service in Portugal ; of which number I was one.

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There were six companies, of 100 men each, embarked in two frigates ; 300 in each. I was on board the *Melpomene*.

During the six days' sail to Lisbon my thoughts were not the most agreeable. I was on my way to that country in which I had already suffered so much. My health was good, but my spirits were very low ; I could not yet bring myself to associate with the other men, so as to feel pleasure in their amusements. I found it necessary to humour them in many things, and be obliging to all. I was still called saucy, and little courted by my comrades to join them. I had changed my bed-fellow more than once ; they not liking my dry manner as they called it.

On the seventh day after leaving Deal, we were landed at Blackhorse Square, Lisbon, amidst the shouts of the inhabitants. We were marched to the top of the town, and billeted in a convent. A good many were billeted in the town, the convent being not large enough to contain us. I was billeted upon a cook-shop.

Two years before, while encamped before Lisbon, I had often wished to enter the town ; now, I as ardently wished to leave it. I was sickened every hour of the day with the smell of garlic and oil. Every thing there is fried in oil that will fry : Oil and garlic is *their universal relish*. Cleanliness they *have not the least conception of*. The town is a

dunghill from end to end ; their principal square are not even free from heaps of filth. You make a shift to walk by the side of the street with clean shoes ; but cross one, if you dare. I inquired at one of our regiment, who had been sick, if they had any scavengers ? " Yes," said " they have one." He will have a great man under him ? " " None." " What folly to have one to such a city ! " " And that one, only when he may please to come." " You joke with me." " No, I don't : The rain is their street-cleaner ; it will be here soon ; there will be clean streets when he remains ; then, they prepare work for him again."

To my great joy, we paraded in the great square, on the seventh day after our arrival, and marched in sections, to the music of our bugles to join the army ; having got our camp equipment consisting of a camp-kettle and bill-hook, to every six men ; a blanket, a canteen, and haversack, each man. Orders had been given, that each soldier, on his march, should carry along with him three days' provision. Our mess of six, each of us should be cook the first day, as we were to carry the kettle day about : the lot fell to me. My knapsack contained two shirts, two pair stockings, one pair overalls, two shoe-brushes, shaving box, one pair spare shoes, and a few other articles ; my great-coat and blanket above the knapsack ; my canteen with water was slung over my shoulder, on one side ; my haversack, with beef and bread, on the other ; sixty round of ball cartridge, and the camp-kettle above all.

I was now well broke down, by what I had been in my first campaign with Moore. How d

ferent was Tom, marching to school with his satchel on his back, from Tom, with his musket and kitt ; \* a private soldier, an atom of an army, unheeded by all ; his comforts sacrificed to ambition, his untimely death talked of with indifference, and only counted in the gross with hundreds, without a sigh !

We halted, on the first night, at a palace belonging to the Queen of Portugal, called *Safrea*, where we were joined by the Honourable Henry Cadogan, our Colonel. Next day, the 14th October 1810, we joined the army at *Sabral de Monte Agraco*, a small town surrounded by hills. On the front is a hill, called by our men *Windmill Hill*, from a number of windmills which were upon it ; in the rear, another they called *Gallows Hill*, from a gibbet standing there.

We had not been three hours in the town, and were busy cooking, when the alarm sounded. There were nine British, and three Portuguese regiments in the town. We were all drawn up, and remained under arms ; expecting, every moment to receive the enemy, whose skirmishers covered *Windmill Hill*. In about an hour the light companies of all the regiments were ordered out, alongst with the 71st. Colonel Cadogan called to us, at the foot of the hill, " My lads, this is the first affair I have ever been in with you ; show me what you can do, now or never. " We gave a hurra, and advanced up the hill, driving their advanced skirmishers before us, until about half-way up, when we commenced a heavy fire, and were as hotly received. In the meantime the remain-

\* *Kitt*, a term for a soldier's necessaries.

ing regiments evacuated the town. The enemy pressed so hard upon us, we were forced to make the best of our way down the hill, and were closely followed by the French, through the town, Gallows Hill. We got behind a mud wall, and kept our ground in spite of their utmost efforts. Here we lay upon our arms all night.

Next morning, by day-break, there was no Frenchman to be seen. As soon as the sun came fairly up, we advanced into the town, and began a search for provisions, which were now becoming very scarce; and, to our great joy, found a large store-house full of dry fish, flour, rice, and sugar, besides bales of cloth. All now became business and mirth; fires were kindled, and every man became a cook. Scones\* were the order of the day. Neither flour nor sugar were wanted, and the water was plenty; so I fell to baking myself a flour scone. Mine was mixed and laid upon the fire, and I, hungry enough, was eating it. Though neither neat nor comely, I was anticipating the moment when it would be eatable. Scarce was it warm, ere the bugle sounded to arms. Then was the joy that reigned a moment before, turned to execrations. I snatched my scone off the fire, raw as it was, put it in my haversack, and formed. We remained upon our arms until dark; and then took up our old quarters upon Gallows Hill, where I ate my raw scone sweetly seasoned by hunger. In our advance into the town, we were much entertained by some of our men who had got over a wall, the day before, when the enemy were in the rear; and, now, when

\* Thin flat cakes.

put to their shifts to get over again, and scarce could make it out.

Next morning, the French advanced to a mud wall, about forty yards in front of the one we lay behind. It rained heavily this day, and there was very little firing. During the night we received orders to cover the bugle and tartans of our bonnets with black crape, which had been served out to us during the day, and to put on our great-coats. Next morning the French, seeing us thus, thought we had retired, and left Portuguese to guard the heights. With dreadful shouts, they leaped over that wall before which they had stood, when guarded by British. We were scarce able to withstand their fury. To retreat was impossible; all behind being ploughed land, rendered deep by the rain. There was not a moment to hesitate. To it we fell, pell-mell, French and British mixed together. It was a trial of strength in single combat; every man had his opponent, many had two. I got one up to the wall, on the point of my bayonet. He was unhurt: I would have spared him: but he would not spare himself. He cursed and defied me, nor ceased to attack my life, until he fell, pierced by my bayonet. His breath died away in a curse and menace. This was the work of a moment: I was compelled to this extremity. I was again attacked, but my antagonist fell, pierced by a random shot. We soon forced them to retire over the wall, cursing their mistake. At this moment, I stood gasping for breath; not a shoe on my feet: my bonnet had fallen to the ground. Unmindful of my situation, I followed *the enemy over the wall*. We pursued

them about a mile, and then fell back to the of our struggle. It was covered with dead wounded, bonnets and shoes trampled and in the mud. I recovered a pair of shoes whether they had been mine or not, I cannot tell were good.

Here I first got any plunder. A French lay upon the ground dead; he had fallen wards; his hat had fallen off his head, which kept up by his knapsack. I struck the hat with my foot, and felt it rattle; seized it in a moment, and, in the lining, found a gold watch and a crucifix. I kept them, as I had as good a right to them as any other. Yet they were not valuable in my estimation. At this time, life was by so uncertain a tenure, and my comforts were so scanty, that I would have given the watch for a good meal and a dry shirt. There was no stitch on my back at the time, nor for the next two days.

In a short time the French sent in a truce, for leave to carry off their wounded, which was granted. They advanced to their old ground and we lay looking at each other for three days, the two first of which the rain never ceased to pour; the third day was good and dry. At this time, the French withdrew their line and left only picquets.

On the third day, an officer and twelve men went to the wall, as the French sentinels were come very remiss. He looked over, and saw a picquet of fifty men, playing cards, and amusing themselves. Our party levelled their muskets and gave them a volley. They took to their heels, officers and all. There was no further

tack made that day; and we retired behind the line of batteries, at night, quite worn out with hunger and fatigue.

For five nights I had never been in bed, and, during good part of that time, it had rained hard. We were upon ploughed land, which was rendered so soft, that we sunk over the shoes at every step. The manner in which I passed the night was thus: I placed my canteen upon the ground, put my knapsack above, and sat upon it, supporting my head upon my hands; my musket, between my knees, resting upon my shoulder, and my blanket over all,—ready to start, in a moment, at the least alarm. The nights were chill: indeed, in the morning, I was so stiff, I could not stand or move with ease for some time; my legs were benumbed to the knees. I was completely wet three nights out of the five. A great number of the men took the fever and ague, after we retired behind the lines. I was not a whit the worse.

On our arrival behind the lines, our brigade, consisting of the 50th, 71st, and 92d, commanded by Major-General Sir William Erskine, was quartered in a small village, called Sabreira. Our first care was to place out-posts and sentinels between the batteries, about twenty yards distant from each other. We communicated with the foot guards, on our right, and the Brunswick infantry, on our left. Those off duty were employed throwing up batteries and breast-works, or breaking up the roads. The day after we fell into the lines, the French placed sentinels in front of us, without any dispute. There was a small valley and stream of water between us,



We remained thus, for five weeks ; every when off duty, forming defensive works breaking up the roads ; it being a place the army could pass, save upon the highway. The advanced picquet of the French lay in a mill ; ours, consisting of one captain, two alterns, and 400 men, in a small village. It was only a distance of about 150 yards between us. We learned from the deserters, that the French were much in want of provisions. To provoke them, our sentinels, at times, would throw a biscuit to the point of their bayonets, and then retreat. One day the French had a bull in endeavouring to kill which, their bullets missed his blow, and the animal ran off right in our lines. The French looked so foolish, hurried at them, secured the bullock, brought him in front, killed him in style. They looked on, but dared not approach to seize him. Shortly after, an officer and four men came with a flag of truce, and supplicated in the most humble manner for the half of the bullock, which they got for godsake.

On the evening of the 14th November, the French made their outposts stronger than they had yet been, and kindled great fires after dark. We were all under arms an hour before day, expecting to be attacked ; but, when the sun dawned, there was not a Frenchman to be seen. As soon as the sun was up, we set off after them.

When we arrived at Sobral, we found a great number of our men, who had been wounded on the 14th and 15th October, besides a greater portion of French wounded and sick. We were told by our men, that the weakly men, and

baggage of the French army, had been sent off eight days before. We were halted at Sobral, until provisions came up; when three days' allowance was served out to each man. We again commenced our advance. The weather was very bad; it rained for a great part of the time without intermission. On the fourth day, we took about 100 prisoners, who had concealed themselves in a wood.

This retreat brought to my mind the Corunna race. We could not advance one hundred yards, without seeing dead soldiers of the enemy stretched upon the road, or at a little distance from it, who had lain down to die, unable to proceed through hunger and fatigue. We could not pity them, miserable as they were. Their retreat resembled more that of famished wolves than men. Murder and devastation marked their way; every house was a sepulchre, a cabin of horrors! Our soldiers used to wonder why the Frenchmen were not swept by heaven from the earth, when they witnessed their cruelties. In a small town called Safrea, I saw twelve dead bodies lying in one house upon the floor!—Every house contained traces of their wanton barbarity. Often has a shade of doubt crossed my mind, when reading the accounts of former atrocities; often would I think—they are exaggerated—thank God we live in more civilized times. How dreadfully were my doubts removed! I cease to describe, lest I raise doubts similar to my own.

At this time, I got a distaste I could never overcome. A few of us went into a wine-store, where there was a large tun, with a ladder to get to the

top, in which was a hole about two feet a  
There was not much wine in it, so we b  
our canteen straps together, until a camp-  
attached to them reached the liquor. We  
it up once—we all drank : down it went a  
it got entangled with something at the bott  
the tun—a candle was lowered ;—to our  
disappointment, the corpse of a French sold  
upon the bottom ! Sickness came upon me  
for a long time afterwards, I shuddered  
sight of red wine. The Portuguese soldiers  
would drink red wine, if white could b  
When I asked the reason, their reply was  
knew how it was made.

We continued our pursuit, every day  
more or less prisoners, who were unable to  
up with the main army, until we came in fr  
Santarem. Here we piled arms upon the  
ground ; the French were in possession  
heights. Colonel Cadogan made the smar  
the men run races, in front, for rum. Fro  
sport, we were suddenly called to form li  
attack : but the French position was too  
for us. By this time it was quite dark, a  
had a large plain to cross, to a village whe  
were to halt all night. In our march we  
put into confusion, and a good number of th  
knocked over, by a flock of goats, of whic  
caught a few, which made a delicious supp  
us. On our arrival at the village, we were  
to break up the doors, as the inhabitants  
not let us in.

Next morning was very wet. The foll  
evening, we halted at a village ; but two  
*guese regiments* had been before us, and

all away. We sent out parties to forage, and got some Indian corn, which we ground ourselves, at a mill, the inhabitants having all fled. We were then quartered in a convent in Alcanterina, where we lay from the beginning of December until 5th March 1811. Provisions were very scarce. Fatigue parties were sent out every day, for Indian corn and pot-herbs. We had beef; but we could not subsist upon beef alone, which was seldom good, being far driven, very tough, and lean. An accident procured us a short relief; some of our men, amusing themselves in piercing the ceiling, with their bayonets, discovered a trap-door, and found a great concealed store of food and valuables. We fared well while it lasted. Having very little duty, our time was spent at football. We were very badly off for shoes; but, by good luck, discovered a quantity of leather in a tan-yard. Those who found it, helped themselves first, and were wasting it. The Colonel then ordered each man a pair of soles and heels, to be put up in his knapsack.

The French gave us the slip, at the commencement of their retreat, by placing wooden guns in their batteries, and stuffing old clothes with straw, which they put in place of their sentinels. By this means, their retreat was not discovered for two days; and, only then, by one of our cavalry riding up to their lines, to take a sentinel prisoner, who appeared asleep. As soon as it was ascertained there was a trick, we set off after them; and, beginning to come up with them, took a good many prisoners. Our advance was so rapid, that provisions could not be brought up to us. We were often two days *without bread*. The rear of

the army being always served first, we, who were in advance, seldom got enough. For four or five days, we were so close up with the French, that we had skirmishes with them every day; but, having received no bread for three days, we were forced to halt for two, until we got a supply. During these two days, I had an opportunity of witnessing the desolation caused by the French soldiers. In one small village, I counted seventeen dead bodies of men, women, and children; and most of the houses were burnt to the ground.

The Portuguese were not unrevenged of their destroyers; great numbers of whom had lain down, unable to proceed, from wounds or fatigue, and had been either killed by the peasantry, or died, unheard, amongst the devastation themselves or their fellows had made.

At this time, we were forced either to forage or starve, as we were far in advance of our supplies. I was now as much a soldier as any of my comrades, when it fell to my turn. At this time I was so fortunate as to procure the full of my haversack of Indian corn heads, which we used to call turkeys. I was welcomed with joy; we rubbed out some of our corn, and boiled it with a piece of beef; roasted some of our turkeys, and were happy. Bread at length coming up, we received three days' allowance a man, and recommenced our advance; but never came up with the enemy until they reached the Aguida, on the 9th April 1811.

We were marched into winter quarters. Our division, the 2d, was posted in a small town called Alberguira, on the frontiers of Spain, where we remained till the 30th April. During our stay, I

had an adventure of a disagreeable kind. I was strolling, as usual, when I heard a voice pleading, in the most earnest manner, in great distress. I hastened to the spot, and found a Portuguese muleteer taking a bundle from a girl. I ran up to him and bade him desist: he flew into a passion, drew his knife, and made a stab at me. I knocked him down with my fist; the girl screamed and wept. I stood on my guard, and bade him throw away his knife. He rose, his eyes glistening with rage, and stabbed furiously at me. In vain I called to him: I drew my bayonet. I had no choice; yet, unwilling to kill, I held it by the point, and knocked him to the ground with the hilt, as he rushed to close with me; left him there, and brought home the weeping girl to her parents.

On the 30th of April, we set off for Fuentes de Honore, where we arrived, after a fatiguing march of three days; and formed line, about two miles in rear of the town, hungry and weary, having had no bread for the last two days.

On the 3d of May, at day-break, all the cavalry, and sixteen light companies, occupied the town. We stood under arms until three o'clock, when a staff-officer rode up to our Colonel, and gave orders for our advance. Colonel Cadogan put himself at our head, saying "My lads, you have had no provision these two days; there is plenty in the hollow in front, let us down and divide it." We advanced, as quick as we could run, and met the light companies retreating as fast as they could. We continued to advance, at double-quick time, our firelocks at the trail, our bonnets in our hands. *They called to us, "Seventy-first, you will come*

that there were five regiments of grenadiers picked out to storm the town. In the French army, the grenadiers are all in regiments by themselves. We lay down, fully accoutred, as usual, and shrouded in our blankets. An hour before day, we were ready to receive the enemy.

About half-past nine o'clock, a great gun from the French line, which was answered by one from ours, was the signal to engage. Down they came shouting as usual. We kept them at bay, in spite of their cries and formidable looks. How different their appearance from ours! their hats round with feathers, their beards long and black gave them a fierce look. Their stature was superior to ours; most of us were young. We looked like boys; they like savages. But we had true spirit in us. We foiled them, in every attempt to take the town, until about eleven o'clock when we were overpowered, and forced through the streets, contesting every inch.

A French dragoon, who was dealing death round, forced his way up to near where I stood. Every moment I expected to be cut down. My piece was empty; there was not a moment to lose. I got a stab at him, beneath the ribs, upwards; he gave a back stroke, before he fell, and cut the stock of my musket in two; thus I stood unarmed. I soon got another, and fell to work again.

During the preceding night, we had been reinforced by the 79th regiment, Colonel Cameron commanding, who was killed about this time. Notwithstanding all our efforts, the enemy forced us out of the town, then halted, and formed a column betwixt us and it. While they stood there the havoc amongst them was dreadful. Gap a

gap was made by our cannon, and as quickly filled up. Our loss was not so severe, as we stood in open files. While we stood thus, firing at each other as quick as we could, the 88th regiment advanced from the lines, charged the enemy, and forced them to give way. As we passed over the ground where they had stood, it lay two and three deep of dead and wounded. While we drove them before us through the town, in turn, they were reinforced, which only served to increase the slaughter. We forced them out, and kept possession all day.

After sunset, the enemy sent in a flag of truce, for leave to carry off their wounded, and bury their dead; which was granted. About ten o'clock, we were relieved, and retired back to our lines. In these affairs we lost four officers, and two taken prisoners, besides 400 men killed and wounded. This statement, more than any words of mine, will give an idea of the action at Fuentes de Honore.

On my arrival in the lines, when unpacking my knapsack, I found a ball had pierced into the centre of it, and dimpled the back of my shoe-brush. We remained seven days in the lines, the French showing themselves three or four times a day. On the 7th they retired; and we went back to our old quarters in Alberguira.

While here, we received a draught of 200 men, and again set off. Our division consisted of the 24th, 42d, 50th, 71st, 79th, 92d, and one battalion of the King's German Legion. We were assembled after dark, and marched off, all that night, next day, and night following, when we arrived at a town, situated upon a hill, called Pennema-



core. The heat was so great, we were unable to keep together. I do not believe that ten a company marched into the town together had lain down upon the road, or straggled unable to climb the hill. Two men below the Foot Guards and one of the 50th, fell dead, from heat and thirst. Two or three of my sight grew dim ; my mouth was dry and my lips one continued blister. I had water in my canteen, but it tasted bitter as soot, and in the warm it made me sick. At this time, I found a thing which gave me a little relief : I put a pebble into my mouth, and sucked it. I always did afterwards, in similar situations, and found drought easier to be borne.

Early next morning, the 50th, 71st, and 10th were marched on ; and the remainder of the division returned to their old quarters at Albuera. After a most distressing march of seven days we arrived at Badajos, where we remained only a few days, then marched nine miles, to a town called Vera Real, where we halted three days. We then marched, at six o'clock in the evening, to a camp at Albuera, a few days after the battle which had been the cause of our rapid march. We remained in camp at Albuera a short time, then marched to Elvas, a strong town on the Portuguese frontier, opposite Badajos. We remained here four days ; and then marched into Toro de Moro, where we remained for a considerable time.

Here I enjoyed the beauties of the country more than at any former period. Often, when on duty, have I wandered into the woods to enjoy the cool refreshing shade of the cork trees.

breathe the richly perfumed air, loaded with the fragrance of innumerable aromatic plants. One evening, as I lay in the wood, thinking upon home, sweeter than all the surrounding sweets, almost overcome by my sensations, I heard, at a small distance, music. I listened some time ere I could be satisfied it was so. It ceased all at once; then began sweeter than before. I arose, and approached nearer, to avoid the noise of a small burn that ran rippling near where I had been reclining. I soon knew the air; I crept nearer, and could distinguish the words; I became rivetted to the spot: That moment compensated for all I had suffered in Spain. I felt that pleasure which softens the heart, and overflows at the eyes. The words that first struck my ear were,

“ Why did I leave my Jeanie, my daddy’s cot, an’ a’,  
To wander from my country, sweet Caledonia.”

—Soon as the voice ceased, I looked through the underwood, and saw four or five soldiers seated on the turf, who sung, in their turn, Scotland’s sweetest songs of remembrance. When they retired, I felt as if I was bereft of all enjoyment. I slowly retired to the camp, to reflect, and spend a sleepless night. Every opportunity, I returned to the scene of my happiness; and had the pleasure, more than once, to enjoy this company unseen.

While encamped here, we received a draft of 350 men from England. Shortly after, we marched to Burbo, to protect the siege of Badajos. We lay here till the 17th June, when Soult raised the siege, and we retired to Portalegre. We then were marched to *Castello de Vido*, another hill town, about two leagues from Portalegre.

On the 22<sup>d</sup> October, we received information that General Girard, with 4000 men, infantry and cavalry, was collecting contributions in Estremadura, and had cut off part of our baggage and supplies. We immediately set off from Portalegre, along with the brigade commanded by General Hill, and, after a most fatiguing march, the weather very bad, we arrived at Malpartida. The French were only ten miles distant. By a near cut, on the Merida road, through Aldea del Cano, we got close up to them, on the 27<sup>th</sup>, at Alcuesca, and were drawn up in columns, with great guns, ready to receive them. They had heard nothing of our approach. We went into the town. It was now high ten o'clock; the enemy were in Arroyo del Molino, only three miles distant. We got half a pound of rice served out to each man, to be cooked immediately. Hunger made little cooking necessary. The officers had orders to keep their men silent. We were placed in the houses; but our wet and heavy accoutrements were, on no account, to be taken off. At twelve o'clock, we received our allowance of rum; and, shortly after, the sergeants tapped at the doors, calling not above their breath. We turned out, and, at slow time, continued our march.

The whole night was one continued pour of rain. Weary, and wet to the skin, we trudged on, without exchanging a word; nothing breaking the silence of the night, save the howling of the wolves. The tread of the men was drowned by the pattering of the rain. When day at length broke, we were close upon the town. The French *posts* had been withdrawn into it, but the embers,

still glowed in their fires. During the whole march, the 71st had been with the cavalry and horse-artillery, as an advanced guard.

General Hill rode up to our Colonel, and ordered him to make us clean out our pans (as the rain had wet all the priming), form square, and retire a short distance, lest the French cavalry had seen us, and should make an attack: however, the drift was so thick, they could not; it blew right in their faces, when they looked our way. The Colonel told us off in three divisions, and gave us orders to charge up three separate streets of the town, and force our way, without halting, to the other side. We shouldered our arms. The General, taking off his hat, said, "God be with you—quick march." On reaching the gates, we gave three cheers, and in we went; the inhabitants calling, "Live the English," our piper playing "Hey Johnny Cope;" the French swearing, fighting in confusion, running here and there, some in their shirts, some half accoutred. The streets were crowded with baggage, and men ready to march, all now in one heap of confusion. On we drove: our orders were to take no prisoners, and neither to turn to the right nor left, until we reached the other side of the town.

As we advanced, I saw the French General come out of a house, frantic with rage. Never will I forget the grotesque figure he made, as he threw his cocked hat upon the ground, and stamped upon it, gnashing his teeth. When I got the first glance of him, he had many medals on his breast. In a *minute*, his coat was as bare as a *private's*.

We formed, under cover of some old walls. A brigade of French stood in view. We got orders to fire: not ten pieces in a company went off, the powder was again so wet with the rain. A brigade of Portuguese artillery came up. We gave the enemy another volley, leaped the wall, formed column, and drove them over the hill; down which they threw all their baggage, before they surrendered. In this affair, we took about 3000 prisoners, 1600 horse, and 6 pieces of artillery, with a great quantity of baggage, &c.

We were again marched back to Portalegre, where the horses were sold and divided amongst the men, according to their rank. I got 2s. 6d. for my share; but I had provided myself a good assortment of necessaries out of the French stores at Molino.

We remained at Portalegre, until the campaign began, in the month of January 1812. We were in advance, covering the operations against Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos. We had a most fatiguing spring, marching and counter-marching between Merida and Almandralajo. We were first marched to Merida, but Dombrosky fled with the utmost precipitation. We then marched against Drouet, who was at Almandralajo; but he, likewise, set off for Zafra, leaving his stores and ammunition, to us a welcome gift. The weather was so wet, the very shoes were soaked off our feet; and many were the contrivances we fell upon to keep them on.

Almandralajo is a low swampy place; the worst town I ever was in in Spain: our men called it *Almandralajo Craco*, (cursed). Seldom a day

passed but we had a skirmish with the enemy at Merida, or Almandralajo.

In the month of March, we got the route for Albuera, where we formed our lines, and were working at the batteries day and night. An alarm was given three different times, and we were marched on to the position; but nothing occurred, and we fell back.

When I first came upon the spot where the battle of Albuera had been fought, I felt very sad; the whole ground was still covered with the wrecks of an army, bonnets, cartridge-boxes, pieces of belts, old clothes, and shoes: the ground in numerous ridges, under which lay many a heap of mouldering bones. It was a melancholy sight; it made us all very dull for a short time.

The whole army receiving orders to advance, we moved in solid columns, cavalry on right and left. The enemy fell back as we advanced. Our brigade was marched up a hill, where we had a beautiful view of the armies, threatening each other, like two thunder clouds charged with death. Shortly after we were marched into the valley; the enemy fired two or three round shot at us, which did no harm. We were encamped, till next day at noon: when we set off, pursuing them for two days, and were then marched back to Almandralajo Craco, where we lay till the beginning of April.

Next we advanced to cover the operations against Badajos, which surrendered on the 6th, the day of our arrival. Next morning the band played *The Downfall of Paris*. We remained until May, when we were marched to Almaraz, where the French had two forts which intercepted our

supplies, as they commanded the bridge over the Tagus.

Our brigade, consisting of the 50th, 71st, and 92d regiments, set off, and marched all day, until noon. On the second day, our officers got orders that every person in the village of Almarez should be put to death; there being none but those belonging to the enemy in it. We marched all night, until break of day next morning, when we halted on a height opposite the large fort, just as they fired their morning gun. As the day broke up, they got sight of our arrival, and gave us a shell or two, which did us no harm. We were moved down the hill out of their view. Then we were marched to the height again, where we stood under arms for a short time, until we were ordered to pile arms and take off our packs. We remained thus until twelve o'clock, when we got half an allowance of liquor: oxen were brought up and killed on the spot; each man received two pounds of beef in lieu of bread. We got this for three days.

On the evening of the third day, General Hill ordered our left companies to move down to the valley, to cover his recognisance. When he returned, the officers were called. A scaling-ladder was given to each section of a company of the left wing, with the exception of two companies. We moved down the hill in a dismal manner; it was so dark we could not see three yards before us. The hill was very steep, and we were forced to wade through whins and scramble down rocks, still carrying the ladders. When day-light, on the *morning of the 19th*, at length showed us to each other, we were scattered all over the foot of the

hill like strayed sheep, not more in one place than were held together by a ladder. We halted, formed, and collected the ladders, then moved on. We had a hollow to pass through to get at the battery. The French had cut a part of the bræ-face away, and had a gun that swept right through into the hollow. We made a rush past it, to get under the brae on the other side. The French were busy cooking, and preparing to support the other fort, thinking we would attack it first, as we had lain next it.

On our approach, the French sentinel fired and retired. We halted, fixed bayonets, and moved on in double-quick time. We did not receive above four shot from the battery, until we were under the works, and had the ladders placed to the walls. Their entrenchment proved deeper than we expected, which caused us to splice our ladders under the wall; during which time they annoyed us much, by throwing grenades, stones, and logs over it; for we stood with our pieces cocked and presented. As soon as the ladders were spliced, we forced them from the works, and out of the town, at the point of the bayonet, down the hill and over the bridge. They were in such haste, they cut the bridge before all their men had got over, and numbers were either drowned or taken prisoners. One of our men had the honour to be the first to mount the works.

Fort Napoleon fired two or three shot into Fort Almaraz. We took the hint from this circumstance, and turned the guns of Almaraz on Fort Napoleon, and forced the enemy to leave it. It being a bridge of boats, two companies were sent, *with brooms, to burn and cut it away; but the*



enemy, being in superior force upon the other side, compelled them to retire, under cover, until reinforced.

We moved forward to the village of Almaraz, and found plenty of provisions, which had been very scarce with us for some days. We filled our haversacks, and burned the town; then encamped close by it, all night, and marched next morning; leaving a company of sappers and miners to blow up the works. We marched back to our old quarters; and continued marching up and down watching the motions of the enemy.

On the night of the 22d July, when we were in a wood, we received the joyful news of the defeat of Marmont at Salamanca, and got a double allowance of liquor. Colonel Cadogan took the end of a horn, called *a tot*, and drank, "Success to the British arms." Some of us had money, and sent to the village for liquor. We made a little treat, in the best manner we could, and passed a joyful night.

We advanced to Aranjuez, where we lay for some time. It is a palace of the King of Spain. The whole country is beautiful; fruit was very plenty, and of all kinds. We were eight days in the Escorial, and continued to watch the motions of the French alongst the Tagus, skirmishing almost every day. Individuals of the 13th and 14th Light Dragoons, used to engage, in single combat, with the horsemen of the enemy. Often whole squadrons would be brought to engage, by two men beginning.

We remained thus skirmishing till Lord Wellington raised the siege of Burgos; when we fell *back to the Iacamah*, in the beginning of Novem-

ber ; then on Alba Tormes, where we skirmished two days and two nights. A part of us here were lining a wall ; the French in great strength in front. One of our lads having let his hat fall over, when taking cartridges from it, laid his musket against the wall, went over to the enemy's side, and came back again unhurt. At this very time the button of my stock was shot off.

The short time we remained at Tormes, we were very ill off for provisions. One of our men, Thomas Cadwell, found a piece of meat, near the hospital, on the face of the brae : he brought it home, and cooked it. A good part of it was eaten, before one of the men, perceiving him, said, " What is that you are eating ? " Tom said, it was meat he had found. The others looked, and knew it to be the fore-arm of a man : the hand was not at it ; it was only the part from a little below the elbow, and above the wrist. The man threw it away, but never looked squeamish ; he said it was very sweet, and was never a bit the worse.

The French left strong picquets in front, stole down the river, and crossed, hoping to surprise us, and come upon our rear. We immediately blew up the bridge, and retired. Many of our men had to ford the river. We left a Spanish garrison in the fort, and retired to the heights.

There was a mill on the river side, near the bridge, wherein a number of our men were helping themselves to flour, during the time the others were fording. Our Colonel rode down and forced them out, throwing a handful of flour on each man as he passed out of the mill. When we were drawn up *on the heights*, he rode along the *column*, looking for the millers, as we called them.

At this moment, a hen put her head out of his coat-pocket, and looked first to one side, and then to another. We began to laugh; we could not restrain ourselves. He looked amazed and furious at us, then around. At length the Major rode up to him, and requested him to kill the fowl outright, and put it into his pocket. The Colonel, in his turn, laughed, called his servant, and the millers were no more looked after.

We moved along the heights, for two or three miles, towards the main body of the army, and lay down in column for a few minutes, until Lord Wellington came up and reconnoitred the movements of the enemy, when we immediately got orders to follow the line of march. We continued to follow, for some time, until we came to a place covered over with old ammunition-barrels and the wrecks of an army. This was the ground the battle of Salamanca had been fought on. We got not a moment to reflect. The word was given, "Fix bayonets, throw off all lumber;" and we were moved up the hill at double-quick time. We pushed up as hard as possible, reached the top almost out of breath, and met the enemy right in front. They were not twenty paces from us. We gave them a volley. Two companies of the German Legion were sent to keep them in play, whilst the lines were forming. Two brigades came up, at double-quick time. We formed in three lines, and forced them to retire. They lost, in their flight, a great number of men by the fire of our cannon.

After dark, we withdrew our lines, and encamped in a wood. We were in great want of necessities, having very little bread or beef amongst us,

and no water. I set off in quest of some, slung round with canteens belonging to the mess. After searching about for a long time, faint and weary, I was going to give up in despair, and sat down to reflect what I should do. Numbers were moving around, looking anxiously for water of any kind, quality was of no moment. I thought I heard a bustle on my right. I leaped up, ran towards it; I heard voices and the croaking of frogs. Tempting sound! I stopped not to reflect. As I drew near, the sound became more distinct; I heard the welcome words, "Water, water!" In I ran, up to the knees amongst mules and men, and, putting down my head, drank a sweet draught of it, dirty as it was, then filled my canteens, and came off quite happy. The croaking of the frogs was pleasanter music, at that time, and more welcome, than any other sound. When I came to the camp ground, I was welcomed with joy. We got our allowance of liquor, and mixed it with the water; then lay down, and slept till an hour before day, when we moved on to our old position on the hills. The French lay in column close by Salamanca. We remained there, till Lord Wellington perceived the French were endeavouring to get into our rear, to cut off our communications, they being very superior in force. The army received orders to draw up in column, and move off in brigades, each brigade in succession, leaving the 71st for the rear guard.

I, at this time, got a post, being for fatigue, with other four. We were sent to break biscuit, and make a mess for Lord Wellington's hounds. I was very hungry, and thought it a good job at

the time, as we got our own fill, while we had the biscuit—a thing I had not got for some time. When thus engaged, the prodigal son never was out of my mind ; and I sighed, as I fed the dogs, over my humble situation and ruined health.

As we followed the army, Colonel Cadogan made us halt in a plain upon ploughed land, where he began to drill us. We were wet and weary and like to faint with hunger. The ground was so soft from the rain, we could scarce keep our step. The French were coming down from the heights. “ Now,” says he, “ there they are ; you are not quicker in your movements, I leave you every one to them.” At this moment General Hill’s aid-de-camp rode up, saying, “ I will lead on, and cover the brigade of artillery, by the general’s order, or you will be all prisoners in a few minutes.” We immediately left off drill, and marched on, until dark, under a heavy rain, over miserable roads ; one shoe in our hand, the other on our knapsack.

As we entered a wood, we were agreeably surprised by the grunting of hogs and squeaking of pigs. “ There is a town here,” says my companion. We all longed for “ pile arms.” At length the word was given, and cooks ordered to cut up the hogs. More cooks than one turned out of each mess, and they went in different directions in search of food. All this time the whole wood resounded with reports of muskets. It resembled a wood covered by the enemy. At length our cooks returned, one with a pig, another with a skin of wine, and another with flour ; and we made a hearty supper, and went down happy and contented.

*Next morning we continued the line of march*

5  
ace on the opposite heights. The bugle  
ed to fall in ; immediately we formed square,  
sive cavalry. They galloped down close to  
quare. We had not time to load our pieces ;  
many of us were only half accoutred, they  
come so quick upon us. Many of them  
very much in liquor : three or four galloped  
he centre of our square ; we opened to re-  
them. A brigade of guns coming to our re-  
bey put to the right about, and fled. We  
under arms for some time. A brigade of  
h infantry was drawn up on the opposite  
m. It being only their advanced guard,  
Wellington gave orders to pile arms, but to  
n accoutred. We stood in this position, the  
ouring upon us, until we were forced to lie  
, through fatigue.

y at length appearing, we got orders to  
on, after the army, in sections ; the enemy

had to stop, all were obliged to stop. Each of the enemy's cavalry had a foot soldier behind him, who formed when they came close. When we were halted, and advanced to charge, they mounted and retired.

At length we forded the Aguida, and encamped on the opposite side. Rear-guards and quarter-guards were immediately sent out, and picquets planted. We were not an hour and a half encamped, when a dreadful firing commenced on our left. We were all under arms in a moment. The firing continued very severe, for the space of two hours. We then piled arms, and began to cut wood, to lay under us, that the water might run below, as the rain continued to pour in torrents. We might as well have lain in the river. We were up an hour before day, and wrung out our blankets, emptied our shoes of the water, each man trembling like the leaf of a tree. We followed the line of march for about four leagues, and encamped in a plain, expecting to be attacked every moment. The French did not advance this night.

Next night we were marched into a town. Sergeants were called out for quarters; and we were put in by sections, into the best quarters they could find. This town we called the *reeky* town; it was the most smoky place I ever was in. The sergeants got two months' pay for each man; every one had a little. Canteens were immediately in requisition; wine and *accadent* were the only words you could hear. Three dollars for wine, and one for *accadent*, made a joyful night, and a merry mess. We had no care; the song *went round*: we were as merry as if we had not

suffered in our retreat. The recollection of our wants made our present enjoyments doubly dear. Next morning we did the best we could to clean ourselves; but we made a very shabby figure. Our haversacks were black with grease; we could not get the marks of the pork out all we could do.

Here we remained eight days; then marched to Porto Banyes, where we received a draft of 150 men from England, and staid about eight days; then marched to Monte Moso. We got here a new kitt. Before this, we were completely in rags; and it used to be our daily labour to pick the vermin off ourselves. We were quartered in the villages, until Colonel Cadogan arrived from England, who inspected and reviewed us in our new clothes. We looked very well. The Colonel told us we were *as fat as fowls*.

During the time the 50th were in Boho, the French made an attempt to surprise it. We were marched up to it, at double-quick time. We ran up hill for four miles, and were formed in the town, and marched up to the walls, making as great a show as possible. The French stood in column, on the opposite side of the town. We had picquets of the 50th posted on the outside. Boho being a town of great trade, the French hoped to get a supply of clothing; but finding they could not succeed, they retired, and we went back to our old cantonments.

In a few days we relieved the 50th, and marched into Boho; at which place we remained all winter, and until the month of May 1813, when the campaign commenced.



I got a most excellent billet ; every thing was in plenty ; fruit in abundance. I was regarded as a son of the family ; partook with them at meals ; and if any thing was better than another, my part was in it. I amused myself, when off duty, in teaching the children to read ; for which my hosts thought they never could be grateful enough.

I have often thought the Spaniards resembled the Scots, in their manner of treating their children. How has my heart warmed, when I have seen the father, with his wife by his side, and the children round them, repeating the Lord's prayer and the 23d Psalm at evening before they went to bed ! Once a week, the children were catechised. When I told them they did the same in Scotland, they looked at me with astonishment, and asked, " If heretics did so ? " The priests often drew comparisons much to our disadvantage, from the conduct of our men. They even said, every heretic in England was as bad as them.

One afternoon, I had walked into the churchyard ; and, after having wandered through it, I lay down in the shade of the wall, near a grave that appeared to have been lately made. While lying thus, I heard a sob : I looked towards the place whence it came, and perceived a beautiful female kneeling beside a grave, devoutly counting her rosary, her tears falling fast upon the ground. I lay, afraid to move, lest the noise might disturb her. She remained for some time, absorbed in devotion, then rose from her knees, and taking a small jar of holy water, sprinkled the grave, and retired undisturbed by me. I mentioned the *circumstance to no one* ; but, day after day, I was

an unperceived witness of this scene. At length she saw me as she approached, and was retiring in haste. I came near her. She stood to let me pass. I said, "My presence shall give you no uneasiness: Adieu:" "Stay," she said, "are you Don Galves' good soldier?" I replied, "I live with him." "Stay, you can feel for me; I have none to feel for, nor advise me. Blessed Virgin, be my friend!" She looked to heaven, her eyes beaming resignation and hope, the tears dropping on her bosom. I stretched out my hand to her; my eyes, I believe, were wet, I did not speak. "None," she said, mournfully, "can again have my hand: I gave it to Francisco." "'Tis the hand of friendship." "I can have no friend but death.—You do not pray for the dead; you cannot pray with me." I said, "I will listen to yours." She then began her usual prayers; then rose, and sprinkled the grave with holy water. I inquired, "Whose grave do you water?" "My mother's." "How long has she been dead?" "Five years." "Five years! have you done thus so long?" "Alas, no! my mother had been released;\* but, five weeks ago, my mournful task again began; 'tis for Francisco. Adieu," she sobbed, and retired with a hurried step. I dare not embellish lest this incident should not be credited; but I feel this a cold account of what passed. I have not taken away, neither have I added a word that did not pass between us. From Galves, I learned that Francisco had fallen in a Guerilla party. It is the belief in

\* *From Purgatory.*

Spain, that every drop of holy water sprinkled upon the grave, quenches a flame in purgatory.

We had passed the winter in an agreeable manner. We lived well : the inhabitants were on good terms with us : we had every thing in abundance ; and amusements were not wanting. We had bull-fights, at which we used to exhibit our powers. Several of our men were hurt. Our horsemen were particularly good bull-fighters ; and the women used to give them great praise. Often we had dancings in the evening ; sometimes we got two or three of our band, and then we had dancing in style. Wine and mirth we never wanted : Music was our great want.

The peasants used to dance to the sound of their rattles, consisting of two pieces of hard wood, which they held between their fingers, and by shaking their hands, kept time, in the same manner as the boys in Edinburgh and other parts, play what they call "*cockledum ditt.*"—They call them *castanetts*.

They have one dance which I never saw in any other place : they call it *fandango*. I can hardly say it is a dance, for it is scarcely decent. The dancers first run to each other, as if they are looking for one another ; then the woman runs away, the man follows ; next he runs, and she follows. This they do alternately, all the time using the most expressive gestures, until both seem overcome ; when they retire, and another couple take their place. This dance had a great effect upon us ; but the Spaniards saw it without being moved, and laughed at the quick breathing and *amorous looks* of our men.

*The winter in Boho was the shortest I ever*

passed in Spain ; yet we remained in that town until May 1813. The only disagreeable thing was, that the wolves, which were very numerous, used to visit us at our advanced posts, when on duty through the night.

One night, while on duty at the bridge, I thought I was to have fallen a prey to a very large wolf. My orders were to be on the alert, and if I heard the least sound, to place my ear upon the ground, to distinguish if it were the tread of men or of horses, and give the alarm. The night was starry, and a little cloudy, when, about half past one o'clock, I could distinguish the tread of an animal. I believed it to be a stray mule, or ass ; but at length could distinguish a large wolf, a few yards from the bridge, in the middle of the road, looking full upon me. I levelled my piece, and stood ; my eyes fixed on his : I durst not fire, lest I should miss him, and give a false alarm. I expected him every moment to spring upon me. We stood thus looking upon each other, until the tread of the sergeant and guard to relieve me were heard ; then the beast scampered off, and relieved me from my disagreeable situation.

May came at length, and we were obliged to leave our kind hosts. I never before felt regret at quitting a town in Spain. That morning we marched, the town was deserted by its inhabitants, who accompanied us a good way ; girls weeping, and running into the ranks to be protected from their parents, and hanging upon their old acquaintances ; parents tearing away and scolding their children ; soldiers *and inhabitants* singing, or exchanging *adieux*. Almost every man had his handkerchief on the muzzle of his firelock. Don Gal-

ves' children, weeping, took leave of me. I never saw them again. May God bless them.

At length we were left to reflect upon our absent friends, and commence the toils of war afresh. We lay in camp until the whole army joined; then were reviewed by Lord Wellington, and received orders to take the line of march, and follow the enemy.

We marched over a great part of Spain, quite across the country; many parts of which were very beautiful, more particularly that before we crossed the Ebro. But we were so harassed by fatigue in our long marches, that we never left the camp, and were too weary to pay much attention to any thing that did not relieve our wants.

We continued to advance, until the 20th of June; when reaching the neighbourhood of Vittoria, we encamped upon the face of a hill. Provisions were very scarce. We had not a bit of tobacco, and were smoking leaves and herbs. Colonel Cadogan rode away, and got us half a pound of tobacco a man, which was most welcome.

Next morning we got up as usual. The first pipes played for parade; the second did not play at the usual time. We began to suspect all was not right. We remained thus until eleven o'clock; then received orders to fall in, and follow the line of march. During our march we fell to one side, to allow a brigade of guns to pass us at full speed. "Now," said my comrades, "we will have work to do before night." We crossed a river; and, as we passed through a village, we saw, on the other side of the road, the French camp, and their fires still burning, just as they had left them. Not a shot had been fired at this time. We observed

a large Spanish column moving along the heights, on our right. We halted, and drew up in column. Orders were given to brush out our locks, oil them, and examine our flints. We being in the rear, these were soon followed by orders to open out from the centre, to allow the 71st to advance. Forward we moved up the hill. The firing was now very heavy. Our rear had not engaged, before word came for the Doctor to assist Colonel Cadogan, who was wounded. Immediately we charged up the hill, the piper playing, "Hey Johnny Cope." The French had possession of the top, but we soon forced them back, and drew up in column on the height; sending out four companies to our left to skirmish. The remainder moved on to the opposite height. As we advanced driving them before us, a French officer, a pretty fellow, was pricking and forcing his men to stand. They heeded him not—he was very harsh:—"Down with him!" cried one near me; and down he fell, pierced by more than one ball.

Scarce were we upon the height, when a heavy column, dressed in great-coats, with white covers on their hats, exactly resembling the Spanish, gave us a volley, which put us to the right about at double-quick time down the hill, the French close behind, through the whins. The four companies got the word, the French were on them. They likewise thought them Spaniards, until they got a volley that killed or wounded almost every one of them. We retired to the height, covered by the 50th, who gave the pursuing column a volley which checked their speed. We moved up the remains of our shattered regiment to the height. Being in

great want of ammunition, we were again served with sixty rounds a man, and kept up our fire for some time, until the bugle sounded to cease firing.

We lay on the height for some time. Our drought was excessive; there was no water upon the height, save one small spring, which was rendered useless. One of our men, in the heat of the action, called out he would have a drink, let the world go as it would. He stooped to drink; a ball pierced his head; he fell with it in the well, which was discoloured by brains and blood.—Thirsty as we were, we could not taste it.

At this time the Major had the command, our second Colonel being wounded. There were not 300 of us on the height able to do duty, out of above 1000 who drew rations in the morning. The cries of the wounded were most heart-rending.

The French, on the opposite height, were getting under arms: we could give no assistance, as the enemy appeared to be six to one of us. Our orders were to maintain the height while there was a man of us. The word was given to shoulder arms. The French, at the same moment, got under arms. The engagement began in the plains. The French were amazed, and soon put to the right about, through Vittoria. We followed, as quick as our weary limbs would carry us. Our legs were full of thorns, and our feet bruised upon the roots of the trees. Coming to a bean field at the bottom of the heights, immediately the column was broke, and every man filled his haversack. We continued to advance until it was dark, and then encamped on a height above Vittoria.

*This was the dullest encampment I ever made.*

We had left 700 men behind. None spoke ; each hung his head, mourning the loss of a friend and comrade. About twelve o'clock, a man of each company was sent to receive half a pound of flour for each man, at the rate of our morning's strength; so that there was more than could be used by those who had escaped. I had fired 108 rounds this day. Next morning we awoke, dull, stiff, and weary. I could scarce touch my head with my right hand ; my shoulder was as black as coal. We washed out our firelocks, and moved on again, about twelve o'clock, in the line of march.

Towards the afternoon of the 22d, the day after the battle of Vittoria, a great number of our men joined, who had made their escape, after being taken the day before. We encamped, and passed a night of congratulation ; mutual hardships made us all brothers. The slain were forgot, in our joy for those we had gained thus unexpectedly. Next morning, we made a more respectable appearance on parade, being now about 800 strong. The day following, we continued our march. In the afternoon, we had a dreadful storm of thunder and rain. A Portuguese officer and his horse were killed by it. We encamped upon the face of a hill, the rain continuing to pour. The storm not abating, we could not get our tents up, and were exposed all night to its violence.

Next day, we arrived before Pamplona, where we lay for some time. One night we were ordered under arms at twelve o'clock : The report was, that Pamplona was to be stormed. We marched until day-break, then drew up in a hollow in the



rear of the town, when we got orders to fall back to our old camp ground.

Soon after, we were relieved by a division of Spanish, and marched towards the Pyrenees, where we soon fell in with our old playfellows the French, and had a very severe skirmish in the front of the village of Maya. The regiment was divided into two columns; the right commanded by Major Walker, the left by Major M'Kenzie. We remained under arms all night, the French keeping up their fire. Next morning we forced them over the heights, into their own country, in style; then encamped.

Fatigue parties were called to make rows and rain-works. Our two rear companies were appointed to move to the heights in the rear, upon the first alarm, and maintain them while a man should remain. The signal was three great guns; on the report of the first of which, every man was to stand to his arms. One day we sent out a fatigue party, to cut wood to make arm-racks. They were not come back when a gun was fired. We stood to our arms, making ready to engage. It was a false alarm.

Our fatigue parties were out for forage, and we were busy cooking, when the signal was given, on the 25th July. The two rear companies moved to the heights, the rest of the regiment to the alarm post, where we had work enough upon our arrival. The French were in great force, moving up the heights in solid column. We killed great numbers of them in their advance; but they still moved on. We were forced to give way, and continued thus to retire, maintaining every height to the last, contesting every foot of ground. At length we

were forced to the height where our old quarter-guard used to be posted. We maintained our position against them a considerable time ; during which, we had the mortification to see the French making merry in our camp, eating the dinner we had cooked for ourselves. What could we do ? they were so much superior in numbers.

I have often admired the bravery of the French officers. This day, while I was in the rear guard, covering the retreat, about two dozen of us were pursued and molested by a company of the French. Out of breath, and unable to run farther, we cried, " Let us make a stand and get breath, else we will never reach the top." " Take your will," returned the officers. Immediately we faced about ; the French halted ; their officers pricked them on. We formed front, across the road, and charged the French officers in the rear urging their troops forward. All would not do ; the men forced their officers fairly over the hill, and ran. We had what we wished, an unmolested retreat, and moved slowly up the height. We were then joined by a brigade of Brunswickers,—gave three cheers, and charged the French along the heights, keeping up our fire till dark. A part of the regiment made fires, while the remainder kept their ground upon the main height, until about twelve o'clock. We then marched off towards the Black Forest, leaving our wounded, whose cries were piercing ; but we could not help them. Numbers continued to follow us, crawling on their hands and knees, filling the air with their groans. Many, who could not do so, held out their hands, supplicating to be taken with us. *We tore ourselves away, and hurried to get out of sight.* We could not bear it.

The roads were very bad, the rain continued to pour, and we made but little way. At day-break, we formed on the outside of Maya, and got orders to cook; but scarce had we begun when the French made their appearance. We immediately moved on to a stronger height on the opposite side, and encamped. Here we got three days' allowance of beef and bread served out to each man, and an allowance of liquor. As soon as cooking was over, we marched on to the Black Forest, and never halted, until two o'clock in the morning. The night was dark and stormy. The wounded officers were carried in blankets on the shoulders of the men. The wounded soldiers who had been enabled still to keep up with us, made the heart bleed at their cries; while the forcing up of the baggage caused such a noise, that the whole was a scene of misery and confusion. We halted to allow the baggage to get forward.

Shortly after day-light, the French advance came up with our rear-guard, consisting of a brigade of Portuguese, which continued to skirmish all the way through the forest. We lost a great number of men in this forest, unable to keep up through illness and fatigue, and not a few from the effects of liquor. It was found necessary to stave the stores of liquor; and the men were carrying it away in their bonnets. Many were intoxicated, and carried upon the shoulders of their comrades.

We at length got out of the forest and encamped. Picquets were posted, and we began to cook; but we had scarcely commenced, when the French were again upon us. The camp was moved, and we marched until two hours after dark. We were *then drawn up in column, and lay down on the*

bare ground, until next morning. The French moved about two miles, and then turned off on their left, towards Pamplona, thinking there was nothing to stop them. We remained here until morning.

Day was scarce broke, when we heard three guns fire towards our right. All were under arms in a moment; and we stood, in this situation, a considerable time. The noise of artillery and musketry was incessant on our right; but, towards the afternoon, the firing ceased, and the French were forced from the heights opposite Pamplona. After Lord Wellington had defeated them, they retreated by our right.

We got orders to occupy a height in the wood. Two companies were sent, at extended order, down the wood, where we were not long before the enemy began to appear; and the firing commenced with their skirmishers. After doing our utmost for some time, we were forced to retire to the top of the height; and, when we arrived upon it, they were so numerous, it was vain to contend. We gave them two or three volleys, and retired through a small village, they following close in the rear: then we drew up, along the side of a strong rock, close by the main road, determined to defend it to the last. Lord Wellington sent a division to our assistance. The enemy seeing them approach, drew up, and continued to annoy us for some time; then fell back upon the village, and encamped. There were some fine fields of grain here, which they set fire to. We lay down, fatigued and weary, having been constantly engaged almost the whole afternoon.

Next morning, the 5th of August, the enemy

began to retire, we following close at their heels through the Black Forest. They retired back into France. We halted upon our old camp ground for the space of half an hour, and then returned to our old quarters at Maya. We were very melancholy, the whole bringing to our minds the time when we last left it and our wounded and dying comrades.

After encamping on a height on the other side, for two or three days, we were marched round to the heights of Roncesvalles, where we encamped, relieving a brigade of the 7th division. We lay here for a considerable time, working like galley slaves from morning till evening, in building batteries and block-houses. All the time I had been a soldier, my labour could not stand in the least comparison with my fatigues at this time.

Orders were given that the heights should be kept by the 3d and 4th division, week about, (*alternately*.) We retired, moving down, and encamped on the other side of the village.

A short time afterwards, we got orders for duty on the heights on the opposite side, of which we were glad, thinking that the work would not be so severe. But we were disagreeably undeceived. Our labour was incessant; every day, we were either on guard or on fatigue. All the time we remained here, we were not a night in bed out of two: besides, the weather was dreadful; we had always either snow or hail, the hail often as large as nuts. We were forced to put our knapsacks on our heads, to protect us from its violence. The mules, at these times, used to run crying up and down, hurt by the stones. The frost was most severe, accompanied by high winds. Often, for

whole days and nights, we could not get a tent to stand. Many of us were frost-bitten, and others were found dead at their posts. At this time, I cursed my hard fate, and groaned over my folly. Frequently have I been awakened, through the night, by the sobs of those around me in the tent; more especially by the young soldiers, who had not been long from their mothers' fire-sides. They often spent the darkness of the night in tears. The weather was so dreadful, the 92d regiment got gray trowsers served out to them: they could not live with their kilts; the cold would have killed them.

In about two days after we went down to the valley, the day being good, the French came down from the heights nearest France. General Stewart being there, at the same time, with our advanced post, and seeing their manœuvres, ordered us to advance towards them. We soon beat them back, and retired to our post. A few days afterwards, the weather was so very bad, that great numbers of the men fell sick. We were then forced to leave the heights, and encamp in the valley; leaving strong picquets in the block-houses on the main pass, which were relieved daily. Fatigue parties were sent up to work, nevertheless, every day the weather would permit. At this time we buried two guns of Captain Mitchell's brigade of artillery, which displeased him much. Through intercession, General Stewart ordered up a fatigue-party to raise them again. We were covered by the picquets, and, with great difficulty, at length got them raised and brought down to the valley. Each man on fatigue got an extra allowance of grog, the *only welcome recompense*.

We lay here for some time, frequently attacked in the block-houses by the French, and at length received orders to leave our purgatory in the heights, and move round towards Maya. We marched that whole afternoon, and all night, until next morning; when the whole army formed on the other side of Maya. We were appointed the brigade of reserve, being far in the rear, and very much fatigued. An attack was begun, almost as soon as we arrived. We moved towards the enemy's works, which were very strong; but we forced them out, then moved round to our own right, the remainder of the army pursuing them. Their camp-ground, which was hutted like a little town, was occupied by us during the night.

November 10.—We, next morning, continued to move to our own right, until we came to a village called Cambo; on the outside of which the enemy had batteries planted, and strong works. We kept up a severe fire, for some time, but could not storm their works, on account of the depth of the entrenchments. They found out that the Spanish troops under Morillo were fording the river on their right. We retired back into camp, and lay there two days: the weather was so bad we could not move out.

In the afternoon, they blew up the bridge over the Nive, and retired out of the town. We then marched into it; and were cantoned, and lay there for a considerable time; the French on one side, and we on the other; our sentinel and theirs on the bridge, not five yards asunder. The night before we crossed, the French came down to the banks of the river with their music, and gave us a *tune or two*. We thought to change their *tune*

before next night. We were then to be all under arms at a minute's notice.

About nine o'clock, the whole of our in-lying picquets were called to cover a party of sappers and miners, in raising a battery to cover our fording ground ; and the sentinel on the broken bridge received orders to shoot the French sentinel, on the first gun for alarm being fired. Both were walking from one parapet to another ; the Frenchman unconscious of any unusual danger ; the English sentinel listening, and often looking to the victim, his heart revolting from the deed he dared not disobey. The match touched the signal gun : next moment the French sentinel fell into the river, pierced by a ball.

As soon as the sappers and miners had constructed the battery, we moved back into the town, and remained until an hour before day. We were drawn up on our fording ground ; orders were given that not a man should speak above his breath. The whole being prepared, the word was given to pass the river, when three guns were fired on our left. Our right wing was sent out to cover the fording. The left forded the river ; but we had not reached the opposite bank, when we received a volley from the enemy's picquets. We gave three cheers,—splashed through the water ; they retired, and we pursued them. The regiment formed upon the top of the height, sending out two companies to follow the enemy close ; but they never came up with them.

All the night of the 11th of December, we lay in camp upon the face of a height, near the Spaniards. In the afternoon of the 12th, we received orders to move round towards Bayonne, where we



were quartered along the main road. There we remained a few days, until we received orders to march to our own right, to assist a Spanish force, who were engaged with superior numbers. We set off by day-light, in the morning of the 13th, towards them, and were moving on, when General Hill sent an aide-de-camp after us, saying, "That is not the direction,—follow me." We put to the right-about, to the main road towards Bayonne. We soon came to the scene of action, and were immediately engaged. We had continued firing, without intermission, for five hours, advancing and retreating, and lost a great number of men, but could not gain a bit of ground. Towards evening, we were relieved by a brigade which belonged to another division. As many of us as could be collected were drawn up. General Hill gave us great praise for our behaviour this day, and ordered an extra allowance of liquor to each man. We were marched back to our old quarters along the road-side.

The day's service had been very severe, but now I took it with the coolest indifference: I felt no alarm; it was all of course. I began to think my body charmed. My mind had come to that pass, I took every thing as it came, without a thought. If I was at ease, with plenty, I was happy; if in the midst of the enemy's fire, or of the greatest privations, I was not concerned. I had been in so many changes of plenty and want, ease and danger, they had ceased to be anticipated either with joy or fear.

We lay upon the road-side for two or three days, having two companies three leagues to the rear, *carrying the wounded to the hospital.* We were

next cantoned three leagues above Bayonne, along the side of the river. We had strong picquets planted along the banks. The French were cantoned upon the other side. Never a night passed that we were not molested by boats passing up and down the river, with provisions and necessaries to the town. Our orders were, to turn out, and keep up a constant fire upon them while passing. We had two grasshopper guns planted upon the side of the river; by means of which we one night sunk a boat loaded with clothing for the army, setting it on fire with red-hot shot. ;

Next day we were encamped in the rear of the town, being relieved by a brigade of Portuguese. We remained in camp two or three days, expecting to be attacked, the enemy having crossed above us on the river. We posted picquets in the town, near our camp. At length, receiving orders to march, we moved on, until we came to a river on our right, which ran very swift. Part of the regiment having crossed, we got orders to come to the right-about, and were marched back to our old camp-ground. Next morning, we received orders to take another road towards Salvaterra; where we encamped that night, and remained until the whole army assembled the following day.

About two o'clock, in the afternoon, we were under arms, and moved towards the river, covered by a brigade of artillery. We forded, and continued to skirmish amongst the heights, until the town was taken. We lost only one man during the whole time. We encamped upon the other side of the town; and next morning followed the line of march, until we came before a town called *Aris*. We had severe fighting before we got into

it. We were led on by an aid-de-camp. The contest lasted until after dark. We planted picquets in different streets of the town ; the enemy did the same in others. Different patrols were sent out during the night ; but the French were always found on the alert. They retired before day-light ; and we marched into the town, with our music at the head of the regiments. The town appeared then quite desolate, not worth twopence ; but we were not three days in it, until the French inhabitants came back, opened their shops and houses, and it became a fine lively place. There was a good deal of plundering the first night ; for the soldiers, going into the houses, and finding no person within, helped themselves. The people have a way of keeping their fowls in cans full of grease, about the size of a hen. This we found out by accident ; for, wanting some grease to fry, in cooking, we took one of these cans, and cut out the fowl. We commenced a search for the grease cans, and were very successful. The fowls were excellent. We lay here a considerable time, then were marched towards Toulouse, and halted at a village four leagues from it, with orders to turn out on a moment's notice. We were drawn out at twelve o'clock at night, and marched close up to the town, designing to throw a bridge over the river ; but it ran so swift, that we failed in our attempt. We then kindled fires in all quarters, and returned to the village. Next morning, we marched round towards the main road to Toulouse, and were cantoned along the road. We lay here for some time, and were, every morning, under arms an hour before day.

*At length, on the 10th of April, we received*

orders to attack Toulouse, and moved on by another road, on the opposite side from the one we had lain upon. We were drawn up in column, in rear of a house, and remained there for some time, sending out the flank companies to skirmish ; and, at length, forced the enemy back upon their works. The contest now began to be more severe. A brigade of guns coming up, played upon their works for some time, and then retired, night coming on. We were posted in the different streets of the suburbs, to watch the enemy's motions. At last we got our allowance of liquor served out, and retired to our cantonment.

I shall ever remember an adventure that happened to me, towards the afternoon. We were in extended order, firing and retiring. I had just risen to run behind my file, when a spent shot struck me on the groin, and took the breath from me. " God receive my soul ! " I said, and sat down resigned. The French were advancing fast. I laid my musket down, and gasped for breath. I was sick and put my canteen to my head, but could not taste the water : however, I washed my mouth, and grew less faint. I looked to my thigh, and seeing no blood, took resolution to put my hand to the part, to feel the wound. My hand was unstained by blood ; but the part was so painful that I could not touch it. At this moment of helplessness the French came up. One of them made a charge at me, as I sat pale as death. In another moment I would have been transfixed, had not his next man forced the point past me : " Do not touch the good Scot," said he ; and then addressing *himself* to me, added, " Do you

remember me?" I had not recovered my breath sufficiently to speak distinctly: I answered, "No."—"I saw you at Sobral," he replied. Immediately I recognised him to be a soldier whose life I had saved from a Portuguese, who was going to kill him as he lay wounded. "Yes, I know you," I replied.—"God bless you!" cried he; and, giving me a pancake out of his hat, moved on with his fellows; the rear of whom took my knapsack, and left me lying. I had fallen down for greater security. I soon recovered so far as to walk, though with pain, and joined the regiment next advance.

We were quartered in wine stores; where we lay for a considerable time, sending out a regiment, each night, on duty. The 71st happened to be the regiment on duty, on the night in which the French evacuated Toulouse. We immediately gave notice, and marched into the town; halted half an hour, until the cavalry passed through it, and then moved on after them. We fell in with a number of the enemy's sick and wounded, whom we sent back to the town. We halted at Villa Franca, and were cantoned. Soult lay in a town on the heights in front, about one league and a half from us.

We remained here two or three days; when we were all turned out, cavalry and artillery, the French being under arms. Three guns were fired. The French did not seem inclined to attack us. We were encamped again. In the course of the day, flags of truce were passing between the armies. At length, General Soult came in his carriage, guarded by a squadron of his cavalry. We then got word that Buonaparte was deposed, and

we were soon to have peace.—Joy beamed on every face, and made every tongue eloquent. We sang and drank that whole night, and talked of home. Next morning, falling back to Toulouse, we were cantoned there, and lay for a long time, looking anxiously for orders to embark for England. At length we marched to Bourdeaux, were reviewed by Lord Wellington, and embarked for Ireland.

We arrived at Cork in June 1814. I had now been seven years and eleven months a soldier, and therefore hoped for my discharge. I had still one year to serve, although enlisted for seven. Being only sixteen years of age, my seven years were counted from my eighteenth. Had I called myself seventeen, I should have now been free; but I scorned to lie: neither was I aware of this circumstance.

Upon our arrival at Cork, we were marched to Éamerick, and lay there a long time; then got the route for Cork to embark for America. I wanted but a few months to be free. I sought my discharge, but was refused. I was almost tempted to desert. I lamented my becoming a soldier, at this time, more than I had done on the retreat, or upon the Pyrenees. To be so near home, and almost free, and yet to be sent across the Atlantic, was very galling. I knew not what to do. I kept my honour, and embarked. What vexed me, was some being discharged who had not been so long soldiers as I had been; only they were above eighteen when they enlisted.

We lay on board six weeks before setting sail. When on our way, a schooner fired a gun and brought us to, and gave us orders for Deal. My

heart bounded with joy: Freedom, freedom I would not have taken a thousand pounds to —I would have left the army without a ship was oppressed all the time I was on board mind dwelt on nothing but home. If an asked a question or spoke to me, I was so that I seldom answered to the point. After ship was put about for England, a load was from my mind, and I became more happy. landed all our heavy baggage at Deal, then round to Gravesend, and disembarked. We there only one afternoon, then were put on the smacks, and were landed at Antwerp.

Next morning we were marched to (Leuse), where we lay, quartered in the different villages around, until the 16th of June 1815 used to be drilled every day. We were going for a field-day, on the 16th, when we were ordered back and formed on one side of the village. We stopped here a short time; then were ordered to quarters to pack up every thing and march. We immediately marched off towards the French frontier. We had a very severe march of several miles, excepting to halt and be quartered in different towns through which we passed. We knew not where we were marching. About one o'clock the morning, we were halted in a village. A large gade of Brunswickers marching out, we took shelter in quarters, hungry and weary.

Next morning, the 17th, we got our allowance of liquor, and moved on until the heat of the day when we encamped, and our baggage was ordered to take the high road to Brussels. We sent fatigue parties for water, and set a-cooking. *Fires were not well kindled, when we got on*

fall in, and move on along the high road towards Waterloo. The whole length of the road was very much crowded by artillery and ammunition-carts, all advancing towards Waterloo. The troops were much embarrassed in marching, the roads were so crowded. As soon as we arrived on the ground, we formed in column. The rain began to pour. The firing had never ceased all yesterday and to-day, at a distance. We encamped and began to cook; when the enemy came in sight, and again spoiled our cooking. We advanced towards them. When we reached the height they retired; which caused the whole army to get under arms and move to their positions. Night coming on, we stood under arms for some time. The army then retired to their own rear, and lay down under arms, leaving the 71st in advance. During the whole night, the rain never ceased. Two hours after day-break, General Hill came down, taking away the left subdivision of the 10th company to cover his reconnaissance. Shortly afterwards, we got half an allowance of liquor, which was the most welcome thing I ever received. I was so stiff and sore from the rain, I could not move with freedom for some time. A little afterwards, the weather clearing up, we began to clean our arms and prepare for action. The whole of the opposite heights were covered by the enemy.

A young lad, who had joined but a short time before, said to me, while we were cleaning: "Tom, you are an old soldier, and have escaped often, and have every chance to escape this time also. I am sure I am to fall."—"Nonsense, be not gloomy."—"I am certain," *he said*: "All I ask is, that you



will tell my parents, when you get home, that I ask God's pardon for the evil I have done, and the grief I have given them. Be sure to tell I died praying for their blessing and pardon." I grew dull myself, but gave him all the heart I could. He only shook his head: I could say nothing to alter his belief.

The artillery had been tearing away, since day-break, in different parts of the line. About twelve o'clock we received orders to fall in for attack. We then marched up to our position, where we lay on the face of a brae, covering a brigade of guns. We were so overcome by the fatigue of the two day's march, that, scarce had we lain down until many of us fell asleep. I slept sound, for some time, while the cannon-balls, plunging in amongst us, killed a great many. I was suddenly awakened. A ball struck the ground a little below me, turned me heels-over-head, broke my musket in pieces, and killed a lad at my side. I was stunned and confused, and knew not whether I was wounded or not. I felt a numbness in my arm for sometime.

We lay thus, about an hour and a half, under a dreadful fire, which cost us about 60 men, while we had never fired a shot. The balls were falling thick amongst us. The young man I lately spoke of lost his legs by a shot at this time. They were cut very close: he soon bled to death. "Tom," said he, "remember your charge: my mother wept sore when my brother died in her arms. Do not tell her all how I died; if she saw me thus, it would break her heart: farewell, God bless my parents!" He said no more, his lips quivered, *and he ceased to breathe.*

About two o'clock, a squadron of lancers came down, hurraing, to charge the brigade of guns: they knew not what was in the rear. General Barnes gave the word, "Form square." In a moment the whole brigade were on their feet, ready to receive the enemy. The General said, "Seventy-first, I have often heard of your bravery, I hope it will not be worse than it has been, to-day." Down they came upon our square. We soon put them to the right-about.

Shortly after we received orders to move to the heights. Onwards we marched, and stood, for a short time, in square; receiving cavalry every now and then. The noise and smoke were dreadful. At this time I could see but a very little way from me; but, all around, the wounded and slain lay very thick. We then moved on in column, for a considerable way, and formed line; gave three cheers, fired a few volleys, charged the enemy, and drove them back.

At this moment a squadron of cavalry rode furiously down upon our line. Scarce had we time to form. The square was only complete in front when they were upon the points of our bayonets. Many of our men were out of place. There was a good deal of jostling, for a minute or two, and a good deal of laughing. Our quarter-master lost his bonnet, in riding into the square; got it up, put it on, back foremost, and wore it thus all day. Not a moment had we to regard our dress. A French General lay dead in the square; he had a number of ornaments upon his breast. Our men fell to plucking them off, pushing each other as they passed, and *snatching* at them.

*We stood in square for some time, whilst the*

13th dragoons and a squadron of French dragoons were engaged. The 13th dragoons retiring to the rear of our column, we gave the French a volley, which put them to the right-about ; then the 13th at them again. They did this for some time ; we cheering the 13th, and feeling every blow they received. When a Frenchman fell, we shouted ; and when one of the 13th, we groaned. We wished to join them, but were forced to stand in square.

The whole army retired to the heights in the rear ; the French closely pursuing to our formation, where we stood, four deep, for a considerable time. As we fell back, a shot cut the straps of the knapsack of one near me : it fell, and was rolling away. He snatched it up, saying, " I am not to lose you that way, you are all I have in the world ;" tied it on the best manner he could, and marched on.

Lord Wellington came riding up. We formed square, with him in our centre, to receive cavalry. Shortly the whole army received orders to advance. We moved forwards in two columns, four deep, the French retiring at the same time. We were charged several times in our advance. This was our last effort ; nothing could impede us. The whole of the enemy retired, leaving their guns and ammunition, and every other thing behind. We moved on towards a village, and charged right through, killing great numbers, the village was so crowded. We then formed on the other side of it, and lay down under the canopy of heaven, hungry and wearied to death. We had been oppressed, all day, by the weight of our blankets and great coats, which were drenched with rain, and lay upon our shoulders like logs of wood.

*Scarce was my body stretched upon the ground,*

when sleep closed my eyes. Next morning, when I awoke, I was quite stupid. The whole night my mind had been harassed by dreams. I was fighting and charging, re-acting the scenes of the day, which were strangely jumbled with the scenes I had been in before. I rose up and looked around, and began to recollect. The events of the 18th came before me, one by one; still they were confused, the whole appearing as an unpleasant dream. My comrades began to awake and talk of it; then the events were embodied as realities. Many an action had I been in, wherein the individual exertions of our regiment had been much greater, and our fighting more severe; but never had I been where the firing was so dreadful, and the noise so great. When I looked over the field of battle, it was covered and heaped in many places; figures moving up and down upon it. The wounded crawling along the rows of dead, was a horrible spectacle; yet I looked on with less concern, I must say, at the moment, than I have felt at an accident, when in quarters. I have been sad at the burial of a comrade who died of sickness in the hospital, and followed him almost in tears; yet have I seen, after a battle, fifty men put into the same trench, and comrades amongst them, almost with indifference. I looked over the field of Waterloo as a matter of course—a matter of small concern.

In the morning we got half an allowance of liquor; and remained here until mid-day, under arms; then received orders to cook. When cooking was over, we marched on towards France. Nothing particular happened before reaching Paris, where we lay in the lines until the French ca-

pitulated. We had our posts planted at each side of the city. The French troops retired; and we got under arms and marched towards the gates. We had a cannon on each side of the gate, and gunners, with lighted matches, standing by them. We marched into the city; passed Lord Wellington, who stood at the gates, and were encamped on the main road in the Thuilleries, where we remained all the time we were here.

In marching through the city, a lad, dressed as a Frenchman, was looking up the companies very anxiously. One of our men said, "Knock the French fellow down." "Dinna be sae fast, man," said he: we stared to hear broad Scotch in Paris at this time: "I am looking for my cousin," he added, naming him; but he had been left behind, wounded.

When we were in camp before the Thuilleries, the first day, two girls were looking very eagerly up and down the regiment, when we were on parade. "Do you wish a careless husband, my dear?" said one of our lads.—"May be; will you be't?" said a Glasgow voice. "Where the devil do you come from?" said the rough fellow. "We're Paisley lasses; this is our regiment: we want to see if there's ony body here, we ken." The soldier, who was a Glasgow lad, could not speak. There is a music in our native tongue, in a foreign land, where it is not to be looked for, that often melts the heart when we hear it unexpectedly. These two girls had found their way from Paisley to Paris, and were working at tambouring, and did very well.

We lay three months in Paris. All that time *I saw very little* of it: I did not care to ask leave

from the camp. At length we were marched to Flanders, to winter-quarters ; and I got my discharge. I left my comrades with regret, but the service with joy.

I came down to the coast to embark, with light steps and a joyful heart, singing, "*When wild war's deadly blast was blawn.*" I was poor as poor could be ; but I had hope before me, and pleasing dreams of home. I had saved nothing this campaign ; and the money I had before was all gone. Government found me the means of getting to Edinburgh.

Hope and joy were my companions until I entered the Firth. I was on deck ; the morning began to dawn ; the shores of Lothian began to rise out of the mist. " There is the land of cakes," said the captain. A sigh escaped me ; recollections crowded upon me,—painful recollections. I went below to conceal my feelings, and never came up until the vessel was in the harbour. I ran from her, and hid myself in a public-house. All the time I had been away was forgot. I felt as if I had been in Leith the day before. I was so foolish as to think I would be known, and laughed at. In about half an hour I reasoned myself out of my foolish notions : but I could not bring myself to go up the Walk to Edinburgh. I went by the Easter Road. Every thing was strange to me, so many alterations had taken place ; yet I was afraid to look any person in the face, lest he should recognise me. I was suffering as keenly at this moment as when I went away : I felt my face burning with shame.

At length I reached the door of the last house I *had been in, before leaving Edinburgh.* I

had not power to knock : happy was it for me that I did not. A young girl came into the stair. I asked her if Mrs ——— lived there ? “ No,” she said, “ she had flitted long ago.” “ Where does she live ? ” “ I do not know.” Where to go I knew not. I came down stairs, and recognised a sign which had been in the same place before I went away. In I went, and inquired. The landlord knew me.—“ Tom,” said he, “ are you come back safe ?—Poor fellow ! give me your hand.” “ Does my mother live ? ”—“ Yes, yes ; come in, and I will send for her, not to let the surprise be too great.” Away he went. I could not remain, but followed him ; and, the next minute, I was in the arms of my mother.

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I have been with my mother these fourteen months. She is sinking fast to the grave. I am happy I am here to lay her head in it.—Jeanie has been married these five years ; and goes between her own and her mother’s house, to take care of her.—John is in London, following out his business.—William has been in Glasgow.

## LETTER

BY THE WRITER OF THE JOURNAL TO HIS  
FRIEND, ENCLOSING THE CONCLUDING POR-  
TION OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

*Edinburgh, May 1818.*

DEAR JOHN,

These three months I can find nothing to do. I am a burden on Jeanie and her husband. I wish I was a soldier again. I cannot even get labouring work. God will bless those, I hope, who have been good to me. I have seen my folly. I would be useful, but can get nothing to do. My mother is at her rest,—God receive her soul!—I will go to South America. Maria de Parides will put me in a way to do for myself, and be a burden to no one. Or, I shall go to Spain, and live in Boho.—I will go to Buenos Ayres.—Farewell! John, this is all I have to leave you. It is yours: do with it as you think proper. If I succeed in the South, I will return and lay my bones beside my parents: if not, I will never come back.

THE END OF THE SOLDIER'S JOURNAL.





**II.**  
**THE**  
**SPANISH CAMPAIGN**  
**OF**  
**1808.**

**BY ADAM NEALE, M. D. F. L. S.**  
**PHYSICIAN TO THE FORCES.**



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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**SPAIN**, forming a peninsula, and separated from the rest of Europe by a chain of lofty and almost inaccessible mountains, has been rarely visited by travellers from mere motives of curiosity. Its real condition, therefore, in respect to the moral and social state of its inhabitants, is still imperfectly understood ; and indeed, since the expedition to Valencia, under the Earl of Peterborough, during the War of the Succession, it had almost ceased to be an object of interest or importance to Great Britain. We had, it is true, Consuls in some of her seaports, and an ambassador generally at Madrid ; but we knew as little of the interior of Spain as we still do of Africa, Turkey, or any other barbarous country, imperfectly laid down in *Maps* and *Gazeteers*. Eighty years ago, Montesquieu, in his *Persian Letters*, said it was quite unknown by its neighbours the French, and assuredly the British knew it still less.

Is it therefore surprising, that all our preconceived opinions of that people have been found, on a better acquaintance with them, to be grounded in error and prejudice? Spain, in point of fact, appears to be rather an assemblage of Cantons, like Switzerland, than one complete perfect and united nation. Overrun or conquered successively by Tyrians, Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Grecians, Romans, Goths, Visigoths, Moors, &c. each district has retained more or less a distinct character, from the prevalence of the races who have peopled it. For whilst in the mountains the Celtic and aboriginal races prevail, in the plains we find more traces of its various conquerors. A Biscayan or Asturian, therefore, looks down on the inhabitants of the other provinces—and a Castilian holds in contempt an Andalusian. An Aragonese hates and despises an Andalusian or Galician, and so in turn throughout the country. Neither is the King's power equally absolute all over Spain. In one or two provinces it is limited, and scarcely obeyed in a third. In reality there is but one strong and perfect chain binding all these discordant elements together, which is their belief in the superstitions of the Holy, Apostolic, Roman Catholic Church. The Church, in fact, is the real sovereign of Spain: for while the decrees of the monarch are in some provinces registered, but not obeyed, the bulls of the Pope

of Rome are fulfilled to the very letter, in every nook and valley of the Peninsula.

The Conde de Aranda, one of the most despotic of prime ministers having been at length deposed, disgraced, and banished from Madrid, went to reside at Paris. Being one day present at a dinner party where the Statesmen of Spain were discussed, and being silent, he was at length asked his opinion. Laying down his cigar, he replied—"We Spaniards have neither any laws nor system. Every thing with us is managed according to the caprice of the Ruler; and in our mode of government, we are merely Moors with a periwig. The only difference between us and the Africans is, that when the Church deprived us of our turbans, it replaced them with periwigs."—"Nosotros los Españoles no tenemos in leyes ni systema—*todo es el capricho del Mandon*; y en nuestro modo de gobernar, somos Moros con Peluca, y la unica diferencia entre nosotros y los Africanos es, que la Iglesia nos quitò el turbante y paisola peluca."

As to the conduct and economy of their armies, the Spaniards have been for many centuries behind their neighbours the Algerines. Dr Curtis, the Principal of the Irish College at Salamanca, and now an Archbishop in Ireland, used to say to us—"I have lived amongst these Spaniards nearly forty years, and know their troops well. When they *have muskets*, they generally want can-

non. If they have any gunpowder, they are without flints—or, if well fed, without shoes or stockings ; if not in rags, they are then without a loaf to eat. If the generals should wish to fight, the soldiers are unwilling ; or if the men would make a stand, then the officers are sure to run away."

How to assist, or act in concert with such barbarians, was most difficult and dangerous ; for although ignorant as Musselmen, they are less easily governed, and must ever be managed by force or fear, until some grand revolution in the whole nature of their State, shall again have replaced them among the civilized Powers of Europe.

LONDON, JUNE 1828.

THE  
SPANISH CAMPAIGN  
OF  
1808.

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THE campaign in Portugal having been brought, rather suddenly, to a conclusion, by the Convention of Cintra, and Arthur Wellesley and Sir Hugh Dalrymple, having sailed for England, Sir John Moore was nominated to command the troops destined to enter Spain. The instructions sent to Sir John from Lord Castlereagh, then Minister for the War Department, were dated the 25th September 1808, and informed him, that his Majesty had determined on employing 30,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry in the north of Spain, to co-operate with the Spanish forces in the expulsion of the French. That 10,000 men were to join him at Corunna from Falmouth, and that he had the option of sending forward his own troops from Lisbon, either by sea or land, as he might judge most expedient. But unfortunately for Sir John Moore, some difficulties occurred at the very outset. Being himself, in a great measure, unacquainted with



the state of the country, he was induced to believe that the roads in Portugal were such, that it would be impossible to send forward his artillery by any route, excepting that through Elvas, Badajoz, and Madrid ; in which opinion he was supported by some British officers, sent forward to report thereon. Hence, Sir John was induced to separate his guns and cavalry from the main body of his army, a measure which subsequently was sincerely regretted by himself, and productive of much delay in commencing operations from the side of Salamanca. The Central Junta at Madrid, then constituting the provisional government, had also represented to him, that it would be extremely difficult to forward by the Corunna road, even the 10,000 men who were to land there under Sir David Baird, and join him wherever he should appoint. Sir John, therefore, determined on moving forward all his own troops by land ; but the Spanish Commissary General having been consulted as to the means of victualling them on the great road by Elvas, stated, that the quantity of meat required was so enormous, that in three months all the oxen in that part of the country would be consumed. The north of Portugal contained abundance of cattle ; but it was represented, and unfortunately believed, that the roads there were equally impassable for our artillery, it therefore became necessary to divide the troops proceeding from Lisbon into four divisions. General Hope with the artillery, cavalry, and four regiments of infantry, was to proceed by the Madrid road ; General Paget with two brigades, by Elvas and Alcantara ; whilst the remainder were to go *through Almeida* ; two brigades under General

Beresford, by way of Coimbra, three under General Frazer, by Abrantes, crossing the Tagus there, and recrossing it at the pass of Villa Velha, a passage which, in former wars with Spain, had been considered the key to Lisbon. Salamanca was to be the place of re-union, and Generals Hope and Sir David Baird were to join either there, or at Valladolid.

Sir John Moore was so highly respected, both as an officer and a man, by the people of Great Britain, that his appointment was in the highest degree popular at home. He was a native of Glasgow, where he was born in 1760. From the 18th to the 23d year of his age, he had travelled on the Continent in the suite of the young Duke of Hamilton, then attended as tutor by Sir John's father, the celebrated Dr Moore, author of *Zeluco*: and having entered the army, he soon afterwards attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He had served in the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt; also in Corsica and Ireland. When in Corsica he had stormed the Convention Fort, and the outworks of Calvi, which was followed by the conquest of that island: and in Ireland he had gained the battle of Wexford, which proved the prelude to the suppression of the rebellion.

His talents had acquired him the notice and friendship of General Sir Charles Stuart, Sir Ralph Abercromby, the Marquis Cornwallis, and Mr Pitt; and that minister had even deigned to consult him on military affairs, and, on several important occasions, had yielded to his judgment. Sir John Moore was enthusiastically fond of his profession, and studied it thoroughly; but a somewhat gloomy cast of mind, conjoined with too

much sensibility for his iron-hearted profession, accustomed him to look rather on the dark than the bright side of affairs. He had imbibed a high opinion of the French as a military people, and of the ability of their generals, and the great wisdom and skill of their Emperor: which impressions, joined to too much diffidence in his own great talents, and the unrivalled valour of British soldiers, at times depressed his energies and spirit of enterprise.

Before commencing his march from Lisbon, Sir John warned his troops, in general orders, that the Spaniards were a grave orderly people, extremely sober, generous, but easily offended by any insult or disrespect. He exhorted them, therefore, to accommodate themselves to these manners, to meet with equal kindness the cordiality wherewith they would be received, and not shock, by their intemperance, a people worthy of their attachment, whose efforts they were come to support in the cause of liberty. His resolution to maintain order and discipline, indeed, was afterwards evinced by punishing a marauder upon the march with death, at Almeida on the frontiers. And the General took that opportunity of declaring his intention, to show no mercy to plunderers and marauders, or, in other words, to thieves and villains. Further to gratify the Spaniards, our army, on entering Spain, were ordered to wear the red cockade in addition to the British.

The several divisions having moved off, Sir John Moore quitted Lisbon on the 27th October, and, passing through Abrantes and Villa Velha, with *considerable expedition*, he reached the village of *Atalaya* on the 5th of November. Here he re-

received letters from Lord William Bentinck, dated from Madrid, acquainting him that the French reinforcements were already entering Biscay ; that Castanos was making some movements which might bring on an action ; and that the Central Junta recommended him to concert his movements with that general. Here also, Sir John Moore discovered, to his great mortification, that contrary to all the information he had collected in Lisbon, the roads, although very bad, were practicable for artillery. It is true the road had only been found out stage by stage, by British officers, but the perusal of the Duke of Berwick's Memoirs, and of General Dumourier's Memoir on Portugal, might have informed them better. Neither ought they to have forgotten that Junot had entered Portugal by the route of Alcantara and the pass of Rosmarinhal, and had brought forward his whole park of artillery, by dint of labour and perseverance, over a much worse line of road. Despatches were therefore (now it was too late) sent to meet General Hope at Truxillo, desiring he would not trust to mere reports, but send forward his own officers, to examine whether there might not be a nearer road without going round by Madrid. General Moore arrived at Almeida on the 8th November. It rained incessantly ; the troops, however, had moved on, in spite of the bad weather, and behaved extremely well, with a few exceptions ; but it was here that Sir John Moore found himself called upon to punish one of the marauders, and to issue that very severe general order, before alluded to.

On the 11th November, our advanced guard

crossed a rivulet which divides Spain from Portugal, and marched forward to Ciudad Rodrigo. The governor came out to meet Sir John, two miles off: a salute was fired from the ramparts, and he was conducted to the principal house of the town and hospitably entertained. Next morning he proceeded to San Martin del Rio, a village seven leagues distant, and was lodged at the house of the curate, who, in the course of conversation, told the General, that on the same day, in the preceding year, he had given accommodation to the execrable French General Loison, then on his march to Lisbon, and that Junot and the other French Generals, had slept there in succession. On the 13th November, Sir John Moore arrived with his advanced guard at Salamanca, where he halted, intending to assemble there all the troops which were coming from Portugal; but, before entering the town, he was destined to receive intelligence of the fate of what was called the Army of Estremadura. This Spanish corps, consisting of about 12,000 raw recruits, commanded by a very young man, the Count Belvidere, had advanced, quite unsupported, to Burgos, an open town, in the front of the French army, where they were attacked by a superior force, and completely routed. A few hours after Sir John reached Salamanca, he wrote a letter to Lord William Bentinck at Madrid, who was there acting minister for the British Court, acquainting him with his arrival.

On the second night after he had reached Salamanca, Sir John was awakened by an express, *bringing him intelligence that the French cavalry had taken possession of the city of Valladolid, only*

twenty leagues distant, and between which and Salamanca is an open plain. At this time, he had only three brigades of cavalry, and not a single piece of cannon. His first resolve was to fall back upon Ciudad Rodrigo, but he soon learnt that it was merely a foraging party which had quickly retired upon Palencia, and that none of the French infantry had advanced further than Burgos. He, therefore, sent letters to Generals Hope and Baird, ordering them to concentrate their divisions, and join him as speedily as possible. Each succeeding day now was fraught with intelligence of more disasters. Blake's army had been routed and dispersed in the mountains near Reynosa; and Napoleon, who had entered Spain, and put himself at the head of his troops, was in a situation either to have attacked Castanos on his left flank, or to march at once against the British and prevent the junction of the troops from Madrid and Astorga. Paralysed from the want of his cavalry and artillery — indignant, moreover, at discovering the weakness of the Spaniards, and disgusted at the folly and want of energy of the Spanish government, Sir John now began to despair of the success of their cause. Nor were the ideas of Sir David Baird very different from his own.

The expedition under Sir David's command, had reached Corunna on the 13th of October; but such were the senseless forms and negligence of the Spanish authorities, that his troops were detained on shipboard till an order for their landing could be obtained from the Central Junta at Madrid. Accustomed to command an Indian army, with all its train of sutlers and beasts of burden, Sir David now found himself marching

Spaniards, however, might rally in the south; and the English might still be of use if they were landed at Cadiz. "But," added he, "it is impossible to be very sanguine on this subject after what has been seen."

When this intention of retreating was made known in Salamanca to the army, murmurings against it broke forth in all quarters from all ranks. Nay, even the very officers on Sir John's own staff, lamented the resolution of their commander. In his letter to Mr Frere, penned before the defeat of Castanos was known, Sir John had proposed as a question, what course the British army should adopt in case of that event,—whether he should order its retreat upon Portugal, or march upon Madrid, and throw himself into the heart of the country, thus to run all risks, and share the fortunes of the Spanish nation?—admitting too, that "this movement would be one of great hazard, as his retreat to Cadiz or Gibraltar must be very uncertain, and he would be entirely in the power of the Spaniards; but perhaps it was worthy of risk, if the government and people of Spain were thought to have still sufficient energy, and the means to recover from their defeats. "The question," he went on to say, "is not purely a military one. It belongs, at least, as much to you as to me to decide upon it. Your communications with the Spanish government, and the means you have had of judging of the general state of the country, enable you to form as just an estimate of the resistance that is likely to be offered. You are, perhaps, better acquainted with the views of the British cabinet; and the question is, what would that cabinet direct, were they upon the spot to deter-

in a letter to the British ambassador at Madrid, he should fall back upon his resources, co-act as a diversion in favour of Spain, if the French detached a force against him; and, be-ly to return to the assistance of the Spaniards and circumstances again render it eligible. That circumstances, however, would occur he had no expectation. The French, he thought, would have more to do in order to subdue the country than to march over it; though, after the conquest, they might find the Spaniards somewhat troublesome as subjects. In his letter to Sir David Dundas, urging him to fall back upon Corunna, and sail thence for the Tagus, he directed him to return immediately to England, and order that transports might be sent to Lisbon,—adding, “they will be wanted, for when the French have entered Spain, Portugal cannot be defended.” Only a few days previously, he had written to Lord Clive, stating that he had ordered a magazine of provisions for a short consumption to be stored at Almeida, and perhaps the same should be done at Elvas; in which case the progress of the enemy might be checked, while the stores were working at Lisbon, and arrangements made for moving off the army. Beyond this, he thought that the defence of Lisbon or of Portugal, ought not to be thought of. In making known his resolution of writing to the British Government, he wrote in the same desponding strain. “If the French,” he said, “succeed in Spain, it will be in vain to expect them in Portugal.” Portugal could not be defended against a superior enemy; the



determined spirit. There was no doubt of the people. The government was new, and had hitherto been too numerous to be very active, but there was hope that that inconvenience would be soon remedied. "They are resolute," added Mr Frere, "and I believe every man of them determined to perish with the country. They will not at least, set the example, which the ruling powers and higher orders of other countries have exhibited, of weakness and timidity."—Great advantages, the Ambassador thought, would result from advancing speedily to cover Madrid. The people of that town were very resolute and determined to defend it, in spite of its open situation; and nothing could be more unfavourable to the claims of the intruder, than to lay siege to the capital. The first object of the British, therefore, he thought, should be to march thither, and collect a force capable of resisting the French, before farther reinforcements should arrive from France. There were reports that the resistance to the conscription had been more than usually obstinate; and a pastoral letter, written by the Bishop of Carcassonnè, seemed to prove that these reports were not unfounded. Any advantages obtained over the enemy now, would be doubly important, since it would render a conscription for a third attempt upon Spain, infinitely difficult, if not impracticable. But if, with their existing forces, they were allowed to retain all their present advantages, and to await the completion of the conscription, they would pour in troops, which would give them immediate possession of the capital and central provinces, and *the war would then be reduced to an absolute*

competition between the two countries; which could stand out longest against the waste of population. If, however, said Mr Frere, this view of the subject should not appear sufficiently clear or conclusive to the Commander-in-chief, to induce him to take this step, which he the Ambassador was well convinced would meet with the approbation of his Majesty's Government, he would venture to recommend retaining the position of Astorga. A retreat from thence to Corunna (as far, said he, as an unmilitary man may be allowed to judge of a country he has travelled over) would be less difficult than through Portugal to Lisbon: and we ought, in that position, to wait for the reinforcements of cavalry from England: the army would thus be enabled to act in the flat country, which extends immediately from that point throughout the whole of Leon and Old Castile. Before this letter arrived, however, General Moore's resolution had been taken, in consequence of the intelligence of Castanos's defeat. Neither was it shaken by the reasoning of the Ambassador, and he waited only for the junction of General Hope, to begin making his retreat upon Portugal.

The Central Junta had wished it had been possible for Sir John Moore to have come in person to Aranjuez, and conferred either with themselves, or the Military Council at Madrid; and he himself had formed the same wish, believing, that unless very prompt and efficacious measures were taken, the defeat of the Spanish armies, and the ruin of their cause, were inevitable. But as this could not be, *the* Captain-general of Granada, with another officer, selected for his repu-

considered them as weak old men, and a  
ing no information upon which any plan co  
concerted.

On the 5th December, a despatch arrived fr  
Duke of Castel Franco and Don Thomas Mo  
forming General Moore that about 25,000 m  
the Central army, commanded by Castano  
falling back on Madrid,—that 10,000, fro  
pass of Somo-Sierra, were also coming t  
and that these would be joined by 40,000  
With that number of troops, the French  
which had presented itself, was not to be  
But the Junta dreading an increase of the e  
forces, hoped he would be able to unite w  
Spanish army, or fall on the rear of the F  
and they doubted not that the rapidity  
movements would be such as the inter  
both countries required.

This letter was written on the 2d, at whic

Madrid on the night of the 1st, when the inhabitants were working in the trenches by torch-light, breaking up their streets and barricading their houses. He had seen the Duke del Infantado, who told him that Madrid contained both provisions and ammunition; that more than 30,000 men had that day enlisted themselves as volunteers; and that it was of material consequence to the common cause that the British Commander should make a diversion which would compel the French to divide their forces, and thus afford some succour to Madrid. This he requested Charmilly to communicate to Sir John Moore, as he himself had been an eyewitness of the spirit of the people, and of the preparations which they were making for resistance. By another Grandee, he was requested to tell Sir John Moore, that he must make use of this moment to save Spain, by making conditions with the Junta to form a better government; but most especially, he ought to require that the Spanish army should be put under the orders of the British Commander-in-chief for the time being, as it had formerly been under those of Lord Peterborough. Colonel Charmilly having passed through Talavera, had there found Mr Frere, who had just arrived, following the Central Junta, which was retiring to Badajoz from Aranjuez. He communicated to him what had passed between himself and the Duke del Infantado; and the Ambassador then requested him, as a Colonel in the British service, to take charge of a letter to Sir John Moore, urging him to delay *his retreat*, as a measure which would be *most injurious to the cause of Spain, and equally so to that of England*. But dreading, that

Charmilly represented to him that he had not deserved such treatment. General Moore replied, that he did not mean to give him the smallest offence; but he repeated the order, and it was of course obeyed. Notwithstanding his resentment however for what he conceived an improper interference of the ambassador, he soon recollected what was due to him as the representative of his Sovereign, and therefore wrote a sort of apologetic letter to Mr Frere, saying that he should abstain from any remarks on the two letters delivered by Charmilly, or on the message which accompanied them. "I certainly," said he, "did feel and express much indignation at a person like him being made the channel of a communication of that sort from you to me. Those feelings are at an end, and I dare say they never will be excited towards you again. If M. Charmilly is your friend, it was perhaps natural for you to employ him; but I have prejudices against all that class, and it is impossible for me to put any trust in him." He farther informed the minister that every thing should be done for the assistance of Madrid and the Spanish cause, that could be expected from such an army as he commanded. But he could not make a direct movement upon Madrid, because the passes of Guadarrama and Somo-Sierra were in the hands of the French; and, his force was much too weak, till joined by that of Sir David Baird.

On the following day, Sir John received a letter from the Junta of Toledo, telling him that they intended to reunite the dispersed armies there, and defend the city to the last.

*He replied, that if the Spaniards acted up to such sentiments, there could be no doubt of their*

ultimate success, whatever temporary advantages the French might gain ; and he sent a British officer to reside at Toledo, and concert measures for its defence. On the 8th, he informed Sir David Baird that he should move a corps on the 10th to Zamora and Toro, and ordered him to push on his troops by brigades to Benevente. But on the 9th, Colonel Graham, whom he had despatched to confer with the Duke of Castelfranco and Don Thomas Morla, returned from Talavera, with the tidings that these men had surrendered Madrid. The number of the French there was computed at between 20,000 and 30,000 men, and it was said that they remained at the Retiro, not having as yet taken possession of the city, on account of the temper of the inhabitants. Another part of the French army was employed in laying siege, for a second time, to Zaragoza. From Toledo the news were equally discouraging ; for Marshal Victor had no sooner approached that place, than it had been given up to his troops. All this, however, did not induce General Moore to alter his plan ; his object was to threaten the communications of the French, withdraw their attention from Madrid and Zaragoza, and thus encourage any movements which might be projected by the armies which were to be again formed on the south bank of the Tagus. If no advantage should be taken of it, and no efforts made, he foresaw that the French might turn against him whatever portion of their forces they chose. That they would be enabled to do so, he fully expected ; and he conceived that nothing which his army could effect, would be attended with any other recompense *than that of gaining additional renown for the British arms.* He looked, there-

fore, to a retreat as an event which would soon be unavoidable ; and in his despatches to the Ministry at home, he dissuaded them from sending out reinforcements, but desired that transports might be ready, both at Lisbon and at Vigo, to receive the troops ; being in his own mind thoroughly persuaded, that all the efforts of Britain would prove unavailing, and that it would be necessary to evacuate and abandon the Peninsula.

In this melancholy state of feeling, having resolved upon advancing, he wrote to the Marques de la Romana, who was then at Leon, collecting and re-fitting the scattered remains of Blake's army. Sir John complained to the Marques, that he had been put in no communication with any of the Spanish armies ; that he had been kept entirely in the dark with respect to their movements, and the plans both of the Generals and of the Government ; and that, while his army was marching to assemble and unite itself, he had been left exposed without the least support. Therefore, though his inclinations had ever been to cooperate with the Spaniards, it became necessary for him, finding that he was left to himself, to think of himself alone. Under that feeling, he had ordered the corps at Astorga to fall back upon Corunna, and had meant to retire with his own corps on Portugal, there to be in readiness to assist Spain whenever its affairs should be put in better management, and any opportunity should offer for benefiting it. Perhaps this opportunity had now occurred ; and as his retreat had been against his wishes, he had stopped it the first moment a chance of acting to advantage had offered. *His wish now was to unite with the Marques, for whose character he had the highest respect ;*

and who would always find him ready to undertake whatever was practicable for the service of the Spanish nation. The account which Romana gave of his army, in reply, was far from encouraging ;—he had 20,000 men under arms, but they were almost without haversacks, cartridge-boxes and shoes, and at least two thirds were without clothing from head to foot. Their spirits, however, were good, and if they were well fed, they would do their duty. Their dispersion in Biscay had been wholly owing to their want of subsistence. He should not doubt of uniting with Sir John, and concerting a decisive attack upon the troops which surrounded Madrid, were it not for a division of 8000 or 10,000 men extending from Sahagun to Almanza, whose apparent object was to check his army. As long as they remained in that position, he could not abandon his own, because it would leave them a free access to the Asturias, and they would then occupy that country, from whence he drew large supplies ; and they would also threaten the passage into Galicia. A combined movement with Sir David Baird might force the enemy to fall back upon Reynosa, and then it would not be difficult for him, Romana, to join.

From the commencement, Sir John Moore had always thought of the Spaniards with so much dependency, that this account of the forces with which he was to cooperate, could make no alteration in his prospects. It was perfectly his feeling that he must stand or fall by his own efforts. He left Salamanca, therefore, on the 12th December, and on the same day, Lord Paget, (now Marquis of



Anglesea), with the principal part of the army marched from Toro to Torredésillas; and General Stuart, (now Lord Londonderry), surprised and cut off a party of French who were posted at Rueda. This was the first encounter between British and French in Spain, and the prisoners declared, that it was universally believed that the English army had retreated. On the 14th Sir John was at Aluejos, a packet of interesting letters from the head-quarters of the French was brought to him; the officer who had been charged with them having been killed by the Spanish peasantry. Among them was a letter from Berthier to Marshal Soult, directing him to take possession of Leon, drive the enemy into Galicia and make himself master of Benevente and Zamora. It was said, that he would have no English in his front, for every thing evinced that they were in full retreat. A movement had been made to Talavera on the road towards Badajoz which must compel them to hasten to Lisbon if they were not already gone, and when they retired, the Emperor thought Soult could do as he pleased. From this letter it appeared that the French had two divisions with him at Saldanha; that the third was collecting together another at Burgos; that a fourth under Mortier (Duke of Treviso)

Soult before that General could be reinforced.

While the head-quarters were at Toro, a member of the Central Junta arrived there, accompanied by Mr Stuart. After the manner in which Colonel Charmilly had been dismissed, Mr Frere had but little reason to hope that General Moore would alter his resolution of leaving Spain in despair. The Spanish Government had, however, entreated him to make one other effort, for if that resolve were persisted in, they said, it would bring on the most dreadful results. The measures which could alone save Portugal and Spain would be completely deranged, and Britain would have afforded them assistance only to make them rely upon an effective aid, and then to withdraw it at the critical moment when it was most required. That in truth the enemy at this moment exposed himself to destruction by dividing his army to cover so extended a line. Romana would join Sir John Moore with 14,000 men, and they, the Junta, had taken such measures, that within a month 30,000 more would be raised in Leon, Galicia, and the Asturias. Mr Frere enclosed this note to the British General, and reminding him of the immense responsibility with which he would charge himself in adopting a measure which must be followed by immediate if not final ruin to our ally, and by indelible disgrace to the country with whose resources he was intrusted, expressed a hope that Mr Stuart, who was personally esteemed by the General, would, from that advantage, be enabled to urge this argument with the warmth of regard. "I am unwilling," he proceeded, "to enlarge upon a subject in which my feelings must be stifled, or expressed at the risk of offence ; which, with such

an interest at stake, I feel unwilling to excite. But this I must say, that if the British army had been sent abroad for the express purpose of doing the utmost possible mischief to the Spanish cause, with the single exception of not firing a shot against their troops, they would, according to the measures now announced as about to be pursued, have completely fulfilled their purpose. This letter arrived too late to have any influence upon Sir John's movements, for he had already advanced, though with a heavy heart : and when the deputy from the Junta, Don Francisco Xavier Caro, at this time offered him the command of the Spanish armies—he refused it ! Assuredly he would not have done this, if he had had any hope of acting with success against the enemy, or any intention of making a stand against them : for at this time he learned that Romana was beginning to retire upon Galicia, and felt how inconvenient it was, that the army which was to co-operate with him should be quite independent of him. He therefore wrote to the Marques to say, that he had expected the assistance of such parts of his corps as were fit to move ; and had expected also, that the road to Corunna would have been left open for the British army ; being that by which it must receive its supplies, and the only one by which it could retreat, if compelled so to do. Romana replied, that he himself should have had no thought of retreating had it not been for the intelligence which he had received from Sir David Baird ; but that he was ready to act with Sir John—and that, in his mind, this was the moment, not for retreating, but for trying what could be done against the enemy, and withdrawing his forces from the capital.

At length, on the 20th December, the junction with the forces under Sir David Baird was formed at Mayorga. The united force now amounted to little more than 28,000 men, of whom 2450 were cavalry, with 50 pieces of artillery. The cavalry under Lord Paget were pushed forward, and having learned that some of the enemy's horse were posted at Sahagun, his Lordship endeavoured to cut them off. The alarm was unluckily communicated to them too soon, so that they had time to turn out and form themselves in a vineyard, in which the vine stumps were covered by the snow, but they were out-manceuvred, charged, and overthrown in a moment, and dispersed in all directions, with the loss of many killed, and 157 prisoners, including two lieutenant-colonels. In this affair about 400 of the 15th Hussars encountered nearly 700 French, and the British felt and proved their own superiority. Head-quarters were advanced to Sahagun on the 21st. The weather was severe, the roads bad, and deeply covered with snow; and as the troops had already suffered from forced marches, they halted for a day, and there a co-operation with Romana was finally concerted, the Marquis engaging to move with from 9000 to 10,000 men, being all that part of his force which was sufficiently clothed and armed to take the field. Wretched as their condition seemed, when they were compared to troops so admirably equipped as the British, still it was apparent, even to a despondent observer, that they might be brought into action as auxiliaries, to occupy part of the enemy's force, and to complete his destruction in case of victory.

*According to the best information which Ro-*

mana had been able to procure, the corps of Soult consisted of about 9000 infantry and 1000 horse. But that General, fearing that some attempt would be made against him, had applied for reinforcements, and, without waiting for them, called to his assistance the nearest troops; so that he had thus brought together about 18,000 men, whom he had posted behind the river Carrion. Every arrangement was now made for attacking him, and orders were issued accordingly; and never had such been more welcome to a British army. The Convents in Sahagun were prepared for the reception of the future wounded; and the soldiers expected in confidence a glorious victory. But not so the General. "The movement I am making," he wrote to Mr Frere, "is of the most dangerous kind. I not only risk to be surrounded every moment by superior forces, but to have my communication with Galicia intercepted. I wish it to be apparent to the whole world, as it is to every individual of the army, that we have done every thing in our power in support of the Spanish cause; and that we do not abandon it till long after the Spaniards had abandoned us." In serious truth, nothing had yet been done; but he was disgusted with the Spanish Government, and he had no faith in the people: his own judgment would have led him to fall back even from Salamanca; and he only advanced, because he knew what would be the feelings of the people of England, if their army had retired without doing any thing. Offended, too, with Mr Frere, he did not consider the suggestion of that minister as to making a *stand at Astorga* worthy of consideration. It was *at once rejected* as unavailing; and he advanced

against this detachment of the French, under an impression that no possible benefit could result even from a victory, except in so far as it went to maintain the reputation of the British troops. "It was necessary to risk the army," were his words, "to convince the people of England, as well as the rest of Europe, that the Spaniards had neither the power nor the inclination to make any efforts for themselves. With respect to the cause, it will probably have no effect. Even if I beat Marshal Soult, it will be attended with no other good than the character it will attach to the British army."

At the appointed hour in the evening, the whole force was under arms; the right column had begun its march; and the remainder were in high spirits expecting the word of command, when at this moment a letter from Romana arrived, with intelligence that the French were advancing from Madrid, either to Salamanca or Valladolid. Information to the same import was received by other messengers, and also that considerable reinforcements had arrived at Carrion from Palencia. Orders were immediately issued that the troops should return to their quarters, and by daybreak next morning be again under arms. The next morning, General Hope fell back upon Mayorga, on the road to Benevente, with his own and General Fraser's division. Sir David Baird was ordered to pass the river Ezla, at Valencia de Don Juan. On Christmas day, the Commander-in-chief followed General Hope with the reserve, and the brigade of light troops; and the cavalry under Lord Paget followed the reserve on the 26th. When Sir John Moore wrote to Romana, that he *should fall back*, he told him that if he were pur-

sued, he should halt and give battle; and in his second communication from Sahagun, he said, that if he should be pressed upon after passing the Ezla, he should not object to trying an action; but he had made up his mind to lose a part of his baggage, and not to fight if he could avoid it. Astorga was to be his rallying point; *there he said he should stand*, as his retreat from thence, if necessary, would be secure; and he should be in the way to receive all the supplies and reinforcements which he expected from England. At the worst he could defend himself, and with Romana's aid, protect Galicia. "You may rest assured," *these* were his words, "that I shall not retreat a foot beyond what is necessary to secure my supplies from being intercepted . . . . You will find no inclination in me to abandon the Spanish cause." But his succeeding despatches from Benevente on the 28th, show that this determination was soon laid aside, and as for the reinforcements, he had already countermanded them. His force, he said, when he reached Astorga, would be about 27,000; Romana could not have above 8000. The army moving against him he reckoned at not less than 50,000, and it was said that Napoleon himself was coming with at least 10,000 of his Imperial Guards. His real interest was not to remain longer at Astorga than to secure the stores, and then retreat to Villa Franca del Bierzo, where he had heard there was a good position. Romana had announced to him, some time before, his own intention of retiring into Galicia by this very route; but Sir John requested that it might be left open to the English, *as it was* the only way they had for their retreat *or supplies*.

Between the 22d and 24th, Soult received such reinforcements, as made his army superior in numbers to the British. Junot, too, had advanced again as far as Palencia. Napoleon was hastening from Madrid with his Imperial cavalry, and all the disposable force in that quarter. The force under Lefebvre had been counter-ordered from the road towards Badajoz, and directed upon Salamanca. The retreat of our troops upon Portugal was thus cut off. Of the numbers really advancing against him, Sir John Moore was not informed; and so little idea was there of flying when he commenced his retreat, that it had been resolved to carry off the prisoners; who were accordingly stowed in our covered tilt-waggons. A thaw came on, on the day when we first began to fall back; on the following day it rained incessantly; and as the soil in those parts is a deep loam, the roads were above a foot deep. The flying proclamations of the French even overtook our army; these were as usual filled with lying promises and real menaces. They were come, they said, to deliver Spain, to emancipate the people from a tyrannical aristocracy, and a fanatic priesthood. That all persons who should remain quiet in their houses, or who having fled should return speedily, should receive no harm; but that, otherwise, their dwellings and goods should be confiscated, without exception. Unluckily, the conduct of our troops now began to give effect to these handbills. The soldiers were exasperated against the Spaniards for their indolence and supineness; they were also enraged by the conduct of some poor peasants, whose carts had been pressed to carry the sick and



wounded, and who, as many of them as could, had fled with their mules during the night, because the movements of a retreating army exposed their own persons to imminent hazard, and their mules to certain destruction. Weary and disheartened, in want both of rest and food, disappointed in all their fond hopes of victory, and indignant at being compelled to turn their backs upon an enemy whom they despised, and would so eagerly have met in battle; it was no doubt a relief for them to vent these their feelings, in transports of rage, upon the only objects within their reach. In this frame of mind they commenced a scene of plunder and havoc as they went along; and the officers, many of whom already murmured loudly at the excessive rapidity of the retreat, and were discontented with the stern silence which the commander-in-chief maintained respecting his future measures, did not exert themselves, as they ought to have done, to prevent these excesses.

On the 26th December, Sir David Baird's division, which took the shorter line of road towards Astorga by the town of Valencia de Don Juan, effected their march without being molested. The sick and wounded following in the same track, halted at the latter place to pass the night. Hardly had they been provided with the necessary food and laid to rest, before the bugles were sounded, and they were again hurried into the waggons. The night was cold, misty, and extremely dark, and the Ezla was to be crossed some little distance from the town, near the lofty ruins of an old castle, which overhangs its banks. We were unprovided with pontoons. The ford is dangerous, because of the great rapidity of the stream occasioned by two

narrow banks of shingles, which meeting, form an obtuse angle in the middle; and at this time the river was rising very fast from the melting of the snows on the mountains of Leon. A sergeant's guard had been left by Sir David on the opposite bank, to assist the waggons in coming over, and then skuttle two ferry boats as soon as they had effected their passage; they kindled a fire with grass and rushes for the sake of its light, but the materials being wet, it was soon extinguished by the gusts of wind. A Spanish muleteer attempted to guide us over the ford, but his mule tripped in the midst of the stream, he was thrown off, and only saved by the activity of an English soldier, when in the act of sinking. Dangerous, however, as the ford was, the passage was accomplished without other loss than that of some baggage-waggons which broke down in the river.

Meantime, Sir John Moore, with the other division of the army, and followed by the rear-guard and cavalry, had reached Benevente; and there he found it necessary to issue a general order, unexampled for the severity in which it commented on the misconduct both of officers and men. But strong as its terms were, it produced no effect, and the havoc which had been committed by the division passing through Valderas was renewed at Benevente. The castle of Benevente is one of the finest monuments of the age of chivalry. Added to the grandeur of the Gothic, it has all the gorgeous richness of Moorish architecture. Open galleries, where Saracenic arches are supported by columns of porphyry and granite; cloisters with fountains playing in their centres; jasper columns and tessellated pavements; niches, alcoves, and

seats in the walls, overarched in various forms, and enriched with every grotesque adornment of gold and silver. It belonged to the Duke of Ossuna, and the magnificence of ages far gone by was still displayed there. The extent of this glorious pile may be judged of from this circumstance, that two entire regiments, besides artillery, were quartered within its walls. But alas, they proved the most destructive guests it had ever harboured, for their indignant feelings broke out once more in acts of wanton mischief; and the officers, who admired the beauties of this venerable edifice, attempted but in vain to save it from devastation. Every thing combustible was seized; fires were lighted against the fine walls; and pictures of unknown value were heaped together as mere fuel. Luckily, however, our soldiery were here afforded an opportunity of displaying their martial virtues. The rear of the army had but lately entered the town, when an alarm was given that the enemy had reached the opposite heights. In an instant, every man was at his post, and the dragoons poured out of the gates, —while in an opposite direction, the plain was covered with Spanish fugitives, and the streets were filled with the lamentations of females, calling upon the Virgin, and all the saints of the Catholic church, for succour. The French, perceiving in what spirit they were likely to be met, looked down on our troops from the heights, and retired. Evening coming on, and the enemy being so near, orders were given to destroy the bridge over the Ezla; which was effected towards daybreak on the following morning, and it was imagined that their progress was suspended. Our troops again pursued their retreat; and the whole of the infantry

and heavy artillery had set off, when intelligence arrived that the French cavalry were actually passing the Ezla, having discovered a ford about three hundred yards below the bridge. Lord Paget and General Stewart were still in the town. The night-picquets, under Lieutenant-Colonel Otway and Major Bagwell, were sent down; the cavalry were ordered to repair to their alarm-posts, and many volunteers came forward. Lord Paget hastened to the spot. He found four squadrons of Imperial Guards already formed, and skirmishing with the picquets; and more cavalry in the act of coming over the river. The 10th Hussars were sent for. As soon as they arrived, General Stewart placed himself at the head of the picquets, and charged the enemy, who immediately gave way, and repassed the ford with still greater rapidity than they had crossed it. However, they again formed on the opposite bank, and were threatening a second attack, when three pieces of horse-artillery, which now came up, were stationed near the broken bridge, and did considerable execution. About seventy prisoners were taken, and among them General Lefebvre Desnouettes, Commander of the Imperial Guard of cavalry, was taken by a private hussar of the 10th, named Brisdale. The enemy's loss could not be ascertained; but it was variously guessed at, as being from 60 to 200. Our own was about 50 in killed and wounded. It was said that Napoleon was observing this action from the heights.

This fresh proof of British courage served evidently to damp the spirits of the French; and they continued their pursuit of us at so respectful a dis-

tance, that the rear of our troops reached Baneza that night quite unmolested. Next day, the 30th December, our Commander-in-chief reached Astorga. This was our rallying point, and here we found about 5000 men of Romana's army. That army was literally, as Colonel Symes had written to Sir John Moore, half-naked and half-starved. A malignant typhus fever was raging amongst them, and sixty or seventy were sent daily to the hospitals. Still about 5000 were fit for service, and Romana himself reached Astorga that day. The first intimation that the French were advancing to throw themselves between Portugal and the British army, had been received from that General; but it was his opinion that such information ought not to have produced any change in our Commander-in-chief's plans. The intended attack, he thought, ought still to have been made. Soult might have been beaten first, and plenty of time left us to have fallen afterwards upon the corps which was coming to his assistance; and by the success which prompt and vigorous measures would have insured, the united British and Spanish forces would thus have become masters of Leon and Castile. Romana now found that Sir John had no intention of making a stand at Astorga, part of the British army being already on the way towards Villa Franca del Bierzo, and one regiment of cavalry, all that was left on the side of Baneza. The Marques went, therefore, to Sir John, and pointed out the expediency of checking the enemy where we now were, as it was a point from whence we might always have a secure retreat by the mountain-passes of Manzanal and Foncebadon—defiles so strong, that a small force

might maintain them against any numbers. He mentioned to him also, that the park of artillery was at Ponferrada, where also hospitals had been established, and where there were magazines of corn ; whilst, on the other hand, at Villa Franca there were more than 2000 sick, with a depot of arms and hospital stores, so that it was of the utmost importance to defend the entrance into the district called El Bierzo. But Sir John Moore replied, that he had determined upon retiring into Galicia, because his troops required rest. He requested that the high road of Manzanal might be left open to him, saying, that he should defend that and the principal entrance by Villa Franca ; and that he, Romana, might take the Foncebadon pass, and enter by way of the Val de Orras and Puebla de Sanabria. And here we must record a proof of Spanish magnanimity, which was given by these half-armed, half-naked, and half-famished troops. A malignant fever was raging amongst them ; and long fatigue, numerous privations, and the ravages of a mortal distemper, made them appear rather like spectres issuing from an hospital than an army. Under such circumstances, it might have been presumed that they would anxiously have sought to secure their own retreat, under the protection of British bayonets, towards Corunna and Ferrol. But no ; Romana and his forlorn band were too high-minded to attach themselves as a burden to us their allies, and they assented without hesitation to Sir John Moore's suggestion. Romana's only request was, that Sir John Moore would repress the horrible excesses of our troops, which even in an enemy's country *would have been disgraceful ; and our General must have been deeply mortified to feel,*

that even this request he could not enforce during a retreat so rapid as he intended that this should soon become.

Our troops had been assured at Benevento, that we were not falling back upon Corunna, but that we were only retiring towards a more favourable position. But our soldiers, judging from all they had already seen, were incredulous on this point; and when our Commander reached Astorga, and issued his orders, it was but too manifest that we were not only retreating, but actually flying before the enemy. Ammunition-waggons were here burnt, and an entire depot of entrenching tools abandoned, so that the army was thus deprived of a most valuable means of resisting the progress of the French. The position at Villa Franca, which our Commander had formerly mentioned in his despatches, was no longer thought of. Two brigades, under General Crawford, were detached, by way of Orensè, to Vigo, to which port Sir John had ordered empty transports to be sent for us, supposing that it was the best point of embarkation. This detachment went in advance of Romana, in that very line which he expected was to have been left open for him; and when he and his wretched men, after halting only one night, took their route towards Orensè, they found the country already stripped of the means of that subsistence upon which they had reckoned. General Fraser and his division were directly pushed on, with orders to proceed to Lugo. Sir John Hope and General Baird followed, and their instructions were to make forced marches to the coast. "We must all make forced marches," said General Moore in *one of his despatches* to Lord Castlereagh, "from

the scarcity of provisions, and to be before the enemy, who, by roads upon our flanks, may otherwise intercept us." Hence it appears, that Sir John was as ignorant of the nature of the country through which he was passing, as he had formerly been on his setting out through Portugal; and that, too, notwithstanding the able Memoir which had been sent to him by Lord William Bentinck, written by the Marquis Romana.\* Westward of Astorga, two great ranges of

\* The following is a translation of this important document. It had been sent to Lord William Bentinck by Lord Castlereagh, with instructions to forward it to General Moore.

"DOCUMENT BY THE MARQUIS DE LA ROMANA.

Galicia and the Asturias, provinces in the north of Spain, are separated from the others contiguous to them, by chains of mountains of such a nature, as to render them almost inaccessible. The entrance into the first is defended by a double range of *Cordilleras*, separated from each other about seven leagues by a small district called *El Bierzo*, situated upon the confines of Old Castile. The first of these *Cordilleras* is called *Fuente Cevadon*, and terminates at a small distance from Astorga, the first city towards Castile. The second commences from *Villa-Franca del Bierzo*, and between these *Cordilleras* the country is sufficiently level; but these plains are so closely encircled, that an army would find itself altogether shut up, having no other outlet, except the great highway, which leads from Castile into Galicia, and which is so perfectly commanded by the mountains on the right and left, that a corps of a thousand men might arrest the progress of an army of 20,000. Hence it follows, that if the English Auxiliary Army should penetrate thence into the plains of Castile, it would be master of its movements, without any risk of having its retreat cut off; as that would be always assured by means of the great road which passes from Castile through Galicia, down to the seaport of Corunna. This circumstance, join-



Much waste, too, was necessarily incurred by the disorderly manner in which such food had been issued out ; and this magnified the dearth. Our men, half-famished, half-frozen, desperate, and execrating the orders of their General, were altogether furious, and no longer under any sort of control. They forced their way into the houses where their rations should have been doled out, seizing upon them by main force, spilling the wine and spirits, and destroying more than they carried away. Nor was this all—plundering could not be prevented. On leaving the villages, they set them on fire, often through carelessness, or when mad with liquor ; and the peasantry, in revenge, rushed upon the more intoxicated with their knives, and made them atone in blood for their intemperance.

Napoleon pursued us only as far as Astorga. There he left Marshal Ney with 18,000 men, to keep that part of the country in awe, and ordered Marshal Soult, at the head of 23,000 men, to pursue us to the coast, and drive us, as he expressed himself, into the sea. Soult's was not a hard task—he had only to pursue us at the pace at which we had been made to set off, not to come near enough and force us to stand at bay ; and fatigue and the weather were more certain to complete our destruction, than the sword. From Astorga to Villa Franca del Bierzo is 15 leagues, or about 60 English miles ; the road for the first four leagues is up the mountain side, but through an open country. Having got to the summit of Foncebadon, we entered into some of the *strongest* passes in Europe. No invading army *could here* prevail against a body of determined

men. This strong country extends three leagues, nearly to the village of Torre. Thence through Benbibre and Ponferrada, nothing can exceed the beauty of the country, nor the wonderful sublimity of the mountains which hem it in. But never, in the most melancholy ages of Spanish history, had a more deplorable scene presented itself, than was now exhibited here. The horses of our cavalry began to fail, chiefly from the want of shoes and shoe-nails. There was no want of iron to forge new ones, for there are large iron-works near Villa Franca, and plenty might have been procured, had time been allowed. But no ; the excessive rapidity of our march forbade all delay. As soon, therefore, as these noble animals foundered, they were shot or bayoneted, lest the enemy should profit by them. The rain fell in torrents ; the baggage had to be dragged on ; and our soldiers, worn out and foot-sore, had to march through half-melted snow. Men and horses equally failed. More waggons were abandoned ; and still more ammunition destroyed along the way ; and when the troops reached Villa Franca, both officers and men were in such a desperate state, that several old and experienced officers predicted, if this horrid march against time should be longer persevered in, a fourth of the army would be left in the ditches before it was accomplished. On the 2d of January, more magazines and carriages were destroyed. Some of the men, grown reckless from cold, hunger, and excessive fatigue, now became completely abandoned ; and, entering the wine-cellars, gave way to excesses, and were found lifeless by the *French* when they entered the town,

When General Moore marched with the reserve from Benbibre, he left a detachment to cover the town, and parties were sent round to warn the stragglers of their danger, and drive them out of the houses—for the place was literally filled with them, nearly a thousand men of the preceding divisions having remained there, and most of them quite drunk. A few were persuaded to move on, but by far the greater number were deaf to all threats, and insensible to danger, till the rear guard compelled them to proceed. A small detachment of cavalry still protected them, and did not leave the town till the enemy approached; and then the road was filled with stragglers, armed and unarmed, mules, carts, women and children. Four or five squadrons of French cavalry compelled the detachment in the rear to retire, and pursued it closely for several miles, till General Paget, with the reserve, repulsed them. While galloping through the long line of the miserable stragglers, the French dragoons slashed at them with their swords to the right and left, the men being unable, from intoxication, to attempt either resistance or flight. Some of these having afterwards found their way to the army, were paraded through the ranks as examples to their comrades, of the miserable results of drunkenness at such a crisis.

At Villa Franca, the inhabitants would not believe that the French were advancing through such a country; and in so severe a season, they deemed it quite impossible. But here Sir John declined halting, lest the French should get round *his flanks* into his rear, and intercept him at Lugo. Again, therefore, our troops were hurried on, the

artillery and head-quarters going on in front, General Baird's column and the cavalry under Lord Paget covering the rear. The advanced guard of the enemy was under General Colbert. General Merla's division joined them on the 3d, and on the afternoon of that day they attacked our rear-guard at Cacabelos ; but were repulsed by the dragoons and rifle brigade. General Colbert received a ball in his forehead and fell. He was an officer of much promise, and of so fine a form, that Canova the sculptor had called him the modern Antinous. Having thus once more displayed to the French their native prowess, the rear of our army, reluctantly and almost broken-hearted, continued their unwilling retreat. After passing Villa Franca, the road is one continued ascent, up Monte del Cebrero for about fifteen miles to Castro, through one of the wildest, most beautiful, and most defensible countries in the world. It is a royal road, cut with great labour and expense along the side of the mountain, and following all its windings ; and for some part of the way it hangs over the river Valcarce, a rapid mountain stream, which joins the Burbia near the town, and thereafter falls into the Sil, to pass through that single outlet in the gorge of the Bierzo, before described.

Oaks, chesnuts, alders, poplars and hazels, grow in the bottom, and spread themselves up the sides of the hill ; the apple, pear, cherry, and mulberry, are wild in this country ; the wild olive too is found here, and also the first vineyards, which meet the eye of the traveller on entering Spain from Corunna. The mountains are cultivated in some parts in the *Moorish manner* even to their summits,

and trenches are cut along their sides for the purposes of irrigation. This country was now covered with deep snow. There was neither provision nor shelter from the rain, nor dried fuel for our fires, nor place where the weary and foot-sore could rest for a single hour in safety. All that had hitherto been suffered by our troops, was but as a prelude to this consummate scene of horrors. It was still attempted to carry forward our sick and wounded; the beasts which dragged them failed, and they were of necessity left in their wag-gons to perish amidst the snow. As we looked round on gaining the highest point of those slippery precipices, and observed the rear of the army winding along the narrow road, we could see the whole tract marked out by our own wretched people, who lay on all sides expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold—while their uniforms reddened in spots the white surface of the ground.

Our men had now become quite mad with despair: excessive fatigue, and the consciousness of their disgrace, in thus flying before an enemy whom they despised, excited in them a spirit which was quite mutinous. A few hours pause was all that they coveted; an opportunity of confronting the foe, the chance of a speedy and honourable release, and the certainty of making their pursuers atone in death for all the miseries they had suffered. A Portuguese bullock-driver, who had faithfully served us from the first day of our march, was here seen on his knees amid the snow, with his hands clasped, and, in his dying moments, venting his soul in fervent prayer. He had, at *least*, the consolations of religion in his agonies.

But not so those of our soldiery, who, throwing themselves down to perish by the wayside, gave utterance to feelings far different—of shame, anger, and grief—but too frequently their dying groans were mingled with imprecations upon the Spaniards, by whom they believed themselves betrayed, and upon the General, who chose rather to let them die like beasts, than take their chance on the field of battle. That no degree of horror might be wanting, this unfortunate army was accompanied by many women and children;—of whom some were frozen to death on the baggage-waggon, which were broken down or left upon the road for want of cattle; some died of fatigue and cold, while their infants were seen vainly sucking at their clay-cold breasts. One woman was taken in labour upon the mountain; she lay down at an angle, rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the drifting sleet and ice—and there she was found dead, and two babes, which she had brought forth, struggling in the snow. A blanket was thrown over her corse; and the infants were given in charge to another woman, who came up in one of the bullock-carts, to take their chance of surviving through such a journey.

While the reserve was on this part of the road, they met between twenty and thirty waggon, filled with arms, ammunition, shoes and clothing, from England, for Romana's army. To carry them back to Corunna was impossible, for means were wanting; wherefore such things as could be made use of were distributed to the soldiers as they passed, *and the rest were destroyed.* From the

failure of the draft-cattle, even the army-baggage could not be carried on. Nearly one hundred waggons, laden with shoes and clothing, were abandoned upon this ascent. Even the dollars could no longer be dragged along : had the resolution of sacrificing them been adopted sooner, they might have been distributed amongst our soldiery, and, in this way, saved from the enemy ; and they who escaped would have had some small compensation for the perils they had undergone. They were, however, thrown over the precipices into the deep valley, in hopes that the snow might conceal them from the French. Many men are supposed to have been lost, in consequence of having dropped behind, from the hope of recovering some part of this treasure. Horrible as this retreat appeared to those who beheld the wreck of such a noble army strewing its line of march, it was more so for those who performed it through the dark storms of the night, wading through deep mire and snow, stumbling at times over the dead bodies of men and beasts, and hearing, amidst the howlings of the wintry tempest, the groans of those whose sufferings were not yet terminated by death.

From the top of this mountain down to Lugo, is nearly twelve leagues. There are several bridges on the way, over glens and gullies, which might possibly have impeded the pursuit, had they been broken ; one, in particular, between Nogales and Marillas, is the most remarkable work of art between Corunna and Madrid. This bridge, the Puente del Corzul, crosses a deep ravine ; and *from its exceeding height, the narrow span of*

its lofty arches, and its form, which, as usual with the Spanish bridges, is very level at top, it might easily, at a short distance, be mistaken for an aqueduct. Several officers, who knew the road, relied much upon the strength of this ravine, and the impossibility of the French being able to bring their guns across it, in case the bridge should be broken. Sad, therefore, as the alternative was, a mine was made over the centre arch, but, as in most other instances, with little effect, for either owing to the haste in which it was done, or to the small quantity of gunpowder employed, the key-stones of the arch did not yield, and the bridge was left uninjured.

Near Lugo, the different divisions were ordered to halt. Sir John had now become aware of the impossibility of reaching Vigo. Corunna was only half the distance ; and the road to Vigo was said to be impracticable for artillery, while the place itself offered small advantages for embarking in the face of an enemy. The brigades of Generals Alton and Craufurd had, however, already marched towards Vigo ; and General Fraser, with his division, had been ordered to follow and join them. A despatch was sent to recall the latter ; but the dragoon, to whom it was intrusted, got drunk, and lost the letter, and these troops had proceeded full one day's journey on the Vigo road before the counter order reached them, and they were marched back. Thus, instead of having two days' rest at Lugo, as had been intended, they returned thither excessively fatigued, besides having lost some of their number. When the horses reached Lugo many fell dead, and others were mercifully shot.



Above four hundred carcasses were lying in the streets and market-places, which it was impossible for the army to bury; and the towns were in too great a state of terror and anxiety to think of undertaking such a task: whilst the firing of muskets in all directions gave notice of the number of these poor animals, whose bodies lay rotting with the rain, putrifying, bursting, and polluting the atmosphere, faster than the dogs and crows could devour them. Here we might have been if our engineers had succeeded in destroying the bridges, but the French came in sight on the 5th of January, and, collecting in considerable numbers, took up a good position on the side of a valley, close to our rear-guard. On the 6th they began to attack our out-posts, by opening upon us with their two Spanish cannon, which they had picked up during their march. The attack was made with great spirit, but it was received with that steady courage and enthusiasm which ever distinguishes our troops. The sight of the enemy and the sound of their artillery roused up every British heart, and stimulated them into action that characteristic and invincible courage which soon made them victorious. On the 7th, the French repeated their attack, and were again repulsed. From the prisoners taken, it was ascertained, that Soult was coming up with two divisions. In the expectation of a more serious attack, Sir John drew up his whole force on the morning of the 8th. It was now his design to bring the enemy to action; having perfect confidence in the valour of the troops, and judging that, unless he crippled his adversary, he had no chance of embarking without mole

Order and discipline were instantly restored by this hostile demonstration, and the soldiers seemed at once to have forgotten all their fatigues. But not so the French : they did not feel encouraged, from the skirmishing of the two previous days, to offer battle ; and Soult was prudently waiting for the arrival of more troops. Our own ground was unfavourable ; the country was intersected with inclosures ; and the enemy had chosen too strong a position to be attacked by an inferior force. Another reason was assigned, namely, that the commissariat had only provisions for two days more ; wherefore, delay was considered to be as dangerous as retreat.

It was known afterwards, that the French had dreaded to be attacked ; that they had no confidence in the strength of their position ; and that their best officers feared we should have cut off their advanced guard. To those of our sick and wounded officers who afterwards fell into their power at Lugo, they frequently mentioned this, and rejoiced that Sir John Moore had simply contented himself with offering them battle, instead of attacking them. After waiting till the afternoon, during a very stormy day of drifting snow, Sir John ordered fires to be lighted along the line, to deceive the French, and then continued his retreat in the night. Before quitting Lugo, the General again tried to suppress the irregularities of the line of march, by warning the soldiers that their safety mainly depended upon their keeping their divisions, and marching with their regiments ; and that those who tarried in the villages, or straggled from *the road*, would assuredly be cut

off by the French cavalry, who had hitherto, as he said, shown little mercy, even to the feeble and infirm who have fallen into their hands. That having still eleven leagues to march, the soldiers must make an exertion to accomplish this, as the rear guard could not stop, and they who fell behind must of course take their fate. These arguments proved useless, because to obey them was impossible. Most of the soldiers were exhausted and absolutely unable to keep their ranks; others, who had totally thrown aside all discipline, quitted them from a love of wine or of plunder. Indeed, so irresistible was the tendency to drunkenness amongst the men, in their now exhausted condition, it was even judged better to expose them houseless to the cold and rain of a severe night, than, by marching them into Betanzos, the next town, allow them to enter the wine-houses. When the regiment, called the Royals, reached that place, they could only muster, round their colours, nine officers, three sergeants, and three privates: all the rest having dropped on the road, many of whom did not come up for several days. During this part of the retreat, a memorable instance occurred of what can be done by discipline and presence of mind. Between Lugo and Betanzos some invalids were closely pressed by two squadrons of French cavalry. Sergeant Newman, of the second battalion, 43d, who was amongst them, rallied round him such as were capable of making resistance, and directed the others to get on as they best could. He then formed his party into regular *platoons*, and commenced firing and retiring in an

orderly manner, till he effectually covered the retreat of his disabled comrades, and actually forced the cavalry to give over the pursuit.

The partial actions at Lugo, and the risk of a general one, to which he had been exposed, checked the ardour of Soult, who was afraid now to trust himself too near our troops, unless with a superiority of numbers. We, therefore, gained twelve hours march upon him, and reached Corunna, with little more interruption. The bridge over the Mero was broken by entrenching tools brought from Corunna ; and we thus delayed the progress of the French for a short time. At Corunna, had not General Moore represented the cause of Spain as quite hopeless, we might have found reinforcements from England, which would have enabled us to have turned upon our pursuers, and taken ample revenge for all the sufferings and disgrace we had endured. But instead of aid, he had directed empty transports to be sent : and, for want of a due knowledge of the country, had ordered them to Vigo, instead of Corunna. On discovering his error, it is true, that order had been countermanded ; but contrary winds detained the ships, luckily for the honour of our native land, otherwise our army would have quitted Spain like fugitives. It was now quite clear, that we could not withdraw without gaining a battle. Corunna was a bad position assuredly : but had we been numerous enough, to have occupied a range of hills about four miles from the town, our troops might have defended themselves against very superior numbers. These heights however, required a much larger force than ours to occupy them,

at least a fourth part of our gallant army having foundered by the way ; it was, therefore, necessary to abandon them to the enemy, and rest contented with occupying a second and lower ridge. Such, however, were the natural disadvantages of this position, that some of our general officers advised Sir John to propose terms to Soult, for permitting the army to withdraw to our ships unmolested. Fortunately for the memory of Sir John Moore, he had sufficient confidence in his troops to reject this advice. \*

To give battle to the French was therefore resolved upon, and all the necessary arrangements made. General Hope occupied a hill to the left with one division, with which he commanded the road to Betanzos, as the height sloped away gradually in a curve towards the village of Elvira, where General Baird's division commenced, taking a semicircular sweep to the right. On Sir David's right, the rifle brigade formed a barrier across a valley, and joined themselves to General Fraser's division, which was drawn up about half a mile from Corunna, near the Vigo road. The reserve under General Paget occupied a village on the road to Betanzos, about half a mile in the rear of General Hope. Further to the right of the British posts was a magazine containing 4000 barrels of gunpowder, which had been brought from England, and, with the usual indolence of the Spaniards, left there, while their armies in advance were entirely without ammunition ! This it was

\* See Sir John Moore's last Despatch to Lord Castle-reagh, which follows this narrative.

now necessary to destroy. It was blown' up ;—the explosion shook the town of Corunna like an earthquake, and a village near the magazine was totally destroyed.

On the morning of the 12th January, the French army appeared moving in force on the opposite side of the river Mero, and soon taking up a position near the village of Perillo, and, occupying the houses along the banks of the stream, they menaced our left flank. Their force was gradually augmented till the 14th, when they commenced a cannonade, which our artillery returned in such excellent style, that they at last withdrew their guns. In the evening of this day, the transports from Vigo hove in sight. Slight skirmishings occurred next morning. Meantime, preparations for embarking were going on. Sir John finding, from the nature of the ground, that not much artillery could be employed, placed seven six-pounders, and one howitzer along the line, and kept four Spanish guns as a reserve ; ordering the rest of his guns to be embarked. The sick soldiers and officers, and all the dismounted cavalry, were also sent on board without delay. A few horses, too, were embarked, but there was little leisure for this : indeed most of them were completely knocked up ; no other slaughter, therefore, was made of them, and the sea-shore was strewed with their bodies.

On the morning of the 16th all the preparations going on board were completed ; and the General intimated that he intended, if the French remained stationary, to begin embarking the reserve at four in the afternoon. This was about mid-day ; and he mounted his horse, and set off to

view the outposts. Before going far, he was met by a messenger, announcing that the French line was getting under arms; and a deserter, arriving at the same moment, confirmed the intelligence. He spurred onward. Their light troops were pouring rapidly down the hill on our right wing, and the advanced picquets had already commenced firing. Lord William Bentinck's brigade—the 4th, 42d, and 50th regiments maintained this post. It was a bad position; and what rendered it more critical was, that, if they should give way, the ruin of the army was inevitable. The guards were in their rear. General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve, and support Lord William. The French now opened a cannonade from eleven heavy guns, advantageously placed upon the hills. Two strong columns, one coming out from a wood, and the other skirting its edge, directed their march towards the right wing. A third column bore down upon the centre, while a fourth advanced slowly upon the left, and a fifth remained half way down the hill in the same direction. They had a decided superiority not only in the numbers, but in the weight of their cannon; and they fired with so much precision from their commanding situation, that the balls in their bounding reached our reserve, and even occasioned some destruction there.

Sir David Baird, on leading on his division, had his arm shattered with a grape shot. The two lines of infantry advanced to meet each other: they were separated by stone walls and hedges, which intersected the ground; but, as they closed, *it was remarked*, that the French line extended

beyond the right of our troops, and a body of the enemy was seen moving up the valley to turn it. Soult's intention clearly had been to force the right of our army, and, by thus interposing between us and Corunna, cut us off from embarking. But, having failed in this attempt, he was now endeavouring to outflank us. Half of the fourth regiment (the King's Own) was therefore ordered to fall back, forming an obtuse angle with the other half. This manœuvre was performed well, and they commenced a heavy flanking fire. Sir John Moore called out to them that this was precisely what he wished, and rode on to the 50th, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope. Getting over an enclosure in their front, this gallant regiment charged the enemy most vigorously; but Major Napier, advancing too far in the pursuit, received several wounds, and was made prisoner; while Major Stanhope was shot through the heart, and fell dead. General Moore now proceeded towards the 42d. "Highlanders!" he exclaimed, "remember Egypt." They rushed forward, driving the foe before them, till they were stopped by a wall. Sir John went on with them during their charge. He now despatched Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of guards to the left flank of the Highlanders. The officer commanding the light infantry erroneously conceived from this that they were to be relieved by the guards, because their ammunition had been almost expended, and he began to fall back. The General being aware of the mistake, exclaimed, "My brave 42d, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." Upon this they instantly again



moved onward. Captain Hardinge now returned, and pointed out to the General that the guards were coming up ; meanwhile the fire from the enemy was very fierce, and their artillery was playing unceasingly on the spot where they were conversing. A cannon-shot here struck Sir John Moore, and carried away his left shoulder and a portion of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging merely by the flesh. He dropt from his saddle on the ground, stretched on his back ; but his fine manly countenance changed not, neither did he exhibit the least sensation of pain. Captain Hardinge dismounted, and grasping his hand, observed him anxiously watching the 42d, which was warmly engaged, and told him they were advancing, whereon his countenance brightened. His friend Colonel Graham, (Lord Lynedoch), who now came up to assist him, observing the composure of his features, began to hope that he was only slightly wounded, till he observed the dreadful laceration. From the extent of the wound, it was vain to attempt to check the bleeding, and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him up, his sword hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm and became entangled, which induced Captain Hardinge to unbuckle it, but the General said, in his usual tone and manner, " It is as well as it is : I had rather it should go out of the field with me. " Six soldiers of the 42d and guards now bore him away. Hardinge observing his composure, began to hope that the wound might not prove mortal, and expressed his wish that he might still be spared to the army. *Moore* turned his head, and looking steadfastly

at the wound for a few seconds, replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible."

As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might look again upon the field of battle, and listen to the firing, and he was pleased when the sound grew fainter and more distant. A spring-waggon came up bearing Colonel Wynch, who was wounded; the Colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed in the waggon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the waggon or the blanket was best? and the man having said that the blanket would not shake him so much, he ordered them to move on. Thus they proceeded with him to his quarters at Corunna, weeping as they went.

General Paget, in the meanwhile, hastened up with the reserve to the support of the right wing. Colonel Sydney Beckwith hurried on with the rifle corps, repelled the enemy, and advanced so far as nearly to carry off one of their cannon; but a corps, greatly superior in number, moving up the valley at this crisis, forced him to fall back. Paget, however, attacked this body of the French, repulsed it, and pressed forward, dispersing every thing before him, till the enemy, perceiving their left wing was now quite exposed, drew it entirely back. The French now advanced in the centre upon Generals Manningham and Leith. But there the ground we held being lofty and favourable for artillery, they were speedily repelled. The position on the left was also strong, and their *attack there was* fruitless; but a body of

them got possession of a village on the Betanzos road, and continued to fire from it, till Lieut.-Colonel Nicholls attacked it and drove them out. Night was now drawing on, and the French had fallen back in every direction. The firing, however, did not entirely cease until it was quite dark.

No battle was ever gained under greater disadvantages. The French force exceeded 20,000 men, the British did not amount to 15,000. In artillery, too, their superiority was equally great. The enemy had met on their way English guns, sent off thus late to the Spanish patriots, and these they had turned back and employed against our troops. Our artillery had been embarked, and the Shrapnell shells, (now called Spherical Case-Shot), which had contributed so materially to the victory at Vimeira, were not employed in this more perilous engagement. If the moral and physical state of the two armies be compared, the disadvantages under which our soldiers laboured will be found still greater. The French, abounded in stores which they had captured on their way, and were elated with a pursuit during which no man had been pressed beyond his strength, and had hourly received reinforcements to their already superior numbers. Our troops were in a state of misery, to which no army, far less a British one, had ever been reduced before till after a total defeat. We had lost our military chest, our stores, our baggage, our horses, our women and children, our sick, wounded and stragglers, and, in a word, every thing except our innate excellent and unconquerable courage. From 5000 to 6000 men, and as many *horses*, had sunk under the fatigues of this retreat.

er loss in the battle did not amount to 800 ; it of the French is believed to have exceeded 1000. Seeing that such a victory was gained by a British army, under such a combination of circumstances, what might not have been achieved by that army when entire and fully equipped, with all its means at hand, in full health and strength ; in all " its pride of place, " and plenitude of hope ?

The General lived to hear that the battle was gained. " Are the French beaten ? " was the question which he repeated to every one entering his room ; and he expressed how glad he was to know that they were defeated. " I hope, " he exclaimed, " that the people of England will be satisfied ! I hope that my country will do me justice ! " Then, addressing Colonel Anderson, who had been his friend and companion in arms for one-and-twenty years, he said to him, " Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die in this way. You will see my friends as soon as you can . . . tell them everything . . . say to my mother . . . " Here his voice failing, he became excessively agitated, and did not again venture to name her. Sometimes he liked to be placed in an easier posture. " I feel myself so strong, " he said, " I fear I shall be long living. It is great uneasiness. It is great pain. " But after some time, he pressed Colonel Anderson's hand firmly to his body, and in a few minutes expired without a struggle. He fell, as he had ever been his desire to do, in action and in victory. Never was any man more beloved in private life, nor was there ever any General in the British army more universally esteemed. Had he

but been more ardent in hoping, and somewhat less anxious and circumspect and doubtful, he would have been much more competent to his own difficult task. Personally, he was as brave a man as ever met death in the field; and we ought to remember with gratitude, that when some of his brother officers wished him to stully the honour of his army by proposing a capitulation, he had the firmness to reject the proposal.

His wish had always been, to be buried on the spot where he might chance to be killed. The citadel of Corunna was, therefore, selected, and his aids-du-camp attended in turns, whilst a party of the 9th regiment dug a grave for him in one of the bastions. There was no leisure to procure a coffin, so that the officers of his staff wrapped up his body in his military cloak and blankets, without undressing it. About eight in the morning, the enemy having commenced firing, there being an apprehension that some serious attack might require their presence elsewhere, the officers of his family bore his body to the grave, where the funeral service was performed by the chaplain, and his remains were covered with earth. \*

\* The following verses, now generally ascribed to the late Reverend Charles Wolfe, are so faithfully descriptive of the last obsequies of the hero whom they commemorate, that no apology is necessary for introducing them here.

#### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

Meantime, General Hope, on whom the chief command had devolved, was passing the night in the embarkation of the troops. At ten o'clock he ordered them to move off from the field by single brigades, leaving strong picquets to guard the ground, and give notice if the enemy should approach. Major-General Beresford, with a rear-guard of 2000, occupied the lines in front of Comuna, and covered the embarkation. Major-General Hill, with a corps of reserve, was stationed on a promontory behind the town. Towards morning, most part of the troops had got on board; the picquets also were withdrawn, and embarked before daylight, and the reserve were alone left

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hallow'd his narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

on the shore. On the 17th January, the French, remarking this, pushed on their light troops to the heights of St Lucia, which overhang the harbour, where they got up some artillery, and began fire at the transports. Several of the masters of these vessels being frightened, cut their cables, and in the confusion four of them ran aground. These were burnt, and their men were put aboard other ships. During the night of the 17th, the following morning, General Beresford sent all the sick and wounded which would bear removal in the ships of war, which protected the embarkation. Lastly, the rear-guard got into boats, the enemy making no attempt to interfere with us. And thus terminated this memorable luckless expedition. But of those who returned to England, many fell victims to a pestilential typhoid fever which we had acquired, partly from con-

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone;  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line,—and we raised not a stone,—  
But we left him alone with his glory !

in contact with the soldiers under Romana, and partly from the dreadful privations which we had undergone during the retreat. Of this disease the Quartermaster-General Anstruther died at Corunna, two days before the battle. He was a native of the county of Fife, in Scotland; a good man, and a brave officer.



## SIR JOHN MOORE'S LAST DESPATCH.\*

(*Referred to at page 198.*)

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*Corunna, 13th January 1809.*

MY LORD,

Situated as this army is at present, it is impossible for me to detail to your Lordship the events which have taken place, since I had the honour to address you from Astorga on the 31st December. I have therefore determined to send to England Brigadier-General Charles Stewart, as

\* In this despatch there are several omissions, owing to the following circumstance:

In the month of March 1809, the Secretary of State for the War Department sent for Mr James Moore, and informed him, that it was the intention of Administration to accede to laying this letter before Parliament; which, however, being a private letter, and not written in the usual manner of official despatches, it was thought proper to omit some passages which his Lordship would point out. Mr Moore replied, that he could not presume to object to any omissions which did not affect his brother's reputation. After this conversation, it was judged improper to fill up the blanks. One passage at the beginning, however, it was considered, might be restored, where mention is made of the Honourable Brigadier-General Stewart, brother to Lord Castlereagh.

the officer best qualified to give you every information you can want, both with respect to our actual situation, and the events which have led to it. From his connexion with your Lordship, and with his Majesty's Ministers, whatever he relates is most likely to be believed. He is a man in whose honour I have the most perfect reliance; he is incapable of stating any thing but the truth, and it is the truth which at all times I wish to convey to your Lordship, and to the King's government.

Your Lordship knows, that had I followed my own opinion as a military man, I should have retired with the army from Salamanca. The Spanish armies were then beaten; there was no Spanish force to which we could unite; and \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 I was satisfied that no efforts would be made to aid us, or favour the cause in which they were engaged. I was sensible, however, that the apathy and indifference of the Spaniards would never have been believed; that, had the British been withdrawn, the loss of the cause would have been imputed to their retreat; and it was necessary to risk this army to convince the people of England, as well as the rest of Europe, that the Spaniards had neither the power, nor the inclination, to make any efforts for themselves.

It was for this reason that I marched to Sahagun. As a diversion, it succeeded: I brought the whole disposable force of the French against this army, and it has been allowed to follow it, without a single movement being made \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* to favour its retreat.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* The people of the Galic though armed, made no attempt to stop the pass of the French through their mountains. They abandoned their dwellings at our approach, drew away their carts, oxen, and every thing that could be of the smallest aid to the army. The consequence has been, that our sick have been left behind ; and when our horses and mules failed, were on such marches, and through such a country, the case to a great extent, baggage, ammunition stores, and even money, were necessarily destroyed or abandoned.

I am sorry to say that the army, whose conduct I had such reason to extol on its march through Portugal, and on its arrival in Spain, has totally changed its character since it began to retreat.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

\* \* I can say nothing in its favour but that, when there was a prospect of fighting an enemy, the men were then orderly, and self-pleased, and determined to do their duty. In front of Villafranca, the French came up with the reserve, with which I was covering the retreat of the army. They attacked it at Calcabalos. I was tired, covered by the 95th regiment, and marched that night to Herrerias, and thence to Nogales Lugo ; where I had ordered the different divisions which preceded to halt and collect. At Lugo the French again came up with me ; they attacked our advanced posts on the 6th and 7th, and were repulsed in both attempts, with little loss on our side.

I heard from the prisoners taken, that three divisions of the French army, commanded by Marshal Soult, were come up. I therefore expected to be attacked on the morning of the 8th. It was my wish to come to that issue ; I had perfect confidence in the valour of the troops, and it was only by crippling the enemy that we could hope either to retreat or to embark unmolested. I made every preparation to receive the attack ; and drew out the army in the morning to offer battle. This was not Marshal Soult's object : he either did not think himself sufficiently strong, or he wished to play a surer game, by attacking us on our march, or during our embarkation. The country was intersected, and his position too strong for me to attack with an inferior force. The want of provisions would not enable me to wait longer. I marched that night ; and, in two forced marches, bivouacing for six or eight hours in the rain, I reached Betanzos on the 10th instant. \* \* \*

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At Lugo I was sensible of the impossibility of reaching Vigo, which was at too great a distance, and offered no advantages to embark in the face of an enemy. My intention then was to have retreated to the peninsula of Betanzos, where I hoped to find a position to cover the embarkation of the army in Ares or Rodes Bays ; but having sent an officer to reconnoitre it, by his report I was determined to prefer this place. I gave notice to the Admiral of *my intention*, and begged that the

transports might be brought to Corunna. Had I found them here on my arrival, on the 11th instant, the embarkation would easily have been effected; for I had gained several marches on the French. They have now come up with us; the transports are not arrived. My position in front of this place is a very bad one; and this place, if I am forced to retire into it, is commanded within musket shot; and the harbour will be so commanded by cannon on the coast, that no ship will be able to lay in it. In short, my Lord, General Stewart will inform you how critical our situation is. It has been recommended to me, to make a proposal to the enemy, to induce him to allow us to embark quietly; in which case, he gets us out of the country soon, and this place, with its stores, &c. complete; that, otherwise, we have it in our power to make a long defence, which must ensure the destruction of the town. I am averse to make any such proposal; and am exceedingly doubtful if it would be attended with any good effect: but, whatever I resolve on this head, I hope your Lordship will rest assured, that I shall accept no terms that are in the least dishonourable to the army, or to the country. I find I have been led into greater length and more detail than I thought I should have had time for: I have written under interruptions, and with my mind much occupied with other matter. My letter, written so carelessly, can only be considered as private; when I have more leisure I shall write more correctly. In the meantime, I rely on General Stewart for giving your Lordship the information and detail *which* I have omitted. I should regret his ab-

sence, for his services have been very distinguished ; but the state of his eyes makes it impossible for him to serve, and this country is not one in which cavalry can be of much use.

If I succeed in embarking the army, I shall send it to England—it is quite unfit for further service, until it has been refitted, which can best be done there.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN MOORE.

*Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh.*



# DESPATCH

AFTER

## THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

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LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

*Downing Street, January 24., 1809.*

His Honourable Captain Gordon arrived late last night, with a Despatch from Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, of which the following is a copy.

*“ His Majesty's Ship Ville de Paris,  
at Sea, January 18, 1809.*

MY LORD,

“ By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th instant, it has become my duty to acquaint your Lordship, that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.



" A severe wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your Lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested, to the inclosed report of Lieutenant-General Hope, \* who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions in direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy at every point of attack.

" The Honourable Captain Gordon, my Aide-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this despatch, and will be able to give your Lordship any further information which may be required.

" I have the honour to be, &c.

" D. BAIRD, Lieut.-Gen.

" *Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh.*"

" *His Majesty's Ship Audacious, off Corunna.  
January 18, 1809.*

" SIR,

" IN compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant.

" It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day, the enemy, who had

\* The late Earl of Hopetoun.

in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at the extremity of the strong and commanding position which on the morning of the 15th he had taken in our immediate front.

“ This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the Commander of the Forces, and by yourself, at the head of the 42d regiment, and the brigade under Major-General Lord William Bentinck.

“ The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest.

“ I lament to say, that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but, by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged.

“ The enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed *movement* which was made by Major-

General Paget, with the reserve, which came moved out of its cantonments to support the of the army, by a vigorous attack, defeated intention. The Major-General, having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and 1st and 52d regiments, drove the enemy before him in his rapid and judicious advance, threatening left of the enemy's position. This circumstance with the position of Lieutenant-General F division (calculated to give still further security the right of the line), induced the enemy to his efforts in that quarter.

" They were, however, more forcibly driven towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under General Manningham, forming the left of the division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under orders. Upon the left, the enemy at first commenced himself with an attack upon our picquets, however in general maintained their ground. Being, however, his efforts unavailing on the left and centre, he seemed determined to render his attack upon the left more serious, and he succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. At this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2d battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Nicholls. Before five in the evening had not only successfully repelled every attack upon the position, but had gained ground in at all points, and occupied a more forward line

at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing ceased. The different brigades were re-assembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the picquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

“ Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy, who, from his numbers and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous determination of the late Commander of the Forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation, the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were in fact far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked, having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The picquets remained at their posts until five on the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

“ By the unremitting exertions of Captains the Honourable H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serret, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie,

of the Royal Navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral De Courcy, were intrusted with the service of embarking the army; and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other Agents for Transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major-Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before day-light.

“ The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land front of the town of Corunna; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the Promontory in rear of the town.

“ The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St Lucia, which command the harbour. But, notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place, there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon; Major-General Beresford, with that zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land-front of the town soon after dark, and was, with

all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

“Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harassing service. The superior numbers, and advantageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army, which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Duero, afforded the best hope that the South of Spain might be relieved; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular force in the North of Spain.

“You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued.

“These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the *equipment of the army*. Notwithstanding all

these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corruna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect. When every one that had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me, in making this report, to select particular instances for your approbation. The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under Major-Generals Lord William Bentinck, and Manningham and Leith; and the brigade of Guards under Major-General Warde.

“To these officers, and the troops under their immediate orders, the greatest praise is due. Major-General Hill and Colonel Catlin Crauford, with their brigades on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42d, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of Guards, and the 26th regiment. From Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General, and the officers of the General Staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret, that the illness of Brigadier-General Clinton, Adjutant-General, deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to Brigadier-General Slade during the action, for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked.

“The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation neces-

sarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate, I should say, that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from seven to eight hundred ; that of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above number. We have some prisoners, but I have not been able to obtain an account of the number ; it is not, however, considerable. Several officers of rank have fallen or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieut.-Col. Napier, 92d regiment, Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed ; Lieut.-Col. Winch, 4th regiment, Lieut.-Col. Maxwell, 26th regiment, Lieut.-Col. Fane, 59th regiment, Lieut.-Col. Griffith, Guards, Majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded.

“ To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the consolation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that *has* given the enemy additional



reason to respect the name of a British Soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory; like Wolfe also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

“ It remains for me only to express my hope, that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ JOHN HOPE, Lieut.-Gen.

*Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird.*

## GENERAL ORDERS.

*Announced on the Return of the British Army  
from Spain in 1809.*

THE benefits derived to an army from the example of a distinguished commander do not terminate at his death ; his virtues live in the recollection of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions.

In this view, the Commander-in-chief, amidst deep and universal regret which the death of Lieutenant-general Sir John Moore has occasioned, recalls to the troops the military career of that illustrious officer for their instruction and imitation.

Sir John Moore, from his youth, embraced the military profession with the feelings and sentiments of a soldier ; he felt, that a perfect knowledge, and exact performance of the humble, but important duties of a Subaltern Officer are the best foundations for subsequent Military fame ; and his exerted mind, while it looked forward to those illustrious achievements for which it was formed, applied itself with energy and exemplary assiduity to the duties of that station.

“ In the school of regimental duty, he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier ; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced on others.

“ Having risen to command, he signalized his name in the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt. The unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the duties of every branch of his profession, obtained him the confidence of Sir Ralph Abercromby ; and he became the companion in arms of that illustrious Officer, who fell at the head of his victorious troops, in an action which maintained our national superiority over the arms of France.

“ Thus, Sir John Moore, at an early period, obtained, with general approbation, that conspicuous station in which he gloriously terminated his useful and honourable life.

“ In a Military character, obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any one point as a preferable subject for praise. It exhibits, however, one feature so particularly characteristic of the man, and *so important to the best interests of the service,*

that the Commander-in-chief is pleased to mark it with his peculiar approbation.

“ The life of Sir John Moore was spent among the troops.

“ During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the Officer and Soldier ; in war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his Country called him, the post of honour ; and by his undaunted spirit, and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory.

“ His Country, the object of his latest solicitude, will rear a monument to his lamented memory ; and the Commander-in-chief feels he is paying the best tribute to his fame, by thus holding him forth as an example to the Army.

“ By order of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief,

“ HARRY CALVERT, Adj.-Gen.

“ *Horse Guards, Feb. 1. 1809.*”



**IV.**  
**REMINISCENCES**  
**OF**  
**A CAMPAIGN IN THE PYRENEES**  
**AND**  
**SOUTH OF FRANCE,**  
**IN**  
**1814.**

**BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.**

**LATE OF THE 42D. REGT.**



REMINISCENCES  
OF A  
CAMPAIGN IN THE PYRENEES  
AND SOUTH OF FRANCE,  
IN  
1814.

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**T**HERE is something in the idea of a military life particularly fascinating to youth. The sight of a regiment marching past, with its colours flying, and its martial music, awakens a slumbering instinct in the soul. At the sound of the trump and drum, the heart gains a quicker beat, and the cheek a brighter glow. There is a charm in the gorgeous array, the nodding plume, and the martial air of the soldier—in the unrestrained freedom which is supposed to belong to a military life—in its promise of honour and glory—of love and war, and strange adventures in foreign lands. Against temptations like these, the voice of caution speaks in vain ; and perhaps it is well, since all the ardour of youth and the stimulus of hope are required in struggling with, and surmounting the troubles and disappointments of life.



At the period to which these Sketches refer, the war in the Peninsula was at the hottest ; and from the time I had a prospect of joining the army, all the romance of my nature was called forth, by the hope of visiting that interesting country. My very dreams were of orange groves and evening serenades, and latticed windows and dark-eyed beauties. The period fixed for my departure at length arrived, and I joyfully repaired to Portsmouth, in order to embark for the seat of war. A considerable time, however, elapsed, before I could procure a passage, in consequence of the number of troops destined for the army, many of whom were obliged to wait the equipment of another fleet.

In order to escape the bustle and confusion of Portsmouth, I took up my abode at Hilsea Barracks, about three miles distant, until a fleet of transports, then collecting at Spithead, should be ready to sail. It was the summer season—the country was in full bloom ; and in making excursions to the neighbourhood, and listening to the bands of music, amid the shady and secluded walks, my time passed delightfully away. Every thing that I saw of a military life, tended to exalt my notions of it ; and in the enjoyment of the present, and the anticipations of the future, the days I passed at Hilsea were among the happiest of my life.

On the 18th of June 1813, I repaired on board the transport to which I was appointed, along with an officer belonging to the same regiment with myself, amidst a scene of uproar and confusion *which I shall not attempt to describe ; and in a few days afterwards, the fleet received orders to*

fast to the flooring, by means of bolts and cords, and were placed in rows like church pews, having narrow passages betwixt them. Our ship contained upwards of eighty passengers, with the exception of about a dozen military men, consisted of commissaries and their clerks, medical assistants, adventurers, and followers of my.

It was now for the first time that I witnessed ridiculous distinctions of military rank. An officer had just taken possession of a berth, when he was preparing to occupy, when a brother officer of a lower profession came up and asked him the date of his commission. Upon being informed of which, he claimed to the berth, as being the senior. An army list was referred to, and he was found to have precedence,—his commission bearing date one day previous to that of the other.

When all being made for sailing, our convoy, composed of three ships of war, led the way, and the

fall ; but the wind had almost died away, and the low and indistinct hum of the shore came floating over the waters. I remained upon deck the greater part of the night, listening to the distant and dying sounds, which seemed like farewell voices from the land, until they gradually sunk into silence, and nothing was heard but the low ripple of the waves around the prow of our ship, as she glided almost imperceptibly onwards. Next morning, we had lost sight of land—and the world of waters was around us.

What an interesting object is a ship at sea—a solitary speck tossing upon a boundless abyss of waters, and liable to be whelmed beneath the waves, yet, guided by the frail being whom it bears, over trackless wastes for thousands of miles, to the most distant and unknown shores ! What a picture does it exhibit of the triumph of mind over matter,—of “ the power and the insignificance of man ! ” But it is at night that the beauty and sublimity of the scene is most strongly felt,—when the sea is calm,—and the moon sails up the cloudless sky, holding her silent and mysterious communion with the deep,—when the reflection from the waters produces the magnificent illusion of a nether sky, and the ship, like a winged spirit, seems to sail “ between worlds and worlds.” And here I would remark, that if science has, in some instances, been unfavourable to poetry, by withdrawing from nature the “ veil of enchantment,” and thereby shutting up some of the sources of imagination, she has, often compensated by opening up others. If, in some cases, she has taken away the enchantments of fiction, she has occasionally substituted the greater charms of truth in their

re. She has shown them to be worlds and  
s, over whose boundless scenes imagination  
patiate with delight, and people them with  
s, bright as their own beams."

n the day of our embarkation at Spithead  
, of our arrival at Lisbon, a complete month  
l,--a sufficient time to give one some idea  
sameness of a sea life. During the greater  
? that period, its varieties consisted of con-  
rinds, light airs, dead calms, and two or  
smart gales from the wrong quarters. Our  
stocks of provisions were soon exhausted,  
s had then no resource but the ship's fare,  
ing chiefly of beef and pork, encrusted to  
d subject to "all the ills that *flesh* is heir  
in addition to this catalogue of disagreeables  
t to sea voyages in general, we had several  
of a more peculiar nature. In a voyage un-  
voy, it is of no avail that you happen to be  
at sailing vessel: nav. it is rather a circum-

broken. What seemed beautiful at a distance, became disgusting in detail and on a near approach. The houses were lofty, but had a desolate appearance, and with their latticed windows looked like dungeons. The streets, generally, were steep and narrow, and upon turning a corner, you would almost invariably stumble upon dung-hills, piled up to the very roofs of the houses, from which such clouds of insects arose as almost darkened the air; and the exhalations were so overpowering, that I nearly sunk under them, and dreaded an end very different from that of him who

“ Dies of a rose in aromatic pain.”

With this state of things, the inhabitants were quite in keeping.—Numbers of them were lying along the pavements, half-naked, basking in the sun, and examining each others heads with such kindly solicitude, that had the sublime science of bumps been at that time in existence, one would have supposed they were all phrenologists.

In walking along the streets, the ear was continually excruciated by the discordant cries of mules and asses exposed for sale, which were in great requisition for the army; and the eye was occasionally attracted by processions of priests,—some of them perfect incarnations of Bacchus, standing out in broad relief from the poor starved-looking monks, with bare feet and shaven crowns,—personifications of misery and mortification. During processions of the host, the inhabitants sunk down upon their knees in the dirt; and by a general army order, British officers were obliged to take off their caps. Those who happened *to neglect* this mark of respect, were reminded by

the weather was excessive ; but a pleasure more compensating the inconvenience, was enjoyed me of the gardens, amid the shade of trees; the refreshing sound of waters falling from the fountains.

Since the period of our leaving England, great changes had taken place in the Peninsula. The battle of Vittoria had been fought, and gained by the British and their allies. St Sebastian was besieged, and the main body of the French army driven to the strongholds of the Pyrenees. In consequence of this state of affairs, we were delayed a few days after our arrival at Lisbon, to embark, and proceed to Passages, a small port town, about a league from St Sebas-

This second voyage was even more tedious than our first. We left Lisbon about the middle of July, and did not reach Passages until the middle of September. The whole fleet was separated by a heavy gale of wind, and three different times sent into Corruna, the place of rendezvous.

The aspect of the country about Corruna is

faces of the men, and their tall figures, shrouded in dark cloaks, reminded me that I was in a land of romance and chivalry—a recollection altogether unconnected with certain unpleasant associations with stilettoes and midnight rencontres.

The ladies, with their pale faces, and large eyes, appeared extremely interesting. Their bearing was full of grace and majesty. One of my fellow-passengers observed, that they “stepped out like Field-marshal.” More poetically speaking—

“ They walk in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
And all that’s best of dark and bright,  
Meet in their aspect and their eyes.”

And yet, during several occasions upon which I visited the theatre, by far the most beautiful sights amidst its crowded assembly were English men ;—at least to me they appeared so.

On returning from the theatre one night, and with two of my fellow-passengers, owing to the extreme darkness, we lost the way to our hotel ; the few persons we met either could not, or would not, assist us in finding it. After wandering along the streets for a long time, we were accosted in English by a man in the dress of a Spanish soldier, who offered to conduct us to a house where we could have accommodation for the night. Upon expressing our surprise at his knowledge of our language, he informed us that he was a native of Ireland, though in the Spanish service. Being extremely tired and as he professed not to be able to direct us to our hotel, we accepted his offer, and were conducted through various dark narrow streets and passages, till we arrived at the door of a most *looking* house. We were ushered up stairs,

ing towards the door of our apartment, a good deal of whispering ensued. Our lions were now completely awakened, and, finding that no good could be meant, we began to talk aloud, in order to show that we were not taken by surprise. In a short time we heard whispers of the listeners stealing away, and expected no further annoyance during the night. In the morning our conductor acted landlord, and made a most exorbitant charge for our lodgings. In order to escape out of what appeared to be a den of thieves, we proceeded to our hotel, the proprietor of which was a Frenchman, who, notwithstanding our paying our own bill, wished to make us responsible for that of certain other persons who had forgot to discharge theirs, and who, it was stated, belonged to our party. With this demand we of course refused to comply, and walked out of the house, after being obliged to have recourse to certain coercive measures, when he at-



bour, and is about five feet high, and two or three broad. Four brass cannon, stamped with the word "Marseilles," are placed one at each corner of its base.

We sailed from Corunna for the third and last time, and in our way made a short call at St Andero, a small town, most romantically situated, at the bottom of a stupendous chain of mountains, which runs along the north-west coast of Spain, and seems to be a continuation of the Pyrenees.

Pursuing our voyage along this coast, on the morning of the 6th September, all on board our vessel were attracted to the deck by a curious phenomenon. An immense column, apparently of vapour or smoke, was seen to ascend from a high rock upon the shore, and to mingle with the clouds. Though at a great distance, it was very distinctly defined, and gave rise to a variety of conjectures, none of them satisfactory. Our ship made little progress, as there was scarce a breath of wind; but about noon we began to hear a low muttering sound from the shore, which gradually became like the noise of distant thunder, and finally deepened into the distinct roar of cannon. This at once solved the phenomenon and made us aware that the column of smoke which had excited our surprise proceeded from the fire of the castle of St Sebastian, then closely besieged by the British and Portuguese troops, and which continued to hold out, though the town had been taken by storm on the 31st of August.

Night overtook us while yet at a considerable distance from land; but fires from the shore shed their wild and dreary gleams over the sea, and we could occasionally trace the flight of

ls through the darkness by their portentous  
m, and see them bursting in the air, and shed-  
; their "fire shower of ruin" over the castle.  
t morning our vessel entered the harbour of  
ages, through a narrow pass betwixt two high  
s, resembling a gateway, cut out of the solid  
t; upon passing which, the town, hitherto con-  
ed, burst upon the view with the effect of sur-  
e; and the eye had glimpses of the far-off Py-  
ses, and of the green vales which lose themselves  
ng the dark recesses of the mountains.

We found Passages was that morning a scene  
bustle and confusion. Troops newly arrived  
n England were landing, all in high health and  
ita, to which the crowds of sick and wound-  
men hourly arriving from the army, pale and  
sciated, and on their return home, exhibited  
appalling contrast. I immediately went on  
re with the party to which I was attached,  
order to join my regiment. In proceed-  
towards the trenches which covered the ap-  
ach to the English camp, we had to pass im-  
liately under the guns of the castle of St Se-  
tian. It was then for the first time that I heard  
sound of cannon balls as they passed over us;  
I cannot say that it seemed such pleasant  
ic to me as it did to Charles the Twelfth, on  
king his military *debut*. The trenches through  
ich we passed were strewed with broken mus-  
s and dead bodies. The sight made a deep  
ression on me, not being initiated into the se-  
ts of war, but having its appalling horrors flash-  
at once upon my gaze.

The termination of the trenches brought us to  
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a rising ground, immediately behind which lay the British camp. My companion brought me to the tent of a brother officer, whom we found stretched upon a mattress, pale as ashes, and shaking with ague. His eye lighted up, however, at sight of his friend. He welcomed us in the most cordial manner, and produced such fare as the camp afforded; and, in receiving tidings of home, and giving details of the campaign, seemed to forget his sufferings. During the course of the evening, several officers dropt in, and brought intelligence that, on the following morning, a general cannonade would be opened upon the Castle of St Sebastian, which, if it did not surrender during the course of the day, would be stormed. My friend and I were congratulated on having arrived in time to share in the honour and glory of the business, the thoughts of which seemed in no way to disturb the hilarity of the evening. The glass circulated freely—conversation became animated—promotions were gaily anticipated, and jokes passed on the business of to-morrow. I was told, that in less than twenty-four hours hence, I might be wiser than all the sages and philosophers that ever wrote,—by getting a peep behind the curtain. The festivities of the evening were concluded with some choice Scottish songs, and never before did these strains seem so exquisite to me as that night, when on a foreign shore, and in the very “shadow of death” they breathed of the joys of love, and of my native land.

And shall not the war-worn soldier on the battle eve solace himself with those sweet sounds to *which* his ear may so soon be deaf for ever? Shall *he not* cull the rose of love while it blooms along

his path, and bask him in the sunshine of this world ere it smile upon his grave ?

Thus it is that the uncertainty of life leads to a recklessness of death ; and the soldier may be said (though not in a scriptural sense) to live as if every hour was his last, snatching while he may, amid days of danger and nights of horror, what he deems the life of life.

The party broke up at a late hour. A camp bed is soon made. I retired to rest, and sunk into a profound sleep, from which, however, I was soon awakened by the reveillie, and found the camp all in motion, and the troops under arms.

## CHAPTER II.

THE town of St Sebastian, previous to the siege, was one of the handsomest in Spain. It is situated on a tongue of land, running nearly east and west—the northern side of which is washed by the river Gurumea, and the southern by the sea. On the termination of this Peninsula, and immediately over the town, rises an immense rock, on the summit of which stands the castle. A short distance to the south lies the island of Santa Clara, then in possession of the British, on which a battery had been erected, and manned with seamen.

The surrounding country is beautifully romantic. Rising, as it recedes from the sea, it forms delightful varieties of hill and dale—rocks and ravines, skirted with groves, and wooded with cork, plane and birch-trees, till it swells at last into the stupendous mountains of the lower Pyrenees. Such was the scene on which I gazed, from the heights which covered our camp on the morning of the 8th of September. The coast of Spain was seen stretching away like a mist wreath along the ocean—the sea was bright and calm: not a cloud obscured the sky: not a breath of air stirred the leaves, or broke upon the surrounding silence—when all at once, on a signal being made, fifty-four pieces of artillery opened their fire upon the castle with such a crash of thunder, as if heaven and earth were coming together. Immediately after the flash and

id from the batteries below, fragments of the  
le wall were seen tumbling down, and the fire  
kept up with such unceasing and tremendous  
ct, that about one o'clock *p. m.* a flag of truce  
hoisted at the Mirador battery, and terms of  
itulation proposed, which were agreed to. The  
nch troops amounting to 1836 men, includ-  
the sick and wounded, were to surrender, and  
5th division of the British army marched into  
town to receive them, the bands of music of  
various regiments playing the favourite march,  
ee the Conquering Hero comes ! " Our troops  
e drawn up along the ramparts, and in a short  
e we perceived the French garrison, headed by  
ir commander General Rey, slowly advancing  
n the castle, and wending down the side of the  
k in long serpentine lines, by its only narrow  
hway. Upon arriving in the town, immediate-  
below the place where we were stationed, the  
rison threw down their arms with an air of  
ignation ; and at that moment a feu-de-joye was  
d from the battery at the termination of the  
ches, after which, Sir Thomas Graham and  
neral Rey stepping out from their respective  
ps, met and shook hands, and doubtless expe-  
ienced

" The stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel. "

mg with the garrison were three ladies, the  
e and daughters of a French commissary. A  
tish officer escorted them from the scene of  
fusion, and they were permitted to return to  
nce.

The castle had been defended by the French

with the utmost gallantry, and, from the devastations of our shot and shells, which every part of it exhibited, was evidently no longer tenable. It commanded a fine view of the coast of France, from which, notwithstanding the vigilance of our ships of war, provisions had been thrown into the garrison by means of boats during the night.

The recollection of St Sebastian will haunt me as long as I live. It exhibited a scene sufficient to blanch the hair and to wither the heart. Many of the streets were blown up into hills of rubbish : not a house was left entire : not a living thing was to be seen—not a sound did I hear but the echo of my own footfalls through the lonely streets, or the wind as it moaned away through that city of the dead which stood in all the blackness of recent ruin, far more appalling than the grass-grown streets and ivyed walls which time has renovated with the freshness of nature, shedding beauty over desolation. Around the trenches the dead in some instances had been buried—but so partially, that their feet and hands were frequently to be seen above the turf, with the flesh mouldering away, and the bones whitening in the air. Along the ramparts and streets, they lay in groups, even as they had been mown down ; and innumerable heads, legs, and arms, were strewn around, in the various stages of decay, and mangled and half devoured by birds of prey. Numbers of dead bodies also, were floating beneath the walls, followed by swarms of fishes. The effluvia was dreadful ; but I will no longer dwell upon the scene of horror.

After the surrender of the castle, we were quartered in the convent of St Bartholome, situated upon the first range of heights facing the sea ;

but, in a few days, we received orders to join the main body of the army, then encamped among the Pyrenees. We commenced our march on a sultry day in September,—the heat being so excessive, that numbers of the men dropt down along the line of march, and in the evening arrived at our place of destination, where we pitched our tents. Our camp occupied a considerable extent of undulating ground at the foot of the lower Pyrenees ; and during the days we remained there, I made many delightful excursions among their never-to-be-forgotten scenes.

Perhaps there is no country in Europe in so many respects interesting as Spain. It possesses the various modifications of the sublime and beautiful, arising from vast mountains and plains, to which is added the moral interest of the most romantic associations, connected with its Moorish wars,—its legends of chivalry and love, and the dark superstition by which it is overspread,—its early connection with the East, and, in later times, with the West, whence its very history becomes romance.

Above our camp, and a little to the east, towered the gigantic mountain La Rhune, from which descends the lesser chain, betwixt whose termination and the sea, lies the great pass to Bayonne, and, in the opposite direction, that of the far-famed Roncesvalles and the Puerto del Maya. On a beautiful October evening I ascended a mountain, immediately above the camp, and shall never forget the glorious scene which expanded around me. I stood among the rocks and hills which overhang the Bidassoa, the river which forms the line of division betwixt Spain and France. Seen from these heights, it appeared like



a thread of silver winding among the glens beneath, and stretching away in long serpentine mazes to the sea, below Font-Arabia. On the one hand lay the boundless plains of France, watered with many streams, and sprinkled with chateaux and villages, and on the other, the wild and variegated scenery of Spain, with its romantic towns gleaming in the distance. To the west the ocean spread like a sheet of fire, beneath the descending sun. Around me were a congregated train of mighty hills, towering over rocks and ravines, and mantled with forests, then touched with the waning tints of October; while the more distant and gigantic mountains were covered with snow, but flushed to a rose tinge in the glow of the evening sky.

Separated only by the Bidassoa, were various French, British, and Spanish regiments, at their evening parade—their arms glancing in the setting sun, and the martial or mournful strains of their native lands, performed by their bands of music, rising amid the calm and mellowed by distance, came floating up the mountain glens like strains of Fairyland. At intervals were heard the sound of bugles from the woods—the tinkling of bells from distant flocks, and the far-off song of the Spanish muleteer. But while I lingered on the scene, the sun went down—the hills grew gray—the music ceased; and I heard nothing but the whispering of woods—the moan of streams, and the sigh of the night-winds, which gave place as I approached the camp, to the hum of living voices, and the loud and careless laugh of the soldiers assembled round the forest fires, which threw their red and spectral gleams upon the surrounding groups.

*On the 6th of October, I had strayed about a mile*

from the camp. It was noon—"mid-day was in flames, and silence over all the hills." I seated myself by the side of a stream, and in watching its waters gliding away, I felt a sense of drowsiness stealing over me, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by the sound of a heavy tread, and, upon looking up, observed an officer on horseback approaching slowly along the banks of the stream. He bowed—reined in his horse for a moment, and asked me, if I had heard the news. Upon my answering in the negative, he replied—"to-morrow we are to attack the enemy, and to enter France." Having said this, he passed on. I immediately returned to the camp, in order to make preparations for a march, the order for which arrived in the evening.

After sunset, I walked out among the surrounding hills, along with a young officer, who had joined the army about the same time with myself. It was the most momentous evening of our lives, being that of battle, whose fiery ordeal neither of us had as yet passed. I believe we both felt that we had many things to say, yet we continued our walk in profound silence. At last we were warned to return to the camp by the sudden darkening of the sky, over which dense masses of clouds began to collect, swathing the mountains in a purple pall. The storm at length burst,—the thunder broke forth—peal on peal—louder and deeper as it rolled away through the mountain glens, seeming to rend the very hills that reverberated its roar; while every now and then the highlands with all their woods and torrents, would start from darkness into light, amid the broad and sheeted gleams of fire.

alone was heard, and it made the surrounding silence more sensibly felt. It was the noise of the cannon and pontoons rolling from the rear—deep and heavy as the moan of a torrent, or the sound of a distant sea.

During the time that we lay silent and motionless behind the wall, the moments seemed lengthened to hours, and I thought the dawning would never break. Though life and death were in its approach, I wished it would come—the state of excited expectation became so intolerable. At length, a dull leaden grey began to steal over the sky, and the eastern horizon to wax wan. Immediately our bugles sounded the advance, and we rushed out at the openings in the wall which had been made by the pioneers, and dashed into the river. The water was middle deep, so that the men were obliged to hold up their arms and ammunition. Our plunge into the river was echoed by the fire of the French sentries, who, having discharged their pieces, retired with the utmost rapidity. Their outposts took the alarm; and collecting among the orchards and undulating ground on the opposite banks, commenced a hot skirmish with our light companies and Brunswickers; but it was evident they had been taken by surprise. I was then attached to the light company, and in a few moments found myself fairly under fire. The first thing which attracted my attention was the long melancholy whistle of the spent balls; but, as we approached nearer the enemy, they flew past in full force, with a noise resembling the chirping of birds.

In descending towards a narrow valley, we saw the French Tirailleurs on the opposite side

taking deliberate aim at us,—a most unpleasant discovery, and not a little trying to the nerves of a young soldier ;—however, there was no time for thinking, so we made a race at them, and in a few moments they began to retire. Some of their officers endeavoured to stop them, apparently by alternate persuasion and threats. They advanced to the front, waved their swords, and, by their wild and earnest gestures, seemed to be in the very agonies of shame and despair ; but all in vain. This circumstance seems to justify the observation, that instances of cowardice, which occur in the French army, are to be found among the common soldiers, and scarcely ever among the officers, while in the British army the reverse is said to be the case. But this is a theory which, like many other theories, would require the evidence of facts. My observation and experience are against it, in as far as it is applied to British Officers.

The enemy made a running fight of it, however, rallying, and facing about upon the surrounding heights, from which they were driven in succession for a considerable time. At last, they appeared in great force upon a range of hills, and our light companies fell back upon the regiments advancing to dislodge them. As we marched up the hills in column, their shot and shells, which were fired with great precision and rapidity, did considerable execution. They did not wait for our charge, however, but fled with the utmost celerity, leaving us in possession of the range of heights, and several pieces of cannon. During a short pause, which ensued at this period of the action, I had time to look around me, *and survey the surrounding scene.*

The smoke, which hung over the hills, as it began partially to clear away, resembled a torn curtain, through which I obtained occasional glimpses of Spain and France through the vistas of the pass. Our troops were seen emerging from the vales below, and winding around the hills. Long lines of bayonets would suddenly jet up from gorge and glen—flash their light upon the eye, and then as suddenly disappear, as if swallowed up by the earth. In our rear a seemingly interminable train of cavalry and artillery were in the act of crossing the Bidassoa; while in front were seen the enemy's camp, and their dense columns forming on the high grounds. Our light troops again advanced to the front, and the skirmishing became as hot as ever. The enemy, at the same time, opened a heavy cannonade upon our columns; but, at that moment, covered by clouds of dust, and welcomed with long and wild huzzas, our flying artillery came up at full gallop, and immediately opened such a destructive fire upon the enemy, that they very soon gave way in all directions. We did not pursue them far, however, being called back by the sound of the bugle.

In retracing my steps along the main road, I observed a French soldier lying stretched on his back, but exhibiting symptoms of life in the quivering of his limbs, and the convulsive startings of his feet. I approached, and, looking down upon him, beheld a large aperture in his head, exhibiting a frightful mass of blood and brain. Several French and British soldiers were lying at no great distance from him, but they were all dead. I turned from the sight of horror, and walked away. *The evening was bright and calm, and the birds*

were singing in their bowers ; but at that moment the serene aspect and the glad voice of nature seemed shocking ; for they impressed the painful feeling, that she hath no sympathy with man ; that her smiles are shed alike on his festal hour, and his dying agony ; and that her roses bloom equally bright in his bridal garland, and on his mouldering tomb.

Upon arriving at the regiment, I saw the officers collecting upon the green slope of one of the heights, from which the enemy had been driven. Life has few scenes that may vie with that of which I now speak,—the return from a victory. There were shaking of hands, and the mutual congratulations of those who had returned unscathed. And in this instance the feelings of pride and of triumph were not checked and chilled, as they almost always are, by the fall of friends. One by one they returned—"no wanderer lost ;" and the moments of meeting were worth years of common life.

One point of their position the enemy still possessed, which was a rock and hermitage upon the summit of Mount La Rhune. It was now attacked by our troops, while the shades of night were beginning to fall. Our distance from the scene of action was so great, that we heard no sound ; but all eyes were attracted to the mountain, by the rapid and vivid flashes of the musketry around its summit, which seemed, amidst the darkness, like a shower of fire from the crater of a volcano. The position, however, was not carried till the following morning.

Meantime, our baggage arrived from the rear—the tents were pitched—fires were kindled—and the operations of war being concluded for the day—

consisted of soup, made of beef boiled to rags—course second, beef roasted—course third, beef stewed—and course fourth, beef steaks. A good appetite, however, did more for us than could have been done by the most refined system of cookery, with all “means and appliances to boot.”

Though it generally happens that the officers of a company have only one tent among them, I was fortunate enough, at this period, to share one with only another officer. During the evenings we were occasionally visited by a German, a captain of the corps of Brunswick-Oels, who was the most perfect specimen of a genuine Atheist I had ever met with. Upon being asked, by what means he had arrived at the sublime conclusion that there was no God?—“By the simplest in the world” said he, “as I shall show you in a moment.” He then produced a small empty flask, in which he commonly carried his allowance of rum; and withdrawing the cork, and holding it in an inverted position, “You see,” said he, “there is nothing in it.” My friend replied, that he could not conceive what that circumstance had to do with his demonstration. “Have patience,” said he, “and I will show you. He then held up the flask, and raising his eyes towards heaven, in mock devotion, requested that the Deity would fill it with rum. Then inverting it as before, “You see,” (said he), “it is still empty, and therefore it is quite clear that there is no God!” Our horror at his impiety was almost lost in a feeling of the ludicrous.

Winter had now commenced with heavy rains and violent hail-showers, and our situation in camp became extremely uncomfortable, as the ground, even in the inside of our tents, was little better

than a mire. One night about this time, I happened to command a picquet, the main body of which was divided from that of the enemy by a narrow ravine, at the bottom of which the advanced sentries of each approached so near each other, as to hear the challenge of their respective officers on their nightly rounds. It was a fearful night—a night of utter darkness, which was only broken by the pale and spectral gleams of the moon, breaking at intervals through the clouds racking wildly over her. The storm roared through the woods, and the rain descended in torrents. The men sat crouching round the watch-fires, benumbed with cold and drenched with rain, spreading their hands over the dying embers, which emitted nothing but smoke—when I heard one of them say to his comrades, “God grant that we may have a battle immediately, or that I may soon be dead !”

Owing to the great privations and sufferings of the army about this time, desertions were very frequent ; as additional inducements to which, slips of paper were dropt by the French sentries, containing promises of protection, and of passports to their native countries, to all such as would desert ; and warnings of the utter ruin that would attend the hopeless attempt of penetrating farther into “the sacred territory of France.” These documents were printed in the English, Spanish, and Portuguese languages ; and being frequently blown over to our lines, were picked up by the sentries. In order to counteract these delusions, Wellington caused an exposure of them to be read *at the head of every regiment at parades, informing the men, that instead of obtaining ease and*



liberty, they would be sent to labour at the various works and fortifications in the interior ; and that passports to their native countries from the enemy would lead to inquiries which would subject them to the punishment of death. This measure seemed to have the desired effect ; for desertions gradually became less frequent, and, in a short time, ceased altogether.

The rains had ceased for a few days, and every thing was quiet, when on the night of the 8th November, after my friend and I had retired to rest, a sergeant entered our tent, and informed us that an order had arrived for the regiment to move from its ground two hours before daybreak. As this augured a busy day, we determined to make the most of our time, and endeavoured to obtain a little sleep ; but about two hours afterwards the sergeant again returned, to inform us that the orders had been countermanded. About midnight, on the 9th, similar orders were received, and before daybreak the troops were under arms, and the tents were struck. We moved from our ground towards the French outposts, leaving our watch-fires blazing through the night, opposite to those of the enemy. We marched on in silence, until we nearly reached the bottom of a ravine, which separated the advanced sentries of the two armies ; and here, under cover of a stunted wood, we were ordered to lie down.

The right of the French army, which we were about to attack, occupied a position immediately in front of St Jean de Luz, on the Spanish side of *the river Nevell*, while the centre and left extended *along the opposite bank*, and occupied the villages and mountains in the vicinity. Their outposts oc-

cupied a range of heights on the opposite side of the ravine in which we lay, commanding the first approach to the position in front of St Jean de Luz, which was so strongly fortified as to render an attack in front impracticable. At the first peep of dawn a gun was fired as a signal for the onset, and we rushed across the ravine, and began to ascend the opposite heights, under a sharp fire of musketry. The enemy were quickly dislodged however, and we moved along the top of the ridge towards the left. During this movement, we were enfiladed by a fire from some other batteries and entrenchments, and lost some men. I observed that the road along which we passed was thickly sprinkled with blood. In a short time we received orders to halt, and to occupy those outworks of the enemy's position, where we remained unmolested during the remainder of the day, and from whence we had a magnificent view of the battle on the centre and right. By a variety of masterly movements and desperate attacks, the villages and entrenched positions occupied by the enemy's centre were successively carried, in the face of a heavy fire of cannon and musketry. About noon we began to distinguish the distant roar of battle among the mountains upon the right, and shortly afterwards, while the thunder rolled and roared through the glens of the Pyrenees, we could see the smoke "volumed and vast," soaring in dark wreaths along the sides of the mountains, and overhanging their summits—and at last by the aid of glasses, we could distinguish the columns of the enemy emerging from their strongholds, and those of the British charging them up and down the hills. *It was a glorious sight to him who had "no*

friend or brother there." Night closed the battle, and two lines of watch-fires indicated the positions of both armies, and showed that the British troops occupied the last range of the mountains, and that the French were driven into the plains below.

During the night, I reposed under the shelter of an old tree, but could not sleep, being every now and then obliged to get up and walk about to prevent my limbs from being benumbed with the cold, which was most intense. About midnight, we heard the report of a gun in the direction of the enemy's lines, which was the signal for their retreat. Morning dawned at last, but we remained stationary for some time afterwards, in consequence of a thick fog, which rendered it impossible to reconnoitre the enemy's position in front.

As soon as the mist began to clear away, we commenced our advance, preceded by the light companies, and ascended the hill which the enemy had rendered so formidable by redoubts and batteries; but not a gun was fired. In a short time, we began to distinguish the forms of sentries through the haze, which, upon a nearer approach, turned out to be men of straw, left as a decoy, presenting to us the most undaunted and soldier-like attitudes. Upon reaching the top of the hill, we looked down upon the town of St Jean de Luz, and observed that a bridge over the river, by which it was approached, was blown up. Having halted about half an hour, we marched down the hill and forded the river a little way above the site of the bridge, and entered the town amidst a scene of general confusion. During the short time we remained there, crowds of disorderly soldiers attempted to enter the houses for the purpose of pil-

when the Provost-marshal suddenly made appearance on horseback, armed with a long-whip, which he applied so effectually, as, in short time, to restore tranquillity. From St de Luz, we continued our march in pursuit of the enemy, who had retired upon the village of St. Jean, situated on the high road to Bayonne, and this evening, we halted upon a field a little from the high road, and as our tents had not been sent from the rear, we were obliged to bivouac in the wet clothes in which we had forded the

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With nothing but the sky for a great-coat."

As state we lay around such fires as we could make to kindle, but passed a most uncomfortable night. Next day, we discovered that the enemy had retired within an entrenched camp in front of us, which had been fortifying ever since the battle of Vittoria, and which was too formidable to be carried by a direct assault. After remaining a few days longer in camp, under torrents of rain, we received orders to strike our tents, and to occupy certain detached houses and villages in the neighbourhood.

A small farm-house, which had been deserted by the inhabitants, was assigned as winter-quarters to myself and two other officers. It was certainly a miserable hovel, but at that time it appeared to me a most blessed abode. Never shall I forget the delight with which I once more beheld a roof over my head, illuminated by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. After our sufferings during the long and dreary winter nights among the mountains, our entrance into winter-quarters, humble as they were, seemed like a return from savage to civilized life.

Hitherto, as our army advanced into France, the inhabitants of the chateaux and villages fled at their approach, and retired into the interior; but no sooner did Wellington issue a proclamation, stating that the persons and property of the inhabitants would be protected, than they came back in hundreds; and the great road to Bayonne was covered with crowds returning to their homes. It was a beautiful sight to behold the peasants, accompanied by their wives and children, passing unmolested through the very midst of a hostile army, and returning to their quiet occupations. Such courtesies, among civilized nations, shed a softening influence over war, and divest it of half its horrors.

Nothing gave these poor people so much pleasure as to have the British officers inmates of their families. In them they always found friends, and a protection from the Spanish and Portuguese troops, who, in the blind spirit of retaliation, committed many outrages on the unoffending inhabitants. Nor was this much to be wondered at, when we consider the unheard-of horrors which the French invaders brought upon their respective countries. In all cases, however, where complaints were made, the facts were inquired into, and the offenders severely punished.

As every thing now indicated tranquillity, our time passed pleasantly enough in shooting excursions—convivial parties, and visits to St Jean de Luz, where Wellington had established his headquarters, and which was a scene of the greatest gaiety. There might be seen the officers of the *Guards*, and all the aristocracy of the British army, dashing about through the streets, bedizened

old and silver. And there, too, dressed in blue surtout, a white cravat, and a round hat might be seen The Great Captain himself, lounging out and looking at the markets, calm and untroubled, as if he were merely a passing traveller having nothing to do but amuse himself. In this manner, he has often been seen strolling in the evening preceding a battle—a proof of a strong and decisive mind, confident in its resources, holding no councils of war, and giving no orders; for his generals never knew when war was to be fought, until the orders to that effect arrived, which was generally at a late hour of the night preceding the attack.

The main body of the enemy had now retired behind the lines of defence, forming the entrenchment before Bayonne. Their left occupied a plain formed by the confluence of the Adour and the Nive. Their right and centre extended to the left bank of the Nive to the Adour, beyond Bayonne; and their front was defended by an impenetrable morass. Such a position being judged untenable by a direct attack, a movement to the rear by which to threaten the rear of the enemy and cut off his communication with France, was resolved upon.

On the 8th December, Generals Hill and Graham were directed to cross the Nive with their divisions; and, on the morning of the 9th, Sir John Hope, with the 5th division, attacked the enemy at Biarritz and Anglet. The light companies of the different regiments forming the 5th division; to which I was attached, were brigaded together. With the first dawn of morning, we moved off from the main road towards our left,

through fields enclosed with trees and hedge-rows. For some time our progress was undisturbed, and we saw no symptoms of an enemy. I was just in the act of crossing over a stile, at the corner of a farmhouse, along with some of the light company of the —— Regiment, when all at once we were saluted from the hedges on the opposite side of a field with a roar of musketry. We rushed over the intermediate space upon our unseen enemy, under a perfect storm of shot. This scene, however, was not half so unpleasant as some of those which followed, when we could, every now and then, see the flash of a musket from some hedge-row or farmhouse, and had to advance upon our concealed and deliberate destroyers under a dropping fire,—the intervals betwixt each report giving us time to think, and the alternate sounds and silence, together with the occasional fall of men around us, forcing upon the mind a sense of danger, while the consciousness of being the objects of a cool and deliberate aim, seemed to take away even the chance of escape. In this species of warfare, the German troops appeared to me to excel all others,—advancing upon the enemy with what seemed to be a kind of dogged and phlegmatic courage, and in the most galling fire, neither quickening nor relaxing their jog-trot pace. One cannot help wondering how such troops should ever have been beaten. It would seem, however, that the courage of British troops, which seems to be a happy combination of the impetuosity of the French, and the stubbornness of the Germans, is of a more effective description.

We continued to advance upon the enemy, who *disputed every inch of ground, from house to house,*

m field to field, till at last all their outposts riven in ; and we stood upon a height which down upon their entrenched camp, and af- us a delightful view of Bayonne, the river and the surrounding country.

work of the day now appeared to be finish- d as I observed some men belonging to a uese regiment, entering a beautiful chateau, curiosity to see the inside of it, and, upon in, I found the Portuguese busy in carry- ry various articles which could be of no pos- se to them, such as mirrors, and in destroy- less portable furniture : of such a ruinous ational nature is the habit of pillaging.

le these operations had been performed by m Hope's division, Sir Rowland Hill and ary Clinton had crossed the Nive at Cambo sturitz, and had driven the enemy from the ank of the river towards Bayonne. As soon as dark, fires were kindled along the line of ition, where we expected to pass the night. , however, we were disappointed ; for, in a ime, we received orders to march back to rmer quarters. Leaving our fires blazing , we proceeded along the main road, which, roken up by the march of troops, artillery, aggage, together with continued rains, was knee-deep. Our march back was most un- it. Cavalry, artillery and infantry, were all d together, and jostled each other, with both loud and deep. When such was the one night-march, unmolested by an ene- what must it be in a long and disastrous like that of *Corunna* or *Burgos* ?

*night* was pretty far advanced when we



reached our quarters, where, overcome with fatigue, I retired to rest, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep, from which I was awakened early in the morning by a knocking sound, resembling that produced by a bill-hook in cutting down wood. My servant, however, put an end to this agreeable delusion, by informing me that it proceeded from the fire of the enemy, who were attacking our outposts, and that our troops were all under arms, and ready to march to the front. I hurried on my clothes with all possible speed, and found the regiment ready to march off, and the whole road covered with troops. In our advance, we every now and then met some of the wounded carried to the rear, and covered with blood, while the firing in front continued to increase.

Soult, alarmed at the movements of the British army, which gave them the command of the sea-coast, and the road leading from St Jean de Luz, and which threatened to cut off his communication with France, issued from his entrenched camp with all his force, and made a most furious attack upon Sir John Hope's and General Alton's divisions, at Biarritz and Arcunques, hoping to drive back the left of the British, and to induce a consequent retreat of the right from the banks of the Nive. In a short time, we arrived at a part of the road which was traversed by a small battery, on which the French guns had opened a heavy fire, and immediately behind which, Lord Wellington and his staff were sitting on horseback, in a most perilous situation. At this place, the light company of the regiment, to which I was attached, was ordered to strike off into a wood, on the right of the road. Several cannon shot were fired at us

this movement, some of which tore up the d about our feet, and covered us all over earth. We extended ourselves along the where the ground began to slope down into a and narrow ravine, so thickly covered with wood, as to seem almost impassable. Upon pposite side of the ravine, the enemy were l in great force, and kept up a dropping and ctive fire upon us without intermission. is situation we remained for hours, neither cing nor retreating, and losing men every nd then. Such, however, is the hardening s of war, and continual exposure to danger, nder a heavy fire from the enemy, and in ery jaws of death, many of the soldiers ad themselves by singing all manner of ob- songs; and when one of them, who was ing close at my right hand, was struck by a and fell dead at my feet, his comrade, who anding at his other side, looking at me, said, ver mind, Sir, a miss is as good as a mile." e had remained in this situation for se- hours, when an aid-de-camp came galloping gh the wood, and called out to us to retire diately, otherwise we would be surrounded e enemy. We lost not a moment in retreat- but had not proceeded far, when we saw a of French, who had made their way, unob- d, through the underwood, rushing upon us l directions. They were so close upon us, we were almost mingled together. A deaf- ; roar of musketry, and a frightful scene of ion, ensued; but the work of destruction d but a short time. A sudden silence suc-

ceeded, and upon looking around, I beheld the ground on every side covered with the dying and the dead ; but not a living foe was to be seen. The main body of the regiment had also been surrounded by the enemy, but had cut a way through them in the most gallant manner.

The enemy being thus driven back, we were ordered to resume our former position, which we continued to occupy, under a dropping fire, until nightfall, when the Dutch and German regiments of Nassau and Frankfort, deserted from the enemy, and marched over to our lines ; we then joined the main body of the regiment, which occupied a neighbouring field, where we passed the night around our fires, in discussing the affairs of the past day, and in guessing at those of the morrow, when we expected an attack, as the enemy still occupied their positions, in great force.

The next morning dawned slowly and heavily, and showed us the French army still posted in front of our left. They continued to remain quiet until about mid-day, when some skirmishing took place a little way to our right, but which, in a short time, died away. Towards evening, we moved down into a hollow ground, a little in the front, where we expected to remain for the night. The enemy were concealed from our view by a height, a few gun-shots in front, upon which Lord Wellington and staff, were seen reconnoitering. An aide-camp was suddenly despatched with orders for us to march back to the field which we had just left. We had scarcely arrived there, and formed close column, when Wellington and his staff wheeled about their horses, and came galloping back at full speed. In a moment afterwards, the height which

had left was covered with French. They immediately opened a heavy fire of shot and shells our column, many of which took effect, under cover of their guns advanced from the right, and made a most furious attack upon our position.—They were met, however, at that point by our light troops, who kept up a heavy and well directed fire, that after a desperate struggle they were driven back to the place from which they had descended, where they solaced themselves by shouting “Vive l’Empereur !” as if they had obtained a great victory. Soult had hoped by this desperate attack to drive back our left upon St Jean de Luz, then upon the Bidassoa ; and a report circulated among our men, that a large allowance of brandy had been given to his troops upon the occasion. They certainly came on like men under the influence of some strong excitement.

We had now had three days hard fighting without intermission, and were quite exhausted with fatigue and want of sleep, when darkness once again brought a temporary respite to the work of the day, and we were marched off to the rear to occupy some empty houses for the night. We lay down in our clothes along the floors, and, cold and weary as we were, soon fell fast asleep. Morning came like an unwelcome intruder, and with the gray of dawn we again marched to the front, where we were drawn up in a large redoubt erected upon the great road to Bayonne. During the rest of this day (the 12th) we remained in the redoubt, expecting to be attacked by the enemy, who appeared in great force on a position immediately opposite. We were allowed to remain

quiet, however, during the whole day, but there was a good deal of fighting a little to our right, the brunt of which fell principally upon some regiments of the Guards which suffered severely. A little before nightfall we observed a considerable commotion among the enemy ; they seemed to be reinforcing the right of their army immediately opposite to us, and making preparations to attack us on the following morning. We were not a little surprised, therefore, when, upon the night a large body of troops was withdrawn from our position, and marched off to reinforce Sir Rowland Hill upon the right. But Wellington had guessed rightly ; for no sooner had darkness come on, than Soult withdrew his troops from our left, and passed a large force through Bayonne during the night, with which he made a furious attack upon Sir Rowland Hill, on the morning of the 13th. He was completely defeated, however, and driven back, even without the aid of the reinforcements sent to our right. Being thus beaten at all points, and having suffered much loss, he again retired with his army into the entrenched camp before Bayonne, where he remained without making any further attempt upon our positions.

During the days we remained in camp after these operations, I made some excursions over the scenes of the late engagements, which every where bore the traces of destruction. The earth, in many places, was torn up, and the trees were shattered with cannon-shot, and the ground was thickly strewed over with dead bodies, which some ruthless hands had stript of their garments, and left even without a shred to cover the remains of poor humanity. There were heads lying at a distance

and here and there might be seen a new grave, with a musket-barrel or a laurel-planted at its head ; a sure sign that its in- had been a favourite with his comrades, and he soft and sacred feelings of the heart had arrived the deadening and demoralizing ef- of war. There was something doubly touching se simple tributes of affection, arising as they midst such a scene of horror, surrounded by honoured and unburied dead.

ter remaining some days in camp, and having thened our line of positions by batteries and bts, with here and there a fortified church and an, we retired into winter-quarters. A farm, whose inhabitants consisted of an old man, fe and two daughters, afforded accommodation myself and another officer. Our forenoons spent in excursions to the rear and to the where it was a common custom for French English officers to meet midway, betwixt their ctive sentries, there to discuss the news of ay, the affairs of Europe, and a glass or two best brandy. We derived a good deal of a- ment also, in visiting certain deserted houses in eighbourhood, which were occupied day and alternately by the French and English pic-, who had drawn caricatures of each other the walls, which were also covered over with stic remarks, and retorts courteous,—thus ng the medium of a correspondence half-angry, humorous.

pon arriving at our quarters in the evening, enerally found our landlord, his wife and

## CHAPTER IV.

EVER since the termination of the battles commencing on the 9th, and ending on the 13th December (1813), Soult had remained quietly within his entrenched camp; but spring having now set in, the campaign was opened with fresh vigour.

On the 14th February 1814, Sir Rowland Hill drove in the enemy's picquets on the river Joyeuse, attacked their position at Hilette, and obliged General Harispe to retire to St Marten. At the same time General Mina's troops advanced from the valley of Bastan; and the enemy's communication with the town of St Jean Pied de Port being cut off by Sir Rowland Hill, it was forthwith blockaded by the Spanish troops. On the 15th Sir Rowland Hill continued the pursuit of the enemy, who had retired from a strong position in front of Garris. General Murillo's Spanish division, after driving in the enemy's advanced posts, was ordered to move upon St Palais in order to turn their left, and cut off their retreat by that road, while the 2nd division under General Stewart should attack in front. The enemy's position was remarkably strong, but was carried without very much loss, and the repeated attacks which they *made* to regain it, were most gallantly repulsed. *They* retired across the river at St Palais during

the night, destroying the bridges, which however were repaired, so that Sir Rowland Hill crossed on the 16th. The enemy were driven across the Gave de Mouleron, retired on the night across the Gave d'Oleron, and took up a strong position in the neighbourhood of Sauveterre, and on the 18th our posts were established on the Gave d'Oleron.

On the 21st February, Lord Wellington returned to Garris, and ordered the 6th and light divisions to break up from the siege of Bayonne, and the pontoons were moved forward and thrown across the Gave de Mouleron. Marshal Beresford attacked the enemy on the 23d, drove them from their fortified posts on the left of the Gave de Pau, and immediately after the passage of the Gave d'Oleron was effected, Sir Henry Clinton, with the 6th division, moved towards Orthes, the enemy retired on the night across the Gave de Pau, and assembled their army near Orthes on the 25th, having destroyed the bridges on the river.

While these operations were going on upon the right, the regiment in which I then served remained with Sir John Hope's division at Bayonne. At last I received a notification from England of an appointment to another regiment, then with the 6th division, which I had for some time expected. I left my old friends with many regrets, and set off to join my new corps which had marched towards the right some days before. I arrived in the evening at Haspanen, a small town near the bottom of the Pyrenees, where I remained for the night. Next morning I proceeded on my *solitary* route to St Palais, in



which direction I learned the regiment had moved, and where I arrived in the evening, but found they had left it a day or two before. While I continued in this manner to trace them from town to town, I was on one occasion benighted on the banks of a large river, over which I could discover no bridge. In this dilemma I observed a peasant's hut, to which I forthwith repaired, in order if possible to obtain quarters for the night.—This favour, however, I could by no means obtain from the lord of the mansion, a gruff old fellow, who would not be softened either for love or money.

Being in an enemy's country, and alone, I was not in a condition to enforce my demands on the master of the house; so that I had no alternative but to wander on through the dark along the banks of the river, until I should reach the bridge, which I understood was at a considerable distance. I had turned my back upon the inhospitable churl, and had begun to wend my way along the water's edge, when I heard some one calling me back. Upon looking round, I found that the soft sounds proceeded from his wife, whom I had not before seen, and who, upon finding how matters stood, had come after me, and now, regardless of her husband's displeasure, brought me back—gave me the kindest welcome—produced a supper of fried bacon, with a bottle of the country wine, and finally lighted me to a small apartment, where she had prepared for me a clean comfortable bed; thus affording another instance of that superiority of women, in acts of kindness and beneficence, which has been recorded of them by travellers in every region of the globe.

*I had now been following the regiment for se-*

days, tracing their march from stage to stage, but having been able to overtake them. At the same time, while pursuing my solitary journey, upon the 1st of March, I began to hear the sound of cannon, towards the north, which continued to increase into the night, though distant roar of a general battle. Early in the night, I overtook the officer commanding the baggage guard of the regiment, who informed me that our army had attacked and defeated the enemy near Orthes, and were still in close pursuit of them. We passed the night at a small town, which I forget the name; and at an early hour in the morning I proceeded on my route, and overtook the regiment, just as they were about to start off from their encampment. We had not proceeded far when the enemy began to cannonade at us, but they soon retired, and we continued our march. A few hours afterwards, they again attempted to make a stand. Some skirmishing ensued, and our light company lost some men; but they were again driven back, and our cavalry attacked their rear-guard, and took a good many prisoners. The enemy retired upon St Sever, and afterwards upon Aire; in sight of which place we encamped, I think, upon the 2d March. Here they were attacked by General Hill, with the second division, and the Portuguese brigade, under General Costa, and were driven from their position. They returned, however, and charged the Portuguese, whom they threw into some confusion; but General Barnes's brigade of the second division came up, drove them back. They made several attempts to regain their position, but were uniformly repulsed in all directions, and the town and environs fell into the hands of the British.

the contested ground, which was covered with the dead, whom I observed he surveyed with a look of deep melancholy. On another occasion, after a long march, we were ordered to halt, and the men received the agreeable command to cook their dinners. Every face brightened up upon the occasion. Blazing fires, crowned with large kettles, started up as if by magic, when,—oh the vanity of human happiness!—the shout of “Cavalry, cavalry!” resounded through the camp, succeeded by the cry of “Stand to your arms!” and in a moment the kettles were upset, and a melancholy sight it was to see the soup flowing in torrents, and the beautiful rotundities of beef playing at bowls upon the green. To make our misery yet more complete, we soon discovered that the irretrievable misfortune was occasioned by a false alarm. It frequently happened too, that after the termination of a long march, in wet weather, we had to stand for hours exposed to torrents of rain, before our camp equipage arrived from the rear; and even after our tents were pitched, we were often obliged to sit ankle-deep in mud, and in the copious use of grog and cigars, to seek insensibility as the best of blessings.

Although the men in general bore their sufferings with much patience, there were some upon whom they had an exasperating effect. Of this number was an old man of the company to which I was attached, of the name of Winnan, familiarly termed by his comrades Johnny Winnan. He was considered the wit of the company, and a most profane one he was. After a long march, in wet weather, before the tents had arrived, I have seen him sit down in the rain and sport with his misery,

by spreading out his cold, wet hands, and praying for a little hell-fire to warm them. Irreligious as he seemed, he was not exempt from superstitious fears; for at the battle of Toulouse, just as the action was commencing, he said he had forgot something, and pulling a pack of cards out of his pocket, threw them away, observing that it was not lucky to carry such things into battle. His precaution, however, did not avail him, for he was killed shortly afterwards.

We were continuing our march on a bright, breezy forenoon, unobstructed by an enemy, when, from a part of the road that lay over a rising ground, we beheld the long looked for Toulouse, with its dark Gothic towers rising majestically in the distance, and the broad waters of the Garonne sweeping between. We proceeded towards a splendid chateau, which was allotted to the regiment as their quarters during the night.

The family to which it belonged had retired into Toulouse, and had left it in charge of an old domestic, who, in return for a little well-timed civility on our parts, produced some bottles of excellent old wine from the well stored cellars. We reposed that night upon the most luxurious couches, and in splendid apartments; but next evening saw us again under canvas, lying on the wet ground; thus alternately experiencing "Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom." Shortly afterwards, we pitched our tents in the immediate vicinity of some farmhouses, into one of which I entered, on the evening of the 7th April, along with some others, to avoid the rain, which was falling in torrents. Here we kindled a blazing fire, and with the "*sweet oblivious antidotes*" of brandy and

cigars, we made ourselves comfortable, and retired to rest in a state of the most delightful and turtle-like insensibility to care. We had just closed our eyes, and were beginning to feel the first luxurious approach of sleep, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and an orderly sergeant walked in, and announced to us that the regiment was under arms, and ready to march off. We immediately started up, hurried on our clothes, and fell in with the ranks, and moved from our ground amidst torrents of rain and a night of utter darkness. We continued our march till daybreak, when we halted upon the banks of the Garonne, a considerable distance below Toulouse. We observed some French videttes on the opposite side of the river, who scampered off the moment they saw us. As the enemy did not make their appearance, the pontoons were thrown across the river without any obstruction, under the immediate inspection of Lord Wellington himself, who stood on the bank of the river, surrounded by a crowd of French peasantry, men, women and children, to whom he behaved with great affability and good humour.

As soon as the bridge was laid, we marched over, as also did various corps of cavalry and artillery, and a part of the army moved on towards the neighbourhood of Toulouse; and the 18th Hussars, with Colonel Vivian at their head, attacked a large body of the enemy's cavalry, whom they drove through the village of Croix d'Orade, and took possession of a bridge over the river Ers, by which it was necessary to pass, in order to attack the enemy's position. After crossing the *Garonne*, I was sent, along with another officer, to take charge of a pretty strong escort appointed

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to protect the advance of some artillery ; and in the evening we joined our regiment, which we found encamped for the night. It was necessary to move the pontoon bridges higher up the river, in order to shorten the communication with Sir Rowland Hill ; which operation being effected on the evening of the 9th, it was understood in the camp, that a general attack would be made on the enemy's position on the following morning.

The city of Toulouse is defended with an ancient wall flanked with towers ; and is surrounded on three sides by the great Canal of Languedoc, and the river Garonne. Soult had fortified the suburb of St Cipriani, on the left side of the canal, and had established such works in front of the walls (by which they were also covered), as to make it a very strong *tete de pont*. All the bridges over the canal were likewise strengthened by *tetes de pont*, covered by musketry and artillery from the ancient wall. Beyond the canal, and eastwards as far as the river Ers, extends a range of hills, over which pass all the roads to the canal and town. On this ridge Soult had erected a chain of five redoubts, connected by lines of entrenchment, all mounted with artillery ; and, as the bridges over the river Ers had been broken down, and the roads rendered impracticable by the continued rains, it was impossible to move upon the enemy's flank on the west side ; and no alternative remained but to attack him in this formidable position.

Early on Sunday morning, the 10th April, our tents were struck, and we moved along with the other *regiments of the 6th division*, towards the *neighbourhood of Toulouse*, until ordered to halt

on a level ground, from whence we had a distinct view of the enemy's position on the ridge of hills already mentioned. At the same time, we saw Lord Wellington, accompanied by his Staff, riding back from the front at a hard trot. He was easily known, even at a considerable distance, by the peculiarly erect carriage of his head, and the white cravat which he always wore. Some of the men called out, "There goes Wellington, my lads, we shall have some hot work presently." At that moment General Pack, who commanded our brigade, came up, and, calling its officers and non-commissioned officers around him, addressed them in words to the following effect,—“We are this day to attack the enemy. Your business will be to take possession of these fortified heights, which you see towards the front. I have only to warn you to be prepared to form close column, in case of a charge of cavalry, and to restrain the impetuosity of the men, and prevent them from wasting their ammunition.” The drum then beat to arms, and we received orders to move on towards the enemy's position.

Marshal Beresford crossed the Ers, at the bridge of Croix d'Orade; and, with the fourth division, carried the village of Mont Blanc; and the Spanish General Don Manuel Freyre, proceeding along the left of the Ers, formed his corps on a height, in front of the enemy's left; moved on to the attack under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and lodged his troops beneath some banks, immediately under the enemy's entrenchments; but, in attempting to turn their left flank, *the Spaniards* were repulsed, and the French, *rushing out* upon them from the entrenchments,

drove them down the hill in great confusion. They suffered considerably in retiring, but rallied again, upon seeing the light division come up to their assistance.

Meantime, our division (the 6th) approached the foot of the ridge of heights, on the enemy's right, and moved in a direction parallel to them, until we should reach the point of attack. We advanced along the foot of the ridge, under a heavy cannonade, from some redoubts on the heights. At one part of the ground over which we passed, many of the shot took effect; and a soldier, immediately before me, was struck by a cannon ball, about the middle of the body, and fell a frightful and shapeless mass, scarcely retaining a trace of humanity. We arrived, at last, immediately in front of a redoubt, which protected the right of the enemy's position, where we were formed in two lines,—the first consisting of some Portuguese regiments, and the reserve, at this point, of the Highland brigade. Darkening the whole hill, flanked by clouds of cavalry, and covered by the fire of their redoubt, the enemy came down upon us like a torrent; their generals and field-officers riding in front, and waving their hats amidst shouts of the multitude, resembling the roar of an ocean. Our Highlanders, as if actuated by one instinctive impulse, took off their bonnets, and waving them in the air, returned their greeting with three cheers. A deathlike silence ensued for some moments, and we could observe a visible pause in the advance of the enemy. At that moment, the light company of the 42d regiment, by a well directed fire, brought down some of the French offi-



cers of distinction, as they rode in front of their respective corps. The enemy immediately fired a volley into our lines, and advanced upon us, amidst a deafening roar of musketry and artillery. Our troops answered their fire only once, and, unappalled by their furious onset, advanced up the hill, and met them at the charge. Our bayonets, however, pierced nothing but wreaths of smoke ; for, our foes having suddenly changed their minds, were charging in the opposite direction : and just such a glimpse did we obtain of them, vanishing over the ridge of the hill, as did Geoffry Crayon of "the stout gentleman." Upon reaching the summit of the ridge of heights, the redoubt which had covered their advance fell into our possession ; but they still retained four others, with their connecting lines of entrenchments, upon the level of the same height on which we were now established, and into which they had retired.

Meantime, our troops were drawn up along a road, which passed over the hill, and which, having a high bank at each side, protected us in some measure from the general fire of their last line of redoubts.

Here our brigade remained a considerable time, until Marshal Beresford's artillery, which, in consequence of the badness of the roads, had been left in the village of Mont Blanc, could be brought up ; and, until the Spaniards, under Don Manuel Freyre, could be re-formed, and brought back to the attack.

During this pause, we were ordered to sit down along the sides of the road, the embankments of *which* afforded us protection from the point-blank *shot of the redoubts* and fortified houses into which

the enemy had retired, but not from their shells, which they threw among us with great precision, and by which we lost a good many men ; and latterly they moved round some guns to a position, from which the line of the road was completely raked by their fire. During this period of the battle, General Pack sate on horseback, in the middle of the road, showing an example of the most undaunted bravery to the troops. I think I see him now, as he then appeared, perfectly calm and unmoved, and with a placid smile upon his face amidst a perfect storm of shot and shells. His aid-de-camp, Le Strange, who was afterwards killed at Waterloo, had his horse shot under him, and both came down together. A few minutes afterwards, I observed General Pack suddenly turn pale, and seem as if going to faint. This was occasioned by a ball which had passed through his leg. He rode slowly to the rear, where he had his wound dressed, and in a few minutes returned again.

Marshal Beresford's artillery having at length arrived, and the Spanish troops being once more brought forward, General Pack rode up in front of our brigade, and made the following announcement : " I have just now been with General Clinton, and he has been pleased to grant my request, that in the charge which we are now to make upon the enemy's redoubts, the 42d regiment shall have the honour of leading on the attack :—the 42d will advance." The order was immediately passed along the troops, and I could hear the last words dying away in the distance along our lines.

*We immediately began to form for the charge*

upon the redoubts, which were about two or three hundred yards distant, and to which we had to pass over some ploughed fields. The grenadiers of the 42d regiment, followed by the other companies, led the way, and began to ascend from the road ; but no sooner were the feathers of their bonnets seen rising over the embankment, than such a tremendous fire was opened from the redoubts and entrenchments, as in a very short time would have annihilated them. The right wing, therefore, hastily formed into line, and without waiting for the left, which was ascending by companies from the road, rushed upon the batteries, which vomited forth a storm of fire, grape-shot, and musketry, the most incessant, furious, and terrific I ever witnessed.

Amidst the clouds of smoke in which they were curtained, the whole line of redoubts would every now and then start into view amidst the wild and frightful blaze, and then vanish again into utter darkness. Our men were mown down by sections. I saw six of the company to which I belonged fall together, as if swept away by the discharge of one gun, and the whole ground over which we rushed, was covered with the dead. The redoubts were erected along the side of a road, and defended by broad ditches filled with water. Just before our troops reached this obstruction, however, the enemy deserted them, and fled in all directions, leaving their last line of strongholds in our possession ; but they still possessed two fortified houses close by, from which they kept up a galling and destructive fire.

*I was then standing at the side of one of the batteries, which we had just taken, along with some*

e regiment, and a young officer, one of the  
t and finest looking men I ever beheld.  
was the first time he had ever been under fire,  
he behaved like a hero, and had snatched  
musket belonging to some soldier who  
fallen, with which he was firing away upon  
enemy like the most practised veteran.  
pened to turn about my head for a moment,  
when I looked back again, he was lying  
bed on his back, the blood welling from his  
t, and his feet quivering in the last convul-  
of expiring nature. He had arrived from  
ind only a short time before ; and in his march  
Passages through France to join his regiment,  
been taken prisoner by a marauding party of  
h in our rear. He had escaped from his  
l during a dark night, and concealed himself  
wood for a day or two until they were gone.  
a almost famished with hunger, he proceeded  
s march, and luckily met with a British offi-  
f rank, who supplied him with the means of  
ing his regiment. He had joined us only two  
ree days previous to the battle, and was stand-  
close beside me in the flush of youth, and  
n, and hope,—in the very moment of victory  
proudest one of life : His eye but twinkled  
and he lay a corpse at my feet !

“ What art thou Spirit undefin’d,  
That passest with man’s breath away,  
That giv’st him feeling, sense, and mind.  
And leav’st him cold unconscious clay ? ”

hile I was yet gazing upon him in a kind of  
r, I received a blow, as if from a huge club on  
lbow. *A musket ball* had passed through the  
*part of my arm*, and splintered the bone. I

felt stunned, and, in a few moments, became faint, and dizzy, and fell. The first sensation which I was conscious of after my fall, was that of a burning thirst, universally felt after gunshot wounds. I observed our men still falling around me, in consequence of the fire from the two fortified houses, but at last the firing suddenly ceased, and a dead silence ensued. My faintness now beginning to wear off, I raised my head ; and through the clouds of smoke which were clearing away, I observed that the road was covered with troops in blue uniform. At first I supposed them to be Spaniards, but was soon undeceived, and discovered them to be French. Out of about 500 men, which the 42d regiment brought into action, scarcely 90 reached the fatal redoubt from which the enemy had fled.

As soon as the smoke began to clear away, they discovered how matters stood, and advanced in great force in order to regain their strongholds. The 42d regiment immediately fell back upon the 79th and some other corps, now moving up to their support. Of these circumstances at the time, however, I was quite ignorant ; and as escape was impossible, I lay quietly where I was on the roadside, hoping to avoid notice among the wounded and the dead.

The enemy marched past me in great force, keeping up a tremendous fire, and having drums beating in the rear. The main body had passed without taking any notice of me, when I was seized upon by two stragglers who had loitered behind. They immediately began to rifle my pockets, and one of them was in the act of tearing off my epaulet, when an officer came up, sword in

and drove them off, to my great relief. My ion, however, became extremely uncomfortable as I was exposed to the fire of our own troops, were advancing upon the French to retake the ies. Believing that the enemy would soon be 1 back, and fearing that they might carry me ng with them; I got up, as soon as they were past, and, supporting my wounded arm with the began to make the best of my way over the hed fields, in order to gain some place of ; but I had not proceeded far, when I felt my- ized from behind by two French soldiers, who een loitering in the rear, and who most uncere- ously marched off with me towards Toulouse. e issue of this last attempt of the enemy take their redoubts, is well known; they a second time repulsed with great loss, and whole army driven into Toulouse: But I ed with my personal narrative.

soon as my conductors and I were out of range fire from the British, they allowed me to rest e, and one of them only remained with me. resented me with his canteen of wine, and me if the French were not a very brave e; which leading question I thought proper swer in the way he wished. As we pro- d along the road, we met a tall grim-looking r, who eyed me with a ferocious look, and a bundle of ball-cartridges at me, by which eived a severe blow on the head. My at- nt was abundantly wroth, and, after abusing iffian, proceeded with me towards the town. was a bright, beautiful evening, as we ap- hed Toulouse. About a hundred yards from

the entrance into the town, upon the high road, sat Marshal Soult and his staff on horseback. He was looking earnestly towards the heights, from which he saw his troops beaten back in all directions. I passed close by the Marshal and his generals, who eyed me with a look of grave curiosity.

At last I arrived in the town, which exhibited such a scene of confusion as I never witnessed. Almost the whole French army occupied the streets : the house-tops were covered with crowds, and the windows seemed bursting with the population. All was terror and excitement ; for Soult seemed determined to make a stand even in the town, and Wellington commanded a position from which he could reduce it to ashes. I had no sooner entered the streets, than I became so faint and exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, that I sunk down upon the ground. In a few minutes a French surgeon made his appearance and examined my wound, which he laid open with the knife at both orifices, but so much was my arm deadened by the ball, that I scarcely felt the operation. As soon as it was over, I was escorted by a file of *gens d'armes* to an hospital, prepared for the reception of the wounded. As we passed along the streets, crowds of ladies rushed out from their houses and presented me with wines and cordials, and being much exhausted and parched with thirst, I drank largely of every thing they offered me.

Upon arriving at the hospital, I was ushered into an immense room, which was crowded from end to end with the wounded and dying officers of the French army. I was then given in charge

to two fat rosy sick-nurses, who, without any coy delays, or the slightest attempt at a blush, stripped off my clothes and put me to bed. In a short time afterwards I received a visit from an English physician, who had been long resident in Toulouse. He informed me that the French army would be obliged to retire, and that the inhabitants of Toulouse were well affected towards the English. I expressed a fear, that, in the event of the French army retiring, they might carry me along with them; but he set my mind at ease by informing me, that he had sufficient interest with the medical department to prevent any thing of that sort; and after promising to repeat his visit, he took his leave.

Towards night I began to fall into a slumber, but was every now and then startled out of it by the cries of the wounded, especially of such as were undergoing amputations.

In the bed next to mine lay an English officer, who had been wounded and taken prisoner; but he was then speechless, and died during the night. On my other side lay a German, an officer in the French service, whose skull had been fractured. He sung and conversed to himself in the wildest manner imaginable; and, about midnight, started out of bed, and marched up and down the room in a state of delirium, quite alarming to the rest of us. He also died in a short time.

Sleep came upon me at last; but it was a sleep of horrors. The various scenes of the preceding day, mixed up with the phantoms of imagination, passed in dire review before me. My friends seemed falling around me;—the thunders of battle were in my ears, and we seemed retreating and



closely pursued by the enemy's cavalry. From these imaginary horrors, a return to real pain was a relief. I awoke towards morning with a burning thirst, and the taste of sulphur in my throat, in consequence of the smoke which I had breathed the preceding day. I was amply supplied with lemonade; but my fair attendants allowed me scarce any thing to eat, for fear, as they informed me, of fever.

About ten o'clock at night, I observed several officers enter the hospital, and bid adieu to their wounded companions, by which I guessed the French army were about to evacuate Toulouse. Shortly afterwards, there were symptoms of commotion without—the movement of a great army, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, through the narrow streets, with the confusion attending such a scene, produced a great noise, like the roar of the sea after a storm. I listened to the wild sound for hours, till at last it began to wax faint, and die away through the night, when I again sunk into a slumber. On awakening in the morning, I observed a number of priests in the act of administering extreme unction to the dying men, by whom I was surrounded; and the moment any of them expired, he was carried out, to make room for some other wounded man, by whom his bed was immediately occupied.

Yet, even in that house of mourning, there occurred one circumstance, which I still think of with peculiar pleasure. About mid-day, a young lady entered the hospital, probably to see some friend or acquaintance among the wounded. In proceeding along the room, she paused opposite to the place where I was lying, and, being informed

by one of the sick-nurses in attendance that I was an Englishman, she stepped up to my bedside, and gazing on me with a look, in which curiosity was mingled with pity—all at once, yielding to the impulse of her feelings, she bent over me, and, throwing her arms around my neck, pressed her cheek to mine. It was a burst of nature, and but the action of a moment; for she raised herself hastily, glided away, and I never saw her again. Yet, trivial as this circumstance may seem, it remains fair and fresh in my recollection, while weightier matters have been long forgotten; and there are times, even yet, when, in the silence of the night, and far away amidst the dreaming land, my couch seems spread in the hospital of Toulouse; and when, amidst that scene of suffering, my ear is tortured with shrieks of agony, and my sealed eye blasted with heart-rending sights—then, too, smiling away these horrors, the vision of the young French girl breaks upon my dreams, and in all the vividness of reality do I behold her, like a ministering angel, bending over my couch—till once more I feel her dark tresses clustering over my brow, and the pressure of her soft warm cheek to mine. But to return:—

It was not till the mists had cleared away, on the morning of the 12th, that the British army discovered the retreat of the enemy, and began to feel their way towards Toulouse, which they entered very quietly; and it was only by hearing their bands of music that I was made aware of their approach. About noon I was visited by some of my brother officers, who gave me an account of the termination of the battle, and the *names of those who had fallen*. Though I was

no longer a prisoner, the state of my health was such as to prevent my removal from the hospital, where I remained for ten days. On the 12th I heard the sound of cannon at a distance, and must own I felt a kind of pleasure in supposing that it proceeded from some of our artillery who had come up with the enemy.

For several succeeding days, hour after hour, I heard our bands of music playing dead marches through the streets—so numerous were the deaths after the battle; and while, from the room in which I lay, I had a glimpse of the bright blue sky, and heard from without the hum of the world, and the sounds of life and joy, contrasted with the doleful strains which spake of shrouds and graves, and of them for whom light and life existed in vain, I felt as if it were doubly hard to die during the festival of Nature—to leave the “fair day and the green earth,” with its leaves and flowers.

Meantime I was regularly visited by the French surgeons; and on the fourth day after the battle, they came to inspect my wound, bringing with them the instruments of amputation, in case such an operation should be necessary; but luckily it was not. During the period which I remained under their care, they showed me every possible kindness and attention; and when at length I was ordered to be removed to a private house, on which I had received a billet, in order to be under the inspection of the regimental surgeons, they seemed hurt that I should leave the hospital, and made particular inquiries whether or not I had any cause of complaint against them. I also received *daily visits* from a French lady, a married woman, *and the mother of a family*, who brought me a re-

gular supply of soups, oranges, sponge-cakes, &c. ; so that I may truly say, I could not possibly have received more attention and kindness, if I had been in my own country, and even among my own nearest relatives.

Some days after our troops entered Toulouse, I was waited upon by the chaplain of the division to which I belonged, whom some person had sent to me, supposing, perhaps, that I was dying. Associating the idea of the chaplain with that of death, I was not a little startled at seeing the reverend gentleman approach my bedside with a prayer-book in his hand, to proffer spiritual consolation. I assured him, with much eagerness, that I was not in any danger, and, for the present, did not require his assistance. He smiled good-humouredly, and said, as I did not seem disposed for prayers, he would, if I had no objections, give me the news of the day. He then informed me of the sortie which the enemy had made from Bayonne, after the battle of Toulouse—of the abdication of Napoleon, and the cessation of hostilities. Upon leaving the French hospital, I was removed to a private house, the only inmate of which that I ever saw was a maid-servant, who divided her attentions pretty equally betwixt myself and a pet frog which she kept in a large glass phial, as an ornament to the mantel-piece.

The details of a sick-bed are not interesting. Suffice it to say, that, after much pain and suffering, I was obliged, along with the other officers, to leave Toulouse about the 19th June—it being an article of the treaty of peace, that no British officer should remain there after that period. I was carried out of the town, and set down upon

The night of the 1st of June, when I was allowed to remain in the boat, I was exposed to a boiling sun, and was in some danger of being burnt to death or six of seven of the night being so close with myself in a small boat, I was in some danger of being burnt to death. A soldier was sent along with me, and our servants followed in another boat.

We had now proceeded far on our voyage to Bourdeaux, when the sky became suddenly overcast, and a tremendous thunder-storm ensued, which continued without intermission the whole day, accompanied by torrents of rain, by which we were completely drenched through the awning of our boat. In the evening we landed at a village, on the banks of the river where we passed the night—and on the following morning resumed our voyage. In this manner we proceeded down the river during the day, and landed every night at some village, but suffered the most excruciating pain on being moved from the boat. On these occasions it is but justice to say, that the French soldiers, whom we saw, were most ready to lend their assistance in carrying us to and from our quarters in the different villages.

In other circumstances, our voyage would have been a most delightful one,—amidst the magnificent scenery of the Garonne, with its beautiful wooded islands and green banks, covered with flocks and dotted with villages.

On the fourth day of our voyage, we arrived at Bourdeaux, where I was lodged in the house of a respectable merchant, from whom I received the greatest kindness. When able to sit up, I dined with the family, and when confined to my room, I was most amply supplied with every luxury of the

climate and season. After remaining at Bourdeaux about a fortnight, I embarked for England on board a transport lying in the river, which then presented the animated spectacle of the embarkation of the British army. Boats filled with troops, and serenaded by bands of music, swarmed upon the water; and just as we got under weigh, amid cries of "Huzza for England!" we were answered by sympathetic shouts of joy, proceeding from French prisoners of war arriving from that country, and passing up the river in the ships that were conveying them home.

What must their feelings have been, when, after pining for ten and for twenty years in the prisons of a foreign land, they were again restored to their long lost country! With what throbbings of hope and fear would they approach their several homes! With what trembling hearts would they see the doors unfold,—and with what startled feelings would they gaze upon the altered faces of their early friends, or of the strangers announcing to them that those friends had long been sleeping in their graves!

Our fleet passed rapidly down the river, and was soon in the Bay of Biscay. After a voyage of a fortnight, we came in sight of the Land's End,—entered the Channel, and on the following day arrived at Spithead, from whence I was landed at Portsmouth, on the same spot where I had embarked about a year and two months before.

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER 1. 1827.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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PRINTED BY J. HUTCHISON,  
FOR THE HEIRS OF D. WILLISON.



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 (OF)  
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**MEMORIALS OF THE LATE WAR VOL. II.**



Engraved by W. H. Miller

Engraved by W. H. Miller

THE MURDER OF ROBERT

AND HIS MURDERERS

**EDINBURGH:**  
**PRINTED FOR CONSTABLE & CO EDINBURGH:**  
**AND HURST, CHANCE & CO LONDON.**  
**1828.**





**MEMORIALS**  
**OF**  
**THE LATE WAR.**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

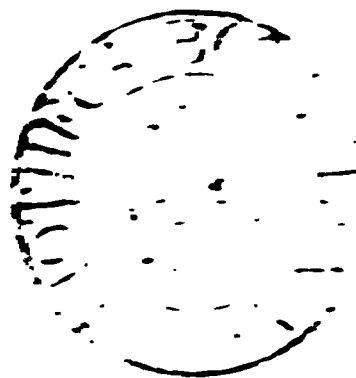
**ALL THESE ARE QUIET NOW, OR ONLY HEARD  
LIKE MELLOW'D MURMURINGS OF THE DISTANT SEA.**

**J. H. REYNOLDS.**

**EDINBURGH:**  
**PRINTED FOR CONSTABLE & CO. EDINBURGH ;**  
**AND HURST, CHANCE & CO. LONDON.**

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**1828.**



**VOL. II. CONTAINS,**

**MEMORIAL**

**V.**

**DOIRS OF THE WAR OF THE FRENCH  
PAIN, BY M. DE ROCCA.**

**VI.**

**RATIVE OF THE BATTLES OF QUATRE  
3, LIGNY, AND WATERLOO.**

**VII.**

**TH OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.**



**V.**

**MEMOIRS**

**OF**

**THE WAR OF THE FRENCH**

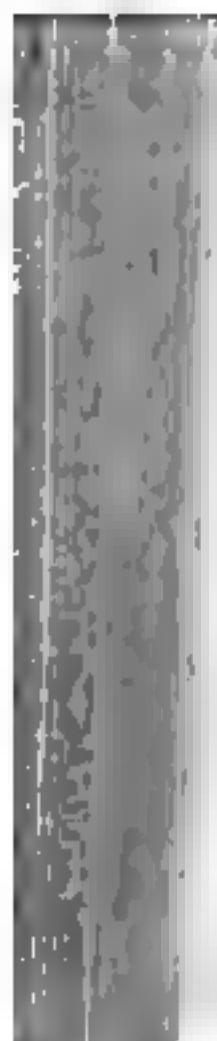
**IN**

**SPAIN,**

**BY M. DE ROCCA,**

**MAJOR OF HUSSARS, AND CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF**

**HONOUR.**



## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

---

IT is unnecessary to say that Rocca's name is already known as a narrator of events that happened during the Peninsular war. The present is the fifth edition of his Memoirs, two editions in French and two in English having already been given to the world. The work has been admired in the original; and, in the only dress in which it has yet been presented to the English reader, it has not been undervalued. As a faithful relation of proceedings in which the writer had but too intimate an interest,—as a picture of the joy and grief of war in which the limner moved and suffered,—as a story of romance, where all that is told is true—it deserves, and has obtained, a favourable reception. It is not merely as a memorial of a conqueror's progress, or as a fragment of history, declaring how a nation *will sometimes* be rekindled amid



its ashes, and like a taper's expiring flame, emit a blaze of dazzling glory before it is everlastingly extinguished,—it is not only as an account of the French war in Spain that Rocca's pages are valuable ;—but the freshness and fidelity of personal observation which they exhibit, give them a peculiar excellence—like the fruit which tastes sweeter the fewer hands touch it till it is eaten—or the flower that distils a richer perfume the less it is fingered before its fragrance is inhaled.

Rocca was a Frenchman, and, of course, it is the French account of battles gained and lost that the reader will peruse. But both sides of a question often throw a wonderful degree of light upon a subject ; and none that have been interested and delighted with a friendly relation of events, will think it labour lost to peruse a foeman's narrative. The storm is now hushed—the rage of strife is passed—the name and antipathies of enemies have gone into oblivion :—and while, as Englishmen and Frenchmen, we now sojourn together, like fellow-pilgrims along the lapse of time, we may well mutually listen to each other's tale of wonders.

It is reckoned an evidence of Scripture authenticity, that the faults of those characters, held up to our esteem, are delineated as faithfully as their excellences. These Memoirs vouch their own truth, *by the unsparing censures passed therein on French men and French measures that merit reprobation.*

They are otherwise entitled to regard, from the manly candour, which makes a hostile hand record to the glory of Britain, the heroic prowess of her sons. They are praiseworthy for the encomiums they bestow on the enthusiasm of that nation, which, like the giant with whom Hercules combated, no sooner fell prostrate than it again rose in renovated strength. That nation has since lowered its dignity, and fallen low enough; but hope would make us write "RESURGAM;" in emblazoned letters, on the dark page of Spanish history, when we think of the "*olim quod meminisse juvabit.*"

The grand moral lesson these Memoirs convey, is—that, in the most infelicitous circumstances, no nation need despair. Spain endured incalculable miseries, when she could not withstand, yet would not tolerate, the overpowering might of foreign aggression. It was not the soldier or the ruler, who were the only sufferers in the memorable Peninsular war. No class was exempted from its portion of calamity; and tender women, harmless nuns, revered ecclesiastics, and even the youngest and the oldest of all ranks, had reason to bewail their sorrows. But the vertex which engulfed the nation's peace and happiness, drew down along with them the conqueror's wreath of glory. It was in Spain the French first experienced that they were not invincible; and the first decline of their

ments, such as the world has seen rarely p  
ed. They afford the British people an op  
nity of drawing their own inferences, and c  
ing from data therein supplied, how little, c  
much, they have reason to condemn all th  
can do against them. If they be wise, bra  
faithful, as hitherto, they will be great as i  
times, though the whole world be their foe  
Rocca's narrative having been reckoned a v  
accompaniment to the other Memorials, it v  
advisable to present it to the Public in a m  
commendatory manner than that in which  
hitherto appeared. The former translation  
to have been hurriedly executed, and many  
ces of inattention might be noticed. A q  
of superfluous matter, which Rocca never

lay so many hours. A certain corps tries to raise a siege when it wants to take the place. Names, numbers, and dates, are sometimes incorrect. A Spanish army loses, by such misfortunes, five thousand of its amount, and the French make eight thousand fewer prisoners.

For the sake of convenience, the work is now divided into chapters, and a table of contents has been added. The voluminous notes contained in the French edition have been omitted, because they are nearly all drawn from English materials and are already well known. It would have been rather desirable to have added some account of the brave man who penned these Memoirs. But nothing more can be related concerning him, than that he was one of the many thousands who fought and bled for the glory of Napoleon—a name which made Europe tremble, and may for ever make her wonder.

A.

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 1828.



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# MEMOIRS

## OF

### THE WAR IN SPAIN.

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#### CHAPTER I.

THE year after the close of that campaign which terminated with the battle of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit, the 2d regiment of hussars, formerly named Chamboran, in which I had the honour to serve, received orders to leave Prussia and march for Spain. I had thus an opportunity afforded me of comparing two very different kinds of military service,—the war of regular troops, who seldom concern themselves about the matter of dispute, and the resistance of a nation, fighting for existence against a disciplined conquering force.

We were leaving the sandy plains of the north of Germany. We had been engaged with a people almost universally subject to military despotism. The several princes of the Germanic empire, for more than a century, had turned all their attention to the perfection of the military system, in order to establish their authority, and promote their personal ambition. But, in training their val-



als to a punctual and minute obedience, they had enervated the national character,—the only rampart against foreign invasion, the only invincible bulwark of a nation's strength.

When a province of Germany had been conquered by the French, and could no longer obey its sovereign's commands, the lower classes, strangers to freedom of choice, dared not move a step without the impulse of their lords or their governments. These governments became by conquest subject to their conqueror's influence; and their lords, accustomed to witness the constant vexations which the people experienced from the soldiery, resigned themselves the more tamely to the evils which war introduces.

In Prussia, the clergy held little ascendancy over the people. Among the Protestants, the Reformation had destroyed that dominion which the priests still maintain in some Catholic countries, and above all in Spain. Men of letters, who might have influenced public opinion, and made their genius subservient to the prosperity of their country, were rarely called on to intermeddle with public affairs. The sole aim of their ambition was literary renown; and they did not apply themselves to those pursuits and studies which were adapted to the circumstances of the times. The real authority of many of the States in Germany was hinged upon their military systems; and their political existence necessarily depended on the energy or imbecility of their governments.

In the plains of Germany, the nature of the country did not afford such facilities of escape from the yoke of the conquerors, as in other countries of a more barren, marshy, or mountainous

nature. Small bodies of troops were sufficient to hold a great extent of conquered country in subjection, and to insure our armies of their necessary supplies. The citizens could have found no secure places of retreat, had they been disposed to any partial revolts; besides, the Germans being habituated to a quiet and uniform life, are only stimulated to desperate exertions by the complete derangement of their habits.

The war in Germany was wholly carried on between troops of the line, among whom there exists rather rivalry than hatred. From the inhabitants of the conquered countries we had nothing to fear. The success of a campaign depended on the unity of military operations, the ability and perseverance of the chiefs, their sagacity to foresee and anticipate, and in bringing forward, opportunely and promptly, to decisive points of attack, overpowering masses of troops. We were not exposed to those petty skirmishes, which in regular warfare only increase particular suffering, without contributing to general advantage; and the capacity of generals was never defeated by individual interference, or popular spontaneous movements. ;

In Germany we had only to conquer governments and armies: in the Spanish Peninsula, where we were now carrying our arms, there no longer existed either the one or the other. The Emperor Napoleon had invaded Portugal and Spain—had put to flight or taken captive the sovereigns of these two countries—and had dispersed their military forces. We had not now to contend with regular troops, every where nearly alike, but with a people who, in their manners, their prejudices, and *the very nature of their country*, were isolated

from every other nation on the Continent. The Spaniards behoved to oppose to us a resistance the more determined, that they believed the French Government designed to make the Peninsula but a secondary state, subject unalterably to the dominion of France.

Spain, in point of knowledge, and perfection in social arts, was more than a century in the rear of other States on the Continent. Its remote and nearly insular situation, and the rigour of its ecclesiastical establishments, had deterred the Spaniards from interfering in those disputes and controversies of the sixteenth century, which had agitated and enlightened Europe. They concerned themselves as little with the philosophical spirit of the eighteenth, to which the French Revolution may in part be ascribed.

However, though the Spaniards were thus sunk in indolence, and though that confusion and corruption which inevitably follow a long despotism were manifest in their administration, still their national character remained unimpaired. Their government, arbitrary as it was, in no respect resembled the absolute military power of Germany; where the eternal prostration of each and all to one was so admirably calculated to paralyze the energies of individual character.

It is true, indeed, that Ferdinand the Catholic, Charles V. and Philip II., had usurped nearly all the privileges of the Grandees and Cortes, and prostrated the liberty of Spain. But, in spite of the despotism of the sovereigns their successors, the imbecility of government could not wrest from the people a liberty of action, which often rose to insubordination itself.

the annals of German monarchies, we read of princes and armies. In Spain, since the that Ferdinand the Catholic reunited the different kingdoms into one government, there has only a reign passed without the people proving being and their power in prescribing terms to masters, or deposing some of their ministers or favourites. When the inhabitants of Madrid in insurrection, to demand from Charles III., or of Charles IV., the dismissal of his minister Squilaci, the king himself was constrained to appear and appease the people, and to strengthen his alliance with the company of a monk holding a cross in his hand. The court, which had fled to Sanjuez, then endeavoured to march the Wal-guards against Madrid ; but the people killed several, raised the universal shout—" *Si entran los Vallones, no reyneran los Borbones.*" If the Walloons enter, the Bourbons shall not." The guards did not enter. Squilaci was dismissed, and order was restored. In Berlin and Russia, the inhabitants honoured the soldiers of the king in their military capacity, as the soldiers themselves honoured their commanders. In Madrid the sentinels on duty, in executing their sovereign's orders, gave way to a common citizen. As the revenues of the Crown being very limited, a few troops could be maintained. With the exception of some privileged companies, the regiments of the line were incomplete, ill paid, and undisciplined. Ecclesiastics were the only powerful militia of Spanish kings. They repressed and dispersed the riots of the populace

by the artillery of words from their altars, and by the standards of pontifical ornaments and relics.

The lofty and sterile mountains which run throughout and around Spain, were inhabited by a warlike, indomitable people, always armed to carry on their contraband traffic, and trained to repulse the regular troops of their nation, often sent in pursuit of them.

The people of Spain were almost wholly governed by the clergy. Their priests were inimical to the French, not less from patriotism than from interest. They knew well that it was intended to deprive them of their privileges, and to spoil them of their patrimony and their patronage. Their opinion involved that of the community at large. Every Spaniard regarded the public grievance as his personal quarrel. In fine, we had about as many foes to fight as the Peninsula could number inhabitants.

Other obstacles existed to deprive us of the same facilities of retaining our conquests as we possessed in the north of Germany, and of securing our communications and supplies. The mildness of their climate throughout the year being such as to permit living in the open air, and of abandoning their houses, therefore, without any hardship or regret; their mountains afforded them inaccessible retreats; the sea every where presented opportunities of escape. Besides, the numerous and terrible navy of England gave our enemy the means of increasing their strength, whether for transporting them speedily to our vulnerable points, or of giving wings to their flight, and supplying *them* with a refuge from the pursuit of our *victorious troops*.

When we broke up our cantonments in Prussia the purpose of going to Spain, we believed we were marching on an easy expedition which would be of short duration. Conquerors in Germany, never once imagined that any thing could resist. We never reflected on the unforeseen difficulties which the nature of the country so new to us, and the character of the inhabitants, might present.

Our soldiers never inquired whither they were going. If there were provisions to be had in the country they must visit, it was the only point of interest in which they regarded the geography of the world. Their world had but two divisions,—the cultivated zone where the vine grows, and the miserable region where it is unknown. Being told, at the commencement of each campaign, that they were called on to strike the last blow at the tottering power of the English, they confounded that power, under every form, with England itself. They judged of their distance from it, by the number of marches they had made. For years, from one end of the world to the other, they had been traversing this remote and visionary country, which receded as they followed. "At length," said one, "if the Desert divided us from it in Egypt, the sea at Boulogne, we shall soon reach it by land in crossing Spain."

The Elbe and the Weser being passed, we reached the left bank of the Rhine and France. When we quitted Prussia, in September 1808, the likelihood of a war with Austria had been expected for two months, and none of us doubted our march was towards the Danube. Our troops took farewell to Germany with heavy hearts, and

almost with tears—that lovely land which they had conquered—that country of war, from whence they carried so many memorials of glory, and where, at the same time, they had often known that they had made themselves beloved!

We passed through France as if it had been a country lately conquered and subdued by our arms. The Emperor Napoleon had ordained that his soldiers should be everywhere well received and entertained. Deputations from his faithful cities came to compliment us at their gates. The officers and soldiers were conducted on their arrival to splendid feasts, prepared for their reception; and on our departure the magistrates thanked us, over and above, that we had been pleased to spend in one day, the special revenue of many weeks of their municipal funds.

The soldiers of the grand army did not lose the custom in France they had contracted in Germany, of abusing sometimes the citizens and peasants with whom they were quartered. The auxiliary troops, especially, would not be convinced that they ought not to conduct themselves in France, as in an enemy's country. They told us it must be the common practice, since the French troops behaved not otherwise among them in Germany and Poland. The inhabitants of the towns and districts where we passed, bore it all with patience, and calmly waited till the armed torrent flowed past.

Our troops were composed (besides French) of Germans, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutch, and even Irish and Mamelukes. These strangers were all clad in the costume of their own countries; *they* retained their own customs, and spoke their

native languages. But notwithstanding the difference of manners which raises barriers between nations, they were easily brought, by military discipline, under one powerful hand, into one united whole. All these men wore the same cockade, and had but one cry to fight and rally.

We crossed the Seine at Paris, the Loire at Saumur, the Garonne at Bourdeaux. We enjoyed there some days rest, for the first time since we left Prussia, whilst the remainder of the army were reaching the opposite bank of the river. We travelled next through the uncultivated heaths which lie between Bourdeaux and Bayonne. The sandy soil of these solitary plains, like the moors of Prussia and Poland, did not resound under the tread of our horses, or echo back their regular and accelerated pace, to reanimate their ardour. Vast forests of cork-tree and pine bounded the horizon in the distance; and shepherds, clad in the black skins of their sheep, were observed at wide intervals, mounted on stilts, six or seven feet in height, and supported by long poles. They continued stedfast in one place, without ever losing sight of their flocks, which fed on the moors around them. When the Emperor Napoleon crossed these immense heaths, the poverty of the country could not afford the etiquette of a horse-guard of honour. His escort was a detachment of these shepherds, who marched foot for foot on their long stilts, with our horses trotting in the sand.

A few leagues beyond Bayonne we arrived at the Bidassoa, a stream which bounds France among the Pyrenees. The moment we set foot on the *Spanish territory*, an evident difference was per-



ceived in the face of the country, and the manners of the inhabitants. The narrow winding streets of their towns,—their grated windows,—their doors perpetually shut,—the stern and reserved air of all classes of inhabitants,—their suspicion of us so very generally manifested; all tended to increase that unnatural sadness which possessed every one of us on our entrance into Spain.

We saw the Emperor Napoleon pass on horseback, before he arrived at Vittoria. He was remarkable, from the simplicity of his green uniform, among the splendid dresses of his generals around him. He waved his hand particularly to each officer as he passed, as if he would have said—"I depend on you." French and Spaniards flocked around him on his way. The former beheld in him alone the fortune of the entire army. The Spaniards were intent to gather, from his aspect and carriage, what fate was awaiting their unhappy country.

About the end of October 1808, the Grand army of Germany formed a junction with the French army under the command of King Joseph in Spain. There, with surprise, we first learned from our brethren in arms, part of the events of the Peninsular war, and the details \* of those un-

\* King Joseph was at Vittoria with the general staff of his army and his guards. Marshal Moncey, with his corps of observation, was at Tafalla, watching the Spanish army of General Palafox, stationed at Sanguessa, on the frontiers of Navarre and Arragon. The troops under the command of Marshal Ney kept possession of Logrono and Guardia. The Spanish armies, commanded by Generals Castano and Palafox, about 40,000 strong, when united, lay before them in the environs of Tudela on the Ebro. Marshal Bessieres was at Miranda on the Ebro, in a po-

happy actions which had compelled Generals Duro and Junot to capitulate in Andalusia and Portugal, Marshal Moncey to raise the siege of Valencia, and the whole army, in a word, to retire and concentrate itself on the left bank of the Ebro.

Position covered by the numerous and well-mounted cavalry of General Lassalle. In falling back, he had left a garrison in the citadel of Pancorvo. Marshal Lefevre occupied Durango. The troops under Marshal Bessieres and Lefevre faced the centre and the left of the Spanish forces under Generals Belvidere and Blake. The central Spanish army, stationed at Burgos, might not amount to more than 12,000, or 14,000 men. It was to be reinforced by 26,000 English, which were on their march from Portugal and Combrunna, under Generals Moore and Sir D. Baird. This army was designed to sustain that of the left, which General Blake commanded in Biscay, and to keep the communication open with the Spanish armies in Arragon and Navarre.

The army of General Blake, although 37,000 strong, had little cavalry, and therefore dared not descend into the flat country around Miranda and Vittoria. It had abandoned its position between Ona Frias and Erron, to occupy Bilbao; and had penetrated through the mountains which separate Biscay from the province of Alva, towards Durango, as far as Zamora and Archandiano, in order to raise the country, cut off the communications, and attack the right of the army of King Joseph. The Spanish armies of Navarre and Arragon were to perform the same movement against the centre and left wing of the French, for the purpose of compelling them to fall back by way of Tolosa, or of forcing them into the defiles of Navarre towards Pampeluna. Such were the designs of the Spaniards, and the situation of affairs, when Napoleon took the command of the armies in that country.

The army of General Blake was attacked on the 31st of October, near Durango, by the corps of Marshal Lefevre. He repulsed it, and entered Bilbao the day following. Marshal Victor's corps, which was to form along with that of Lefevre, the right of our army, moved on the 1st of November from Vittoria toward Orduña.

## CHAPTER II.

**DURING** the night of November 8th, the Imperial quarters were removed from Vittoria to Miranda. Next day the whole army of the centre, of which our hussars formed a part, commenced its march under the command of Napoleon himself. We were to make a determined attempt upon Burgos, where the centre of the Spaniards was stationed, then, by a rapid advance, to menace the flanks of their right and left in Biscay, and towards the frontiers of Navarre and Arragon. We wished to prevent these troops, if they retired, from concentrating themselves at Madrid; and to destroy their communications, by throwing ourselves on their rear, if they offered any resistance.

To effect this, our army of the right, composed of the troops under Marshals Victor and Lefevre, were to prosecute their march against the army of Blake, who, having been repulsed from Durango and Valmeceda, was now retiring upon Espinosa. Our army of the left, commanded by Marshals Lannes and Moncey, remained in the neighbourhood of Logrono and Tafalla, waiting only for the result of the action, which we confidently expected at Burgos, to ascend the Ebro, and march towards Saragossa.

the evening of the 9th, the Imperial quarters taken up at Breviesca. The army, commanded by the Emperor, was cantoned in the neighbourhood of the town. The inhabitants of the country had all fled to the mountains when approached. At daybreak of the 10th, Marshal Soult, with a division of infantry, went to reconnoitre the positions of the enemy in the direction of Burgos. On arriving at the village of Gall, he was met with a discharge of thirty pieces of cannon. The French received it as the signal for attack. Marshal Soult, without waiting for the rest of our army which followed, instantly engaged and broke the Walloons and Spanish battalions who formed the enemy's principal strength. Marshal Bessieres then arriving with the cavalry, successfully attacked the wings, completed their destruction, and entered Burgos pell-mell with his light troops.

At the whole army, our brigade of hussars alone was not engaged. Our cantonment was an out-of-the-way place, about two leagues\* from Breviesca. Our adjutant, whose duty it was to bring us our orders to march, went astray, from not having a map; and we only set out at nine in the morning to follow the army. The whole day we pursued the same track, without suspecting what had happened in the forenoon. When night approached, we discerned at a great distance the fires of the advanced guard. Notwithstanding the darkness, we perceived, by the motion of our horses, that they were in the act of passing a field of battle. They now and then they slackened their pace,

\* A French league is about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  English miles.

and lifted their feet cautiously, as if afraid of doing injury to the inanimate dead who lay below. Sometimes they would stop for a moment, and, bending their heads, would smell with evident terror the carcasses of the horses that had been killed.

Burgos was completely deserted by its inhabitants. That large city was one vast solitude when our troops arrived there after the battle, and it was at once given up to be pillaged. In the quarter where we entered, the confused hum of voices, and the noise of the soldiers going hither and thither, seeking provisions and cooking utensils in the forsaken houses, were heard every where around us. To afford light to themselves, they carried in their hands immense waxen tapers, which they found in the neighbouring convents. In a distant part of the city, less resorted to by our soldiers, the hollow mournful moanings of the sick and aged were heard, who, too feeble for flight, had taken refuge in a church, where they were crowded together in heaps. They awaited there the death which they believed approaching, repeating their prayers with their clergy. The glass windows of the church were dimly lighted with sacred lamps. The Spaniards, in the full confidence that they would obtain a great victory over us, had collected immense quantities of wool to take to the south of France. We passed through the enormous packs, built up like two lofty walls on either side, which they confidently expected to take with them along with the baggage of their troops. It was but one hour to midnight when we arrived at the place where we were appointed to bivouac, on the banks of the Arlanzon. At daybreak we saw, in the shallow rivers which

ran near us, the corpses of some Spanish soldiers and monks, who had been killed in the battle of the preceding day.

On the 11th, at sunrise, our troop of light cavalry commenced to explore the country up the Arlanzon. We discovered at a distance, as we proceeded up the river, bands of the townsmen and peasantry skulking behind the heights, or among the precipices of the opposite banks. Often we perceived their heads from time to time raised above the brushwood, to observe if we were past.

Some of our flankers fell in with a few poor nuns, who had abandoned Burgos during the battle of the preceding day. These sisters, some of whom had never been beyond their own cloisters, had fled in their terror as far as they had strength to go, and had come to hide themselves in the thickets adjoining the river. They were scattered about when they first saw us at a distance; but they ran together on our approach, and kept kneeling close beside each other, muffled in their cloaks, and their heads bent to the ground. One of them, who seemed to possess more courage than the rest, stood up, and placed herself before her companions. Her appearance indicated sincerity and dignity, and the calm stillness of despair. As the soldiers passed before her, while she touched the beads of her rosary, she addressed to them these three words, all she knew of our language, "*Bonjours, Messieurs Français,*" as if claiming their protection. These poor nuns were suffered to remain in peace.

We spent four days in a town about four leagues from Burgos, the name of which I never learned, *as we found no person at whom to inquire.* The

Imperial quarters continued at Burgos till the 22d. That town was the centre of all the military operations, and from thence it was easy to hold communications with the different corps in Biscay and Arragon, to attend to their movements, and to reinforce them if required.

The day after the engagement at Burgos, several detachments were sent in pursuit of the enemy, to annihilate an army which one victory had easily dispersed, but still could not have entirely destroyed. Ten thousand cavalry, with twenty pieces of light artillery, were despatched with all haste by way of Placencia, Leon, and Zamora, to fall behind the English army, which was believed to be at Valladolid. Marshal Soult placed himself on the rear of the Spanish army of the left, by Villarcayo and Reynosa. A division of infantry proceeded by a near route, to take possession of the passes of the mountains of Saint Ander. These troops saw no more of the enemy, notwithstanding the rapidity of their march. Since the affair at Durango, the army of General Blake had in vain attempted to rally successively at Guenes and Valmaceda. Pursued by Marshal Victor in the direction of Espinosa, by Marshal Lefevre in that of Villarcayo, after two days hard fighting, it was at last completely overthrown on the 6th of November at Espinosa.

The Spanish armies of the centre and left having now been overcome in every direction, it was only necessary to disperse their right, in order to march upon Madrid. For this purpose, the corps of Marshal Ney was despatched from Burgos, *through* Lerma and Aranda, with instructions first *to ascend the Douro, then to descend in the dis-*

of the Ebro, and take Generals Castano and Palafox in the rear, who were speedily to be met in front by our army of the left, under Generals Lannes and Moncey. This army of the left occupied Logrono and Tafalla, and were preparing again to descend the Ebro.

On the 15th of November, our brigade of hus- sars proceeded to Lerma to reinforce the army of Marshal Ney, with which it was henceforth to be permanently attached. On the 16th, Marshal Ney went from Lerma to Aranjuez. The inhabitants on our approach, uniformly abandoned their homes, and carried with them to the distant mountains their most precious effects. That solitude and desolation which conquering armies usually leave behind them, seemed universally to have attended us.

On approaching the deserted cities and villages hostile, we no longer perceived the wreaths of smoke incessantly rising in the air, and forming a dark atmosphere above these populous and well fortified towns. Instead of the continual noise and hum of living beings, no sounds were heard in the walls but the tolling of bells announcing the flight of time, whose progress we could not retard, and the hoarse groaning of the winds hovering around the elevated spires. The churches, now empty, served for the most part only to reverberate the deep-toned drums, or the shrill whistles, in heavy echoes of discordancy. Our lodgings were speedily appointed. Each regiment occupied a quarter, every company a street, according to the size of the town. A few days after our arrival, our soldiers were as much



river. I came upon them so suddenly, that I had time to assure them by signs of their safety before my detachment came up. I made the interpreter, who accompanied me, inquire which was the direct road from Almazan to Agrida. The only man among them, an aged clergyman, replied, that we were more than four leagues distant, and directed us to the proper road on the opposite bank of the river. We passed through a succession of villages and hamlets, inhabited only by men, and came at last to the place we intended.

The person who acted as my interpreter was a Flemish deserter, that had been forced, from hunger and the dread of being murdered by the peasants, to surrender himself after the action at Burgos. We had surnamed him Blanco, because he had wrapped his body in the white habit of a Dominican Friar, which he had got from the Hussars, covering his old and tattered uniform of the Walloon guards, and defending himself from the cold. To crown the whole, he had shielded his head with the huge hat of that religious order. In the inhabited villages we passed through, the people seeing him marching on foot before us, conceived he was a true monk, whom we had compelled to bear us company. They saluted the reverend father most profoundly, lamented his unhappy fate, and every body gave him money. Delighted with his honours, he would not abandon his lucrative costume, even when he had it in his power.

We wandered for want of a guide, and marched for nine hours in a road of only four leagues. The difficulty of procuring guides was constantly occurring, because we found no inhabitants wherever we went. The same evening our regiment receiv-

lers to leave Almazan. We marched a night day nearly, without stopping, and rejoined corps of Marshal Ney, just as he entered a by the road from Soria. The infantry quartered in the town. The light cavalry went to cover the position of the army a league on, in the road to Cascante. We believed us to be close on the rear of the left wing Spanish troops.

The city of Agrida was without a living soul. The commander of our troops could find no guide, we were obliged once more to use our march of the cantonment appointed us. Night on, and we were not long of losing our way in the passes of the mountains. Deceived by thick mists in which we were enveloped, we had ourselves every moment on the brink of yawning precipice. Every hundred paces of march we halted, whilst the foremost of the men explored the path among the rocks, almost going with their hands. Then, for a long time, the deep stillness of the night, no sounds were but the shiverings of the horses, the heavy stamp of their feet, and the champing of their bits; their impatience to be stabled. We had dismounted, and were marching in file, listening and talking from one to another the warnings of bad roads and precipices,—speaking in an under tone we might not give the alarm to a body of men, whose half-extinguished fires we perceived on the far side of the ravine. We knew not whether they were friends or foes, but an attack of men, in our present situation, would have been probably fatal.

*In this manner we passed the most of the night,*

marching and countermarching continually. A little before daybreak the moon rose, and we found ourselves much about where we were when darkness overtook us. We were at the bottom of a narrow valley, and in sight of the little village where we should have bivouacked. For thirty hours we had been on the march. Thus, the impossibility of obtaining guides, exposed us to a thousand unexpected and unheard of difficulties at every step of our progress. In these thinly peopled districts, where every person was against us, we scarcely found an individual to give us the least account of the enemy, either true or false.

We were apprised, but too late, that the army of Generals Castanos and Palafox had been completely routed at Tudela on the 23d. If we had arrived one day sooner at Agrida, the dispersed columns of Spaniards who were retreating to Madrid, would have been intercepted by us, and made prisoners in that city.

Our army of the left, whose movement we should have seconded, had concentrated itself on the 22d at the bridge of Lodosa. On the 23d, the Spanish army of the right was descried between the villages of Tudela and Cascante, drawn up in order of battle, a full league in extent. Marshal Lannes, with a division of infantry marching in close column, drove in the centre of the enemy's line. General Lefevre's cavalry immediately rushed into the breach, and by a lateral movement, surrounded the right wing of the Spaniards. Broken in one point, they could no longer manœuvre. They retreated in disorder, leaving 30 pieces of cannon, a great number of prisoners, and many dead on the field of battle.

Since the retreat of King Joseph over the Ebro

in the month of July, the Spaniards had mustered so mighty a confidence in their own strength, that their concern when they had to contend with us, was not so much how to make the best resistance, or to secure their retreat in case of a reverse, as fear lest any of the French should escape them. They prejudged the event of the combat, by their ardent desire to overcome and annihilate their foes. Unskilled in the science of war, ignorant of manœuvring, and only afraid they could not extend their columns soon enough to surround us; they drew themselves up in long lines of no depth, in plains where our cavalry and superior tactics gave us every advantage. This order of battle, injudicious even for well-disciplined troops, deprived these Spaniards of the ability to support with speed the points threatened by our columns, or of concentrating themselves to resist our solid masses. In Biscay and the Asturias, our troops had received more opposition, because they had there to contend in a mountainous country, where local difficulties and individual courage may sometimes baffle the skill of military science. Before they could reach Reinosa, they had to contend for victory at Durango, Zornosa, Guenes, Valmaceda, and last at Espinosa.

At that time not a Frenchman doubted that the fate of Spain would be decided by these rapid victories. We believed, and so did all Europe, that we had only now to march to Madrid, to complete the subjugation of Spain, and the organization of the country *a la maniere française*; or in other words, to increase our means of further conquest by all the resources of our *vanquished enemies*. We had been accustomed to

see no force but the military, in the countries where we had hitherto waged war. The spirit which inspired the citizens we counted a mere nothing.

On the 26th of November, Marshal Ney's corps proceeded towards Borja, by way of Cascante. General Maurice Mathieu, with a single division, took the same route a day earlier, and made several prisoners on the march. On the 27th we arrived at Alagon, a small town about four leagues distant from Saragossa, whose numerous spires we discerned at a distance.

The Arragonese, by no means disheartened by the late reverses of fortune, had determined to defend themselves in the city of Saragossa. They had not been able to surround it with regular fortifications, but they had converted every dwelling into a separate fortress: and every convent, every house required a special assault. These kinds of fortifications are of all others perhaps best calculated to prolong a siege.

Palafox with ten thousand men, whom he had preserved from the battle at Tudela, had thrown himself into the place. These identical soldiers of the army of Arragon, whom we had already vanquished in the open field almost without effort, as citizens, within the compass of this principal city, resisted us nearly a whole year.

Fifty thousand peasants rose in arms for the defence of Saragossa. From every quarter they threw themselves into the town, even through the midst of our victorious columns. They had no other fear but of arriving too late, where their hearts and their country called them. "We have been shielded for ages," they said, "by the Virgin de Pillar, mighty in miracles. We flocked in

in happier times, making pilgrimages to  
ine, to implore a blessing on our harvests ;  
all we now leave her altars defenceless ? ”

character of the Spaniards of these provin-  
s no parallel of resemblance with the other  
s of Europe. Patriotism is with them ano-  
ame for religion, as it was among the an-  
where no people despaired, or confessed  
elves subdued, as long as they could pre-  
the altars of their patron deities unharmed.  
acred ensigns of Jupiter Capitolinus, dis-  
in battle, led the Romans to victory. Af-  
days of chivalry, when modern armies were  
organized like those of Rome, the religious  
ent which bound the Roman soldier to his  
rd, was compensated among regular troops  
principle of honour. The military point of  
r has made the armies disciplined on this  
le attain to excellence. But it is patriot-  
one, either religious or political, that can  
nations invincible.

people of Spain were actuated only by religi-  
triotism. They had no practical knowledge of  
cipline, or of the science of war. They soon  
oned their colours when defeated. They did  
nk themselves bound to maintain their promise  
enemy. But they had only one interest, and  
mmon sentiment,—to avenge, by every possi-  
pedient, the injuries their country sustained.  
long others, one of the insurgent peasants of  
on, was seized by our scouts : He was arm-  
ly with a musket, and was driving an ass be-  
im, which carried a stock of several months'  
ions. The officer who commanded the van-

guard, pitied the poor fellow, and commanded his deliverance, making signs that he might fly to the mountains. The peasant took the hint; but the moment he was at liberty he loaded his gun, returned to our ranks, and took aim at his deliverer. The ball happily missed. This Spanish peasant hoped to die a martyr, for killing, as he falsely thought, one of our principal leaders. At the halt he was brought before the Colonel of the regiment. Out of curiosity we surrounded him. One of our hussars, by a particular action, having persuaded him he was to be shot, he instantly fell on his knees, prayed to God and the Virgin Mary, and courageously awaited death. He was raised up, and sent at night to head-quarrers. If these men had known how to fight as they knew how to die, we would not have passed the Pyrenees so easily.

Marshal Lannes, with his corps d'armée, remained in Arragon to carry on the siege of Saragossa. The force under Marshal Ney continued, by rapid marches, to pursue the broken fragments of Castanos's army, which were retreating towards Guadalaxara and Madrid. Our van-guard, on the 28th, cut to pieces the rear-guard of the Spaniards in attempting to secure the pass of Buvierca on the Xalon.

The forced marches of our army were often prolonged after night-fall; and then, in passing nigh the squadrons of Italians, Germans, and French, we could hear them singing their national airs, to forget their fatigues, and recall, in a distant and hostile land, recollections of their native country.

When the night was far advanced, the army staid in the environs of deserted towns and villages, and then we found ourselves in want of every thing. But the soldiers were soon spread over

every quarter to forage, and in less than an hour they had transferred what yet remained in the houses of the neighbourhood to their bivouac. Around large fires lighted at intervals, were then to be seen all the apparatus of military cookery. On one side, some were constructing barracks in great expedition, with planks thatched with leaves for want of straw. Others were erecting tents by adjusting over four stakes pieces of cloth found in the empty houses. Here and there, ornamenting the ground, were scattered sheep-skins newly flayed, guitars, pitchers, wine-vessels, monks' habits, and garments of all forms and colours. In this spot troopers were sleeping quietly all armed beside their horses. Farther on, amid piles of arms, foot-soldiers danced to the strains of barbarous music, grotesquely disguised with women's clothes.

When the army departed, the peasants descended from the neighbouring heights, and came from their hiding places in every direction, as if they had risen from the bowels of the earth. They hastened homeward to their houses. Our soldiers could not stray an inch from the road, or halt a single step behind the columns, without running the risk of being instantly despatched by the revengeful mountaineers. We dared not here, as we did every where in Germany, form detached patrols, or send our sick without escort to the hospitals. Those of the infantry who were unable to march, followed their divisions mounted on asses. In their left hands they held their firelocks, and in the right their bayonets in place of spurs. Like the fiery steeds of ancient Numidia, these docile animals had neither saddles nor bridles.



## CHAPTER III.

ON the 1st of December, we took up our night's quarters in a village about a league north of Guadalupe. Billets were assigned us, and we were about to disband, to scatter ourselves up and down in our cantonment, when we were informed that some foot-soldiers of the enemy were observed flying at a distance. They appeared difficult to come at; and a few of the youngest of the troop, obtaining leave of the colonel, commenced, for the fun of the thing, to pursue them. I marked particularly as my prize, one who ran more quickly than his fellows. He wore an azure-coloured uniform, whose brilliant colour made me take him for an officer.

When he saw that he could not escape, he stopped, and waited for me behind a ditch he had cleared with dexterity. I believed he was then taking aim to fire at me; but on coming within twenty yards, he dropped his arms, doffed his hat, and with most humble reverences, in suitable attitudes, said to me, over and over—"I have the honour to salute you, Master; Master, I am your very humble servant." I stood, not less amazed at his comical appearance, than at hearing him *speak French*. I relieved him from his fears, by *saying he would sustain no injury*. He told me

was a native of Toulouse, and a professor of fencing; that he had been made to stand a night in the pillory, to compel him to wear uniform and serve in the regiment of Ferdinand VII., when the general levy took place in Aragon; which, as he said, was altogether unbecoming to his gentle disposition. I told him to go to the village where our regiment was quartered, since he did not think proper to obey. Another Frenchman was made prisoner, who was son of the principal magistrate in the town of Pau in France. He was suffered to escape a few days afterwards, lest his Spanish uniform, and the arms he carried, should have been recompensed at the same time with a *coup de fusil*.

Continued along by the pleasure of my ramble, and with the aid of my horse, I ascended first one hill, then another, crossed a torrent, and, after a smart ride of half an hour, arrived at a large village, where I entered. The inhabitants perceiving my resistance, were terrified that I might be followed by numbers. The alarm soon spread, and commenced in an instant to secure all their arms, by barricading, as usual, the door towards the street, and escaping over the walls of the court-yard. Seeing that I was alone, they ventured out by one, and came to the market-place, where I had halted. I heard several men repeat, with emphasis, the word *matar*; which I concluded, as I did not understand Spanish, might be the word for expressing their wonder at the sight of a stranger. I learned afterwards that the expression means "kill him." These Spaniards were not quite so peaceful as the inhabitants of

the German plains, where a single French soldier could govern a city. When I saw the crowd increasing, and the agitation becoming greater, I began to fear they would seize hold of me, and deliver me to the enemy. I put spurs to my horse, and retired to a small eminence behind the village, whither the men and women quickly followed. I then began to curvet my horse, and made him leap several times over a low wall and ditch behind me, to show that I was not afraid, and could easily escape if I wished. It being the first time since we passed the Ebro that I had seen a village completely inhabited, and, above all, by females, I staid from curiosity; and returning to my eminence, I made signs with the scabbard of my sabre, that none of them, for they again approached me, should come nearer than ten paces. I then endeavoured to make them understand that my horse wanted something to eat. The inhabitants, muffled in their cloaks, looked at me in silent astonishment. They maintained, however, all the while, that characteristic gravity, and dignity of look and manner, which distinguish Castilians of every age and rank. They appeared to regard a stranger with profound contempt, for his ignorance of their language.

When I saw there was no chance of being understood, I attempted some words of Latin. We often found that language useful in Spain, in making ourselves understood by the clergy, who, in general, speak it tolerably well. A young student then left the crowd, and returned a few moments afterwards with the village schoolmaster. This personage was so happy to speak Latin, and to inform me how he had arrived at such a high degree

of knowledge, that he enabled me to procure every thing I wanted, and I departed soon after. So early as next morning, when our regiment passed through the same village, it was completely deserted. I lost my way in the dark in returning to our cantonment, and it was midnight before I rejoined my companions.

Next day, December 2d, we removed our quarters to the neighbourhood of Alcala de Henares. On our way we fell in with a squadron of Polish lancers, which Marshal Bessieres had despatched from St Augustin to reconnoitre in the direction of Guadalaxara. They informed us that the advanced guard of the central army had reached Madrid. Our distance from it was not less than three leagues.

The Emperor Napoleon had left Burgos for Aranda on the 22d November, to direct the movements of his army of the left on the Ebro, against the right of the Spaniards, and to sustain them, if assistance should be requisite. On the 29th November, seven days after the action at Tudela, he had marched the army of the centre against Madrid in the direction of the Castiles. The corps of Marshal Soult remained in the Asturias, to watch the remains of the Spanish army of Galicia. On the 30th, at day-break, the advanced guard of the Emperor's army arrived at the foot of the mountain Somo Sierra. The Puerto, or pass of this mountain, was defended by a force of from twelve to fifteen thousand Spaniards, and a battery of sixteen pieces of cannon. Three regiments of infantry of our first division, and six pieces of cannon, commenced the attack. The Polish lancers of the guard then scoured the pass, and carried

the enemy's battery by storm. The Spaniards, unable to resist Napoleon, fled on every side, and took refuge among the rocks. The Imperial headquarters were taken up, on the 1st of December, at St Augustin. The corps of Marshal Ney, to which our regiment belonged, came by Guadalajara and Alcala the same day to join the army of the Emperor.

On the morning of December 2d, Napoleon, with his cavalry alone, went in advance of the army, and arrived on the heights that overlook the Spanish capital. Instead of the regularity usually exhibited in fortified cities, where every event of war is provided for,—in place of that silence which is only broken by the deep prolonged sounds of “Sentry, have a care!” by which the sentinels on the ramparts keep awake each other's vigilance; there was heard only the continual pealing of the bells of the six hundred churches of Madrid, and at intervals the loud uproar of the rabble, and the furious beating of drums.

The inhabitants of Madrid never thought of defence till eight days before the arrival of the French, and all their preparations displayed inexperience and haste. They had placed their artillery behind temporary ramparts and barricadoes, or had erected hasty fortifications by piling together bales of wool and cotton. The windows of the houses at the entrance of the principal streets, were occupied by soldiers screened behind mattresses. The only place fortified with any care was the Retiro, a royal castle seated on the eminence which commands the capital. According to custom, an *aid-de-camp* of Marshal Bessieres was sent in the morning to summon Madrid. He was within a

readth of being torn to peices by the inhabitants, because he had proposed their surrender to the French, and he only escaped by the clemency he experienced from the regular Spaniards.

The evening of that day was spent by the English reconnoitering around the city, and arranging his plan of attack. At seven o'clock in the evening, the advanced columns of infantry arrived, a brigade of the first corps, supported by four pieces of artillery, marched against the suburbs. The tirailleurs of the 16th regiment, dislodged the Spaniards from some advances, made themselves masters of the principal ground. The night was occupied in reorganizing the artillery, and making the necessary preparations for an attack next day.

A Spanish officer, taken at Somo Sierra was sent to the Prince of Neufchatel, at midnight, into the city. He returned, some hours after, with the information that the inhabitants were still determined to resist. The cannonade, therefore, commenced on the morning of the 3d, at 9 o'clock.

Twenty pieces of cannon, under the command of General Cenarmont, battered down a breach in the wall of the Retiro, whilst twenty pieces of artillery of the guard, and some light troops, made a simultaneous attack in another direction, to divert the attention and divide the strength of the enemy. A light company of Vilatte's division entered by a breach into the garden of the Retiro, and were supported by their battalion. In less than an hour the 4000 Spanish troops of the line, who held that principal post, were overpowered. At seven o'clock, our soldiers were already in

possession of the important posts of the observatory, the porcelain manufactory, the head barracks, and the palace of Medina Cœli. Masters of all the Retiro, we could have burned Madrid in a few hours.

The cannonade then ceased to be heard. In every quarter, the further progress of the troops was arrested, and a third time a messenger was despatched to hold a parley with the place. It was of no small importance to the Emperor to spare the capital of the kingdom he designed for his brother. It is possible to settle a camp, but not a court, amidst ruins. Madrid reduced to ashes, might have stimulated, by its example, every other city of the kingdom to a desperate resistance. The French armies would also have been deprived of vast resources by its destruction.

In the afternoon, about five o'clock, the French envoy returned, accompanied by General Morla, the chief of the military junto; and Don B. Yriarte, deputed from the town. They were conducted to the tent of the Prince de Neufchatel. They requested that a suspension of arms during the 4th might be granted them, that they might have time to induce the people to surrender. The Emperor assumed the appearance of great anger, reproached them for having failed in fulfilling the terms of the treaty of Baylen, and for the massacre of the French prisoners in Andalusia. It was his wish to terrify, by this pretended wrath, the Spanish deputies; that on returning, they might impart the contagion of their fear to those who obeyed their orders. He was most anxious that the surrender of Madrid should have the appearance of *being* voluntary. It was believed that the example

of the capital would then be followed by the whole of Spain.

In the mean time, the townsmen refused to lay down their arms, and still continued to fire on the French from the windows of the houses which surround the Prado promenade. We were informed by the prisoners that were pouring in continually, what fear and phrenzy were reigning throughout the city. Fifty thousand armed citizens were ranging about the streets without discipline, disorderly, calling for orders, and accusing their governors of treason. The Captain-General, Marquis de Castellar, and all the military men of any note, abandoned Madrid with the troops of the line, and six pieces of cannon, during the night. At six o'clock in the morning of the 4th of December, General Morla and Don F. de Vera came again to the tent of Prince Neufchatel, and at ten o'clock *a. m.*, the French soldiers took possession of Madrid.

The Emperor remained with his guard encamped on the hill of Chamartin. The very day Madrid was taken, he sent numerous detachments in all directions, according to his usual plan of military operations, that the enemy might have no time to recover; and to take advantage of the surprise and panic, which seldom fail, after great events, to double the conqueror's strength, while they paralyze that of the conquered. Marshal Bessieres, with six squadrons, pursued, in the road to Valencia, the Spanish army of General la Penna. This force was compelled by General Ruffin's division of infantry, and General Bordesoult's brigade of dragoons, to turn back towards Cuença. *The corps of Marshal Victor went by way of*



Aranjuez to Toledo. The cavalry of Generals Lasalle and Milhaud went in pursuit of the scattered troops repulsed at Somo Sierra, and those that had escaped from Madrid. General Houssaye entered the Escorial.

Our regiment of hussars had been stationed around Alcala since the 2d of December, about three leagues from Madrid. On the 5th, we were ordered to appear early at the Imperial quarters, for the purpose of being reviewed. We had not arrived many minutes, in a plain near the Chateau de Chamartin, when we saw Napoleon suddenly make his appearance. He was attended by the Prince de Neufchatel, and five or six aides-de-camp, who could scarcely keep up with him, he rode so fast. All the trumpets sounded. The Emperor halted about a hundred paces from the front of the centre of our regiment, and demanded from the Colonel the list of the officers, subalterns, and privates, who had merited military honours. The Colonel of the regiment having quickly called them by name, Napoleon addressed a few words familiarly to some of the common soldiers who were presented to him ; but, turning again to the General who commanded our brigade, he put two or three short questions to him hurriedly. The General not replying very concisely, Napoleon turned his horse without hearing him finish his speech, and took his departure as unexpectedly and swiftly as he had arrived.

The review being over, we prepared to enter Madrid. A heavy silence had succeeded that confusion and uproar which had reigned within and without the walls of the capital only the day before. The streets through which we entered were de-

sorted ; and even in the market-place, the numerous shops of the venders of necessities still remained shut. The water-carriers were the only people of the town who had not interrupted their usual avocations. They moved about uttering their cries with the nasal drawling tone, peculiar to their native mountains of Galicia, " Quien quiere agua ? " Who wants water ? No purchasers made their appearance ; the waterman muttered to himself sorrowfully, " Dios que la da " — " It is God's gift," and cried again.

As we advanced into the heart of the city, we perceived groups of Spaniards standing at the corner of a square, where they had formerly been in the habit of assembling in great numbers. They stood muffled in their capacious cloaks, regarding us with a sullen dejected aspect. Their national pride could scarcely let them credit, that any other than Spanish soldiers could have beaten Spaniards. If they happened to perceive among our ranks a horse which had once belonged to their cavalry, they soon distinguished him by his pace, and awakening from their apathy, would whisper together, " Este cavallo es Espagnol " — " That's a Spanish horse ; " as if they had discovered the sole cause of our success.

We passed quite through Madrid. Our regiment proceeded to canton for sixteen days at Ce-  
volla, near the Tagus, in the direction of Talavera. We returned again on the 19th of December, to form part of the garrison of Madrid. The inhabitants in and around the capital, had by that time recovered from their astonishment. The sight of the French had, by degrees, become familiar to

them. The strictest discipline was observed by the army ; and tranquillity, at least in appearance, prevailed as much as in time of peace.

On entering Madrid in the morning by the gate of Toledo, or the Place de la Cenada, where the market is held, nothing is more striking than the confused mass of people from the country and the provinces, who, variously clad, are arriving and departing, going and coming. There, a Castilian draws around him with dignity the folds of his ample cloak, like a Roman Senator in his toga. Here a cowherd from La Mancha, with his long goad in his hand, clad in a kilt of ox-skin, whose antique shape bears some resemblance to the tunic worn by the Roman and Gothic warriors. Farther on, may be seen men with their hair confined in long nets of silk. Others, wearing a kind of short brown vest, striped with blue and red, conveying the idea of the Moorish garb. The men who wear this dress come from Andalusia. They are remarkable from their lively black eyes, their rapid utterance, and expressive animated countenances. At the corners of the streets and places of resort, are to be seen women preparing refreshments for all those who have no permanent abode in Madrid.

On arriving, we observed long trains of mules, laden with skins, containing wine and oil ; and large droves of asses under the care of one person, speaking to them incessantly. We were met by carriages, also, drawn by eight or ten mules, ornamented with small bells. A single coachman guided them either at trot or gallop with wondrous dexterity, making no use of reins, and urging them forward with his voice alone, shouting most ac-

vagely. These mules are trained all to stop the same instant by one long shrill whistle. They might be mistaken for teams of stags or elks, by their long taper legs, the height of their stature, and the bold lofty carriage of their heads. The shouts of the coach-drivers and muleteers,—the constant chiming of the bells of the churches,—the various dresses of the men,—the more than sufficient display of southern energy displayed by their gestures and loud sonorous cries in a language we did not understand,—their manners so unlike our own; all contributed to give to the Spanish capital a most strange appearance to people accustomed to the quietness with which all is done in the north. We were the more struck with it, because Madrid was the first large city we found peopled since we entered Spain.

At the hour of the Siesta, and more particularly in summer, during the heat of the day, all this uproar ceased, and the whole city resigned itself to sleep. The only sound then heard in the streets, was the echo of the trampling of the horses of some of our troops of cavalry, returning from or going their rounds, or the drum of some detachment of infantry about to mount the solitary guard. That very drum had already beaten the march and the charge in Alexandria, in Cairo, in Rome, and almost in every city of Europe from Königsberg to Madrid.

Our regiment continued nearly a whole month in the Spanish capital. I staid with an old man of an illustrious name, who lived alone with his daughter. He went regularly twice a day to mass, and once to the Place del Sol, to hear the news. *On returning, he seated himself in his parlour,*

where he spent the whole day doing nothing. Sometimes he would light a cigar, and puff away, in smoke, his weariness and his woes. He seldom spoke, and I never saw him laugh. He exclaimed only at intervals of half an hour, with a heavy sigh, "Ay Jesus!" His daughter constantly replied in the same words, and both were again silent.

Every day my entertainers were visited by a priest, the holy father of the household, who was as assiduous in his attentions as physicians in some countries are to their patients. He wore a flax-coloured wig to conceal his priestly tonsure, and was dressed like an ordinary citizen, always insinuating, that he dared not wear his sacerdotal habit for fear of being assassinated in the streets by the French. This unnecessary deception was solely designed to increase the bitter animosity which already existed against us.

Notwithstanding the appearance of most profound tranquillity reigning in the capital, our regiment were always prepared to mount instantly; and, as if we had been an advanced post, with the enemy before us, our horses never were unsaddled. It was indeed reported, that eleven hundred Spanish desperadoes remained concealed in the city when it capitulated, waiting only a favourable opportunity to raise the inhabitants in arms, and put every Frenchman to the sword.

Amid the plaudits of victory resounded by our bulletins, we could not help entertaining a feeling of perplexed uncertainty about the very advantages we had obtained. It was observed by some one, that our conquests lay above volcanoes. The Emperor Napoleon did not make a public entry into Madrid, as he had done into other European

als. The forms of etiquette under which he acted himself towards his brother Joseph, whom he already considered an independent sovereign, prevented him from observing this ceremony. Contently encamped with his guard on the heights of Chamartin, he daily prescribed decrees to Spain, requiring that submission which it was natural to expect would soon be effected by the terror of our successes.

The thundering proclamations, issued by the emperor, announced his triumphs to astonished people, and gave cause to dread a terrible destiny to such places of the Peninsula as persevered in their resistance. And yet the several provinces of Spain displayed no promptitude in taking steps to propitiate the implacable conqueror, to avert the death-blow they had reason to dread. None offered to lay at Napoleon's feet, with the usual homage, those obsequious panegyrics to which other countries had accustomed him. Declarations from the city of Madrid, and the Alcaldes of the places occupied by our troops, alone came to represent submissions extorted by fear, at the Imperial quarters of Chamartin. The heads of twelve hundred select families in Madrid being summoned, also appeared to take the oath of fidelity to Joseph. But it was even said, that the very priests, before whom they swore on the Gospels, given them plenary indulgence some time before every oath of subjection they might take to their conquerors.

The declarations made by the French authorities, that they came to reduce the religious orders, to abolish the Inquisition, far from placing us in

the light of saviours, tended only to exasperate that bitter hatred which the clergy and their numerous zealots already bore us. The friars of all classes who had been exiled from their convents, spread themselves over the country, and wherever they went, preached against us. Disguising, by a holy zeal, their resentment for the recent loss of their wealth, they endeavoured by every means in their power to stimulate the people against the French. The priests protested warmly, that it was against strangers alone that the Inquisition was upheld; and that, without it, the principles of religion would long since have been as completely ruined in Spain, as for more than twenty years they had now been in France.

For a century past, the Inquisition had indeed been greatly ameliorated. It no longer was the terror of Spaniards; and some intelligent individuals had even gone so far as to consider it essential to a feeble government, for restraining the multitude, and curbing the power of the inferior clergy. The poor began to reflect where they would have to go in seasons of scarcity, for that sustenance they had been accustomed to receive every day at the gates of the convent.

A religious nation like this, which supposed its establishments had always existed, could not conceive how they should ever terminate. In the times of their misfortune, therefore, every change effected by an enemy appeared downright impiety.

## CHAPTER IV.

SOME days after Madrid surrendered, while our regiment was quartered at Cevolla on the Tagus, I received orders to carry an open despatch to Marshal Lefevre from General Lasalle, who lay in our front at Talavera. Marshal Lefevre was to read the despatch, and then forward it to the Prince of Neufchatel. At Maquedar I met Marshal Lefevre, as the sun went down, just arriving from Casa Rubios. To save his own aides-de-camp, he commanded me to prosecute the journey myself, and deliver at the Imperial quarters the letters I had in charge. Requiring to ride post, I mounted a *requisition*-mule, which the staff-major made the Alcaid of the place provide for me.

I was soon on my way, in a dismal night, on a huge obstinate mule, whose mane somebody had shorn; preceded by a Spanish peasant, on a mule that matched my own. When we had gone about a league, my guide allowed himself to fall, and his beast started at the gallop, to return, I suppose, to the village. Thinking the poor fellow had fainted by the violence of his fall, I alighted to render him assistance. In vain I sought for him, where I imagined he had fallen; the rogue had slipped into the thick brushwood, and disappeared. I



got on my mule again, not too sure of my road. The wicked animal, no longer hearing its companion, would now go neither one way nor another. The more I spurred him, the more he kicked. My blows, abuses, and French menaces, only enraged him. I did not know his name, and was not then even aware that every Spanish mule has one; or that, to make any progress, I should have said, "Get on, mule; go on, Captain; get along, Arragonese," &c. Dismounting to tighten the girth of my timber saddle, the passionate animal sprung to a side, struck me on the breast a blow which knocked me to the ground, and then turned into a side-path. As soon as I recovered, I pursued him with all my might, directed by the noise my stirrups made on the stones, my saddle having turned round. After running half a league I found my saddle, from which the mule had disencumbered himself. I took it on my back, and soon after entered a large village, where the van-guard of one of Lefevre's brigades had arrived. I made the Alcaid give me a horse, and again took the road, with especial care to keep close to my guide.

There was no French garrison in the place where I next changed horses. The master of the post-house, a lively, fresh old man, opened the door to me himself. He awoke a postilion, and directed him to saddle an old horse, whose crooked fore-legs could scarcely bear his weight. I uttered some threats against the postmaster, and, raising my voice, signified which horse I wished to ride. The old fellow was not to be frightened; but, with a mildness which allayed my passion in a moment, took me by the hand, and, making a sign

p quiet, he showed me thirty or forty peas-  
sleep among a heap of chopped straw, at  
ier end of the stable. I took the benefit of  
rice, and mounted the horse, bad as it was;  
it a word; admiring the different feelings  
tle action displayed, and musing on the  
ess difficulties of the situation, to which we  
ubjected by Spanish hatred, even now when  
re victorious on every side.

ached the Imperial quarters at Chamartin  
o'clock next morning. One of his aides-  
p awoke the Prince of Neufchatel. I del-  
my letters to him, and, at eleven the same  
was sent back to my own corps, with new  
ches for Marshal Victor. It was morning  
I arrived at Aranjuez. The commandant of  
ice advised me to delay my journey to To-  
or the march of a detachment going thither.  
irector of the posts of the first corps, having  
ed his convoy but a few minutes, had been  
red on the road the evening before. But  
as instructed to expedite my orders without  
I continued my journey, mounted on a re-  
on-pony. Being alone, I was compelled to  
rge for myself the duties of rear-guard, van-  
and flank, galloping up the heights, and  
g a constant look out, that I might not be  
by surprise. The wild horses of the royal  
with the deer and stags, in herds of from fifty  
y, fled as I approached.

ne leagues beyond Aranjuez, I observed two  
h peasants at a distance, who had bound a  
soldier, and were dragging him into the  
road, to put him to death. With the fall  
of my horse, I rode towards them, and hap-

pily arrived in time to rescue the unfortunate prisoner. He proved to be a soldier of infantry, who had left Aranjuez hospital the day before. Overpowered with fatigue, he had sat down to recover himself, whilst his comrades continued their march. I escorted him to his detachment, which had halted not far distant, and proceeded on my way.

Nothing can exceed the horrible sight I next beheld. Every step I took I stumbled over the disfigured bodies of Frenchmen, recently murdered, and bloody shreds of their garments strewn around. The still vivid marks in the sand, declared how some of these hapless beings must have wrestled, and the prolonged torments they must have endured, before they expired. The copperplates of their caps, which had been thrown to a side, could alone show that they had been soldiers, or to what regiments they had belonged. Those who had thus attacked the French on the Toledo road, were the keepers of the Royal stud, and some peasants who had abandoned their villages on the arrival of our troops. They had acquired a high degree of barbarity by their vagabond and solitary way of living.

I had delivered my despatches to Marshal Victor at Toledo, and was returned to my regiment, the day before it went to garrison Madrid.

The Spaniards of the plains of Castile were already recovering from the temporary dread occasioned by our arrival. The inhabitants of the places we occupied had retired to the mountains and woods with their wives and infants. They espied from thence all our movements, and lay in ambush near our principal routes, to intercept our couriers and our orders; or to assault unexpectedly such of

tachments as they believed were weaker  
 emselves.

a day passed, without bringing us disas-  
 telligence of some of the small parties left  
 to preserve our communications. All our  
 f correspondence, stationed in our rear as  
 many, consisting of only nine or fifteen men,  
 mihilated.

Spanish Junta had retired to Merida, and  
 ence had gone to Seville. It then sent or-  
 the Alcalds and clergy, even of the places  
 apied, to invite the soldiers of the Spanish  
 to join their respective corps. These sol-  
 their country, seeking to avoid our troops,  
 d by night through unfrequented paths;  
 as the dispersed Spanish armies constantly  
 ed from their disasters, with wonderful ce-  
 nd ease. When the army of Castanos ar-  
 t Cuença after its defeat at Tudela, it was  
 l to 9000 infantry, and 2000 cavalry. One  
 afterwards, at the engagement of Ucles, the  
 my numbered more than 25,000 men. Af-  
 defeat of General Blake at Espinosa, the  
 s of Romana could scarcely bring together  
 soldiers in Galicia. By the beginning of  
 ber, he had 22,000 recruits around the city  
 l.

ough the Spanish Junta was but a weak  
 werless administration, it notwithstanding  
 ed considerable influence, when it acted in  
 h of the nation's choice. The operations,  
 were wholly spontaneous, were proportion-  
 manent. The Spanish generals, like their  
 nent, had only authority when they acted  
 s approval of those they commanded. They

could neither restrain their soldiers when conquerors, nor rally them when defeated; and these undisciplined bands bore their generals along with them, in the rush of their victory or flight. Their Spanish pride was so great, that they would never attribute their losses to their own inexperience, or the superior discipline of their enemies. Whenever they were beaten, they accused their commanders of treason. General St Juan was hanged by his soldiers at Talavera; General la Penna was supplanted by the divisions of Andalusia; and the Duke de l'Infantado was obliged to take the command of the army at Cuença.

The Spaniards were a religious and brave people, but devoid of military genius. They even hated and contemned every thing relating to troops of the line. They were thus in want of superior and subaltern officers, and all that constitutes a well regulated army. They regarded their present contest as a religious crusade against the French, for their country and their king. A red ribbon, with this inscription, "VINCER O MORIR PRO PATRIA ET PRO FERDINANDO SEPTIMO,"—"Conquer or die for our native land and Ferdinand VII.," was the only military distinction of the greater part of these citizen-soldiers. At the first summons, men, almost naked, repaired from every province to the great assemblies that they styled their armies. There the ardent desire of conquest, with which they were inspired, made them endure with admirable patience such privations, as all the power of the severest discipline could never have compelled regular troops to undergo.

In general, the people of the provinces manifested much scepticism about the successes we

obtained, even in the time of our victories. No Spaniard would give credit to the misfortunes of Spain, or believe she could be subdued. This sentiment, which animated every heart, rendered the nation invincible, in defiance of individual losses, and the frequent discomfiture of her armies.

The English entered Spain about the end of the year 1808. On the 14th of October, 13,000 soldiers, commanded by General Sir D. Baird, had disembarked at Corunna, and advanced by Lugo to Astorga. Another army, under General Moore, Commander-in-chief of all the British forces, had marched from Lisbon on the 27th of the same month. It had arrived at Estremadura and the Castiles, by the routes of Almeida, Ciudad Roderigo, Alcantara, and Merida. The division that marched by Merida had advanced on the 22d of November as far as the Escorial. All the English corps in the Peninsula were to unite at Salamanca and Valladolid, and reinforce the Spanish army before Burgos. When that army was dispersed, as well as General Blake's in the Asturias, General Sir D. Baird fell back from Astorga to Villa Franca. Afterwards, when the French marched upon Madrid, subsequently to the engagement at Tudela, General Moore recalled the division of the English which had advanced to the Escorial, and concentrated his army in the environs of Salamanca. The English armies in Spain remained nearly a month at Villa Franca and Salamanca, irresolute what course they should follow. They dared neither advance against the vast power of the French in front, nor retreat, from the fear of discouraging the people of Spain, and extin-

guishing the national spirit, which still survived in despite of the severest trials.

Some misunderstanding existed at this time between the English and Spaniards, and caused a want of concord in their military operations. The Spaniards, not considering that the English were only auxiliaries in their quarrel, reproached them with the tardiness of their marches at first, and afterwards for their inactivity. The English General, in his turn, accused the Spaniards of having perpetually dissembled their real condition and misfortunes, and having always exaggerated the extent of their means of resistance. Like the French commander, he misapprehended the Spanish character, and generally took for weakness all that patriotism made a people, devoid of military resources, act, believe and speak ; strong, however, in their national spirit, and unconquerable from the very causes which made them gloss over their disappointments.

The Spaniards even went so far as to believe that the English wished to abandon them to their fate. The French also, in accordance with the general opinion, believed that the English had no other intention but to re-embark at Lisbon or Corunna. Marshal Lefevre was even sent forward from Talavera, to menace the communications of General Moore, and oblige him hastily to descend the Tagus. General Soult, who had remained on the frontiers of the kingdom of Leon, also prepared to enter Galicia, and was to be reinforced by the corps of General Junot, which had arrived from France, and was advancing towards Burgos.

Whilst matters proceeded thus, intelligence was brought to the Imperial quarters at Chamartin,

that at Rueda, one of the posts of General Franchesci had been carried on the 12th, and that detachments of English were scouring the country, even to the gates of Valladolid.

These were advanced parties of General Moore's army, which had left Salamanca on the 13th of December, and had passed the Douro to effect a junction with 13,000 English, whom General Sir D. Baird was bringing from Villa Franca. They had planned a combined attack, in conjunction with the Spanish troops of the Marquis de la Romana, against Marshal Soult, who, with 15,000 men, occupied the small towns of Guarda, Saldanna, and Sahagun, on the banks of the river Cea. A brigade of cavalry, under General Paget, on the 21st, attacked and defeated a regiment of French dragoons that Marshal Soult had left at Sahagun.

The Emperor Napoleon being informed of this movement of the English, commenced his march from Madrid on the 22d with his guards, and the corps of Marshal Ney, to cut off their retreat to Corunna. He arrived at Villa Castin on the 23d, at Tordesillas on the 25th, at Medina de Rio Seco on the 27th; and, on the morning of December 29th, his advanced guard, consisting of three squadrons of chasseurs à cheval, commanded by General Lefevre, came up with the English in Benavente.

General Lefevre, finding the bridge over the Esla destroyed, passed the river by the ford, and drove in the English out-posts to the very gates of the city. The General, borne along by the ardour of pursuit, omitted to draw off his chasseurs, or make his observations, and was suddenly attacked by the whole cavalry of the enemy. Our *horse were compelled to repass the Esla, sixty men*



being wounded or dismounted, and their General a prisoner. Having gained the bank, they formed for the charge, and prepared to make a desperate effort to rescue their captive leader. But the English hastily brought up two pieces of light artillery near the broken bridge, and, opening a fire of grape-shot, made the French squadrons retire.

The Anglo-Spanish army had received advice of the Emperor Napoleon's march, just as they were meditating an attack on Marshal Soult, at the village of Carrion. On the 24th, they were retreating rapidly towards Astorga and Benavente, by Mayorga, Valencia, and Mancilla. They would most likely have been cut off from the passes of Galicia, if the French army had not been considerably obstructed in its march by the torrents that had overflowed, and the snow lately fallen about the Sierra de Guadarama.

The Emperor Napoleon arrived on the 30th of December at Benavente, and having proceeded no farther than Astorga, returned on the 7th of January to Valladolid with his guards. A few days afterwards, he was in France, making preparations to march against Austria. Marshal Ney was left at Astorga, to secure the passes of Galicia, and organize the country. Marshal Soult continued the pursuit of General Moore's army towards Corunna. The English, in their retreat, left the country behind them a total desert, and the troops of Marshal Soult were every evening obliged to forage at great distances from the line of march, which greatly retarded their progress, and increased their fatigue. His advance guard, notwithstanding, came up with the enemy's rear at Villa Franca, and again at Lugo, but did not think themselves suffi-

ciently strong to commence an attack. The French lost General Colbert of the cavalry, in a skirmish which happened before the former of these towns.

On the 16th, the English were obliged to engage before Corunna, previous to their embarkation. The battle was bloody, and keenly contested. At first the French gained ground, but towards evening the English recovered the commanding position which they had originally occupied, to cover the anchorage of their fleet. During the night, between the 16th and 17th, they embarked. General Moore was struck by a cannon-ball as he again led back to the charge a corps which had been repulsed. The army of the Marquis de la Romana had broken up among the mountains to the west of Astorga. Corunna being a fortified town, was defended by its inhabitants, and did not surrender till the 20th by capitulation.

The English, in their retreat, had undergone all the hardships to which armies hotly pursued are exposed, when the toils of the soldiers have enragged them out of measure. Without having fought one pitched battle, they lost more than 8000 men and almost all the horses of their cavalry.

One cannot well conceive what motives influenced General Moore to hazard the fate of his whole army by an expedition against the corps of Marshal Soult, the result of which every way could only be most doubtful. The Marshal could easily have fallen back on Burgos, and been reinforced by the troops of General Junot. General Moore, in marching to Saldanna, yielded Napoleon an opportunity of attacking him with all his forces united, when the Emperor was preparing to re-

turn to France. He might have moved from Salamanca, to a position almost impregnable behind the bridge of Almaraz on the Tagus, and reorganized the armies of Spain. This was what the French chiefly dreaded. In leaving Salamanca, General Moore ought at any rate to have retreated rather to Lisbon than Corunna, taking the shortest route, and leaving to Marshals Lefevre and Soult the most extended line of communications; to guard which they must have weakened themselves considerably, by posting detachments in their rear. He could thus also have enabled the troops of General de la Romana, and the peasants of Galicia and Portugal, frequently to harass the French in a desultory warfare. This latter operation has since been accomplished with the most complete success, by General Sir A. Wellesley (now Duke of Wellington.)

It is affirmed that General Moore was deceived by false information, and that it was against his own opinion and contrary to his will, that he was made to deviate on this occasion from the established rules of military science. Besides, it is always an easy matter to judge of actions after they have happened; the difficulty of any undertaking consists in foreseeing its probable issue.

Whilst the corps of Marshal Soult was thus expelling the English from Galicia, the Spanish army of Andalusia was making various movements in advance of Cuença, by which Madrid seemed to be menaced. To oppose this Spanish force, commanded by the Duke de l'Infantado, Marshal Victor on the 10th of January left Toledo with the *first corps* of the army. For several days they advanced slowly in the neighbourhood of Ocaña,

without any intelligence of the enemy. Whether by chance, or from ignorance of the country, the French divisions found themselves on the morning of the 13th so entangled among the Spaniards, that so far from expecting to turn them, they even conceived they were themselves surrounded.

The division of Villate first engaged with part of the enemy's force, drawn up in order of battle, on the top of a steep and lofty eminence. The Spaniards had more faith in the strength of their position than in the skill of their troops, most of whom were newly raised. When they beheld the ardour and coolness with which the French under arms ascended the rocks, they fled after firing a single discharge. Near Alcazar they met in their retreat the division of Ruffin, which unexpectedly turned the enemy while it was only seeking for them. Some thousand Spaniards were forced to surrender; surprise and terror took possession of their whole army, and the different corps of which it was composed blindly threw themselves on every side. Several of their columns endeavouring to escape, ran headlong on General Cenarmont's park of artillery, and were received by a discharge of grape-shot which compelled them to change their course. A piece of French artillery, the horses of which were exhausted, was met by the enemy's cavalry. They made way for it, and filed off in silence on each side of the road. The French took more than 10,000 prisoners, and 40 pieces of cannon, which the Spaniards abandoned in their flight. If the dragoons of General Latour Maubourg had not been too fatigued for pursuit, the whole Spanish *army must have fallen into our power.*

On the 13th of January, the day on which the fight at Ucles happened, our regiment left Madrid for the purpose of rejoining the first corps d'armées. On the 14th we lay at Ocana. On the morning of the 15th, about three leagues from this town, we fell in with the Spanish prisoners taken at Ucles, who were going to Madrid. Some of these poor wretches expired from hunger; many of them sunk down exhausted with fatigue; and when they were unable to go farther, they were mercilessly shot. This sanguinary order was given in retaliation for the death of the French prisoners whom the Spaniards hanged. This inhuman conduct, unseasonably exercised against disarmed foes, whose helplessness entitled them to clemency, could on no account be justified by the necessity of reprisal. Besides, if the grand design of conquest be the lasting submission of the conquered, these measures, as impolitic as cruel, tended greatly to distance this desirable end. No doubt, the Spanish peasants were thus deterred from uniting with their armies. But the consequence of this was, that an ambuscade warfare succeeded regular battles, where our decided superiority of tactics would likely always have enabled us to triumph. Our clemency would thus have perfected the submission of those whom our arms had already half subdued. As it was, the French, with only 400,000 men, had to contend with twelve millions of people inflamed with hatred, despair, and revenge.

Our attention was particularly attracted by one of these unhappy Spaniards. He was lying on his back, mortally wounded. We saw, from his long *black* mustachios, intermingled with gray hairs, and his uniform, that he was an old soldier. The

only sounds we could hear him utter, were a few words of invocation to the Virgin and the Saints. We tried to revive him with a little brandy, but a few moments after he expired.

Nothing can be more appalling than to follow a victorious army at some marches distance. As we had not shared in the success of our comrades, who had just beaten the enemy before us, so no remembrance of our own dangers, fatigues, or anxieties, could diminish the horror of the spectacle which we witnessed at every step. We travelled through a desolated and deserted country; we lodged indiscriminately beside the dying and the dead, who had crawled from the gory field of battle to the nearest houses, to close their eyes for ever, unassisted and unseen.

We joined our division at Cuença, and took up our quarters for a few days in the neighbourhood of Belmonte and San Clemente. We had to wait for our artillery, which could not, without much difficulty, make out more than one or two leagues a day. The rains of winter had made the roads so bad, that it was often necessary to take the teams of several pieces of artillery to drag a single gun. We afterwards crossed Don Quixote's country in going to Consuegra and Madrilejos. Toboso exactly corresponds with the description given of it by Cervantes, in his immortal romance of Don Quixote de La Mancha. If that visionary hero did not render great service to widows and orphans while he lived, his memory at least preserved from the horrors of war the country of his imaginary Dulcinea. The first woman the French soldiers saw at a window, they cried out, laughing, "*There's Dulcinea.*" Their mirth embol-

dened the inhabitants, and far from flying, as usual, at the sight of our advanced guard, they collected to see us pass. Jests about Dulcinea and Don Quixote formed a link of connexion between us and the citizens of Toboso; and the French, being well entertained, treated in their turn their hosts with urbanity.

We remained for more than a month quartered in La Mancha. Our mode of living was the same, whether we staid in houses or bivouacked in the fields; only, in place of removing from one house to another, we went from our own fire to that of our comrades. There we spent the tedious night, quenching our thirst, and conversing about the occurrences of the war, or listening to the account of past campaigns. Sometimes about daybreak, a horse pinched with the chilness of the dews, would pull up his stake, and come gently to the fire and warm his nose, as if the old servant was reminding us that he too had a share in the engagement about which we were speaking.

The simple stirring life we led had both its pleasures and its pains. Every hour, when near the enemy, we were seeing detachments going and coming after long absence, and bringing news of others in Spain at a great distance.

When we were ordered to be in readiness to ride, we might have been as well sent to France, Germany, or the extremity of Europe, as on a short excursion to the neighbourhood. When we left a place, we could not tell if we might ever return. When we halted at any spot, we knew not if our stay might be for months, or for hours. The longest, dreariest stay was never wearisome, be-

cause we always expected something new. We were often destitute of daily bread; but our comfort in our distress was the hope of an approaching change. When abundance returned to us, we hastened to enjoy it; we lived fast, we replenished our late short commons, and kept in remembrance that our plenty must pass away. When the thunder of artillery in the distance announced that a battle was near,—when the different divisions hurried to the place of action, and brothers and friends that had been separated distinguished each other, they would stop to embrace and utter a transient adieu, their arms would clash, their plumes would intertwine, and they would tear themselves asunder to rejoin their ranks.

The frequency of danger made us regard death as one of the most common occurrences of life. We grieved for our comrades when wounded, but if they were dead, we showed an indifference about them often even ironical. When the soldiers in passing recognised a companion numbered with the slain, they would say, “He is now above want, he will abuse his horse no more, his drinking days are done,” or words to that purpose; which manifested in them a stoical disregard of existence. It was the only funeral oration spoken over the warriors that had fallen.

The different regiments of our army, particularly the cavalry and infantry, were considerably distinguished from each other in their customs and manners. The infantry having nothing else to occupy their attention but themselves and their muskets, were great egotists, talkers and sleepers. Doomed during war to face death unshrinking, *under terror of disgrace*, they displayed a pitiless-



ness in their hostility, and a disposition to make others suffer when they could, the evils themselves had endured. They were often impertinent, and sometimes even insolent to their officers; but in the midst of almost insupportable hardships, a bon-mot would restore them to reason, and set them a-laughing. They forgot all their toils the moment they heard the enemy's fire.

The hussars, and chasseurs à cheval, were accused of being, in the main, plunderers, wasters, and drinkers; and of taking every license in the presence of an enemy. Accustomed, it may be said, to sleep with one eye open, to keep always one ear awake to the sound of the alarm-trumpet, to reconnoitre in a march far in advance of the army, to anticipate the snares of the enemy, to discover the slightest traces of their course, to scour the ravines, and to survey with eagle-eye the distant plains,—they could not but acquire a superior intelligence, and a habit of self-management. And yet they were always silent, and submissive before their officers, from the dread of being unhorsed.

Everlastingly smoking to pass away his time, the light-horseman braved in every country the severity of the climate, under his capacious cloak. The horse and his rider, habituated to each other's company, contracted an affinity of feeling. The trooper was invigorated by his horse, and the horse by his master. When a hussar, hardly sober, urged his fleet career among ravines, or in the midst of precipices, the horse usurped all the management which the man in his senses possessed; it would curb its ardour, redouble its caution, shun every danger, and always return, after a few

evolutions, to fill up its own and its master's place in the ranks. Sometimes on a journey, the horse would gently slacken its pace, or even incline itself to either side, so as to retain its inebriated, and sleeping master in the saddle. The hussar awaking from this unseasonable lethargy, seeing his horse breathless with exertion, would lament, vow, and swear never to drink more. For several days he would act the pedestrian, and deprive himself of his own provisions to share it with his fellow-traveller.

When the alarm was given in a camp of light cavalry, by a carabine shot from the videttes, in the twinkling of an eye every horse was bridled, and horsemen might be seen in all directions springing through the bivouac fires, leaping over hedges and ditches, and hastening with the speed of lightning to the rendezvous, to repel the first attack of the enemy. The trumpeter's horse alone remained inactive amid all this tumult; but the instant its master ceased to sound, it stamped with impatience, and strained every nerve to overtake its fellows.

## CHAPTER V.

ABOUT the middle of February, our corps d'armée left La Mancha; and the troops under the command of General Sebastiani, the successor of Marshal Lefevre, came to the neighbourhood of Toledo to watch the fragments of the army of the Duke de l'Infantado. We proceeded to occupy the towns of Talavera, Arzobispo and Almaraz on the right bank of the Tagus, confronting the Spanish army of Estremadura. This army had been dispersed on the 24th December by Marshal Lefevre at Arzobispo opposite Almaraz, but had since been reorganized and recruited under the command of General Cuesta. It had recovered the bridge of Almaraz from the French; and blown up the principal arches, which completely arrested the march of our troops, and unavoidably necessitated us to erect a new bridge over the Tagus, under the very fire of the enemy. We had indeed the possession of two other bridges, the one at Arzobispo, and the other at Talavera; but the route by these was at that time impracticable for artillery. Marshal Victor fixed his head-quarters at Almaraz, that he might the better protect the works, and oversee the construction of the floats. Part of our division of light cavalry crossed the left bank of the river, to watch the enemy, and reconnoitre their right flank on the Ibor.

On account of the scarcity of forage and other necessities, we were obliged to change our cantonments frequently. Almost the whole country occupied by our troops had been abandoned by its inhabitants. Before going, they were wont to build up in a secret place of their dwellings, every thing of value which they could not remove. The first thing, therefore, our soldiers did in coming to their empty and unfurnished houses, was to measure like architects the outside walls, and then the inside rooms, to examine if any space had been taken off. Sometimes we found also vessels of wine concealed in the earth. We were thus taught to live on chance-offerings, passing whole weeks without a supply of bread, and even without being able to get barley for our horses.

On the 14th of March, our floats were at length finished; but we could neither launch them, nor construct a bridge, under the fire of the enemy. It was therefore found necessary to dislodge them from the strong position they held before Almaraz, at the confluence of the Ibor and the Tagus. On the 15th of March, part of the first corps d'armée crossed the Tagus at Talavera and Arzobispo, to bear upon the flank and rear of the Spaniards. General Laval's German division first attacked the enemy on the morning of the 17th, at the village of Messa de Ibor. With the bayonet alone, and without artillery, 3000 men of that division routed 8000 Spaniards, who were entrenched on a lofty eminence, and fortified with six pieces of cannon. The 18th was spent in driving the enemy from Valdecannar, and chasing them from one station to another, and from rock to rock,

as far as the defile of Miravette. Our regiment formed part of the left wing of the army, along with Vilatte's division. We ascended the current of the Ibor, repulsing the Spaniards completely, without difficulty, who retained not a single post whenever they saw it turned.

The 19th being occupied with the launch of the floats, the army made no advance. The portable bridge being completed before night, the troops that remained on the right bank of the Tagus, and the artillery, began to pass over immediately. By the 20th, the whole army had united again at Truxillo. A little before our arrival, there had been an action before that city between the chasseurs à cheval of the 5th regiment, which formed our advanced guard, and the royal carabineers of the enemy's rear guard. The number killed on either side was nearly equal, but the Spaniards lost the commander of a squadron.

The night was passed by both armies in sight of each other; and an hour before sunrise next morning, the enemy were on their march. We followed them soon after. The 10th chasseurs formed the advanced guard of our division of light horse, which cleared the way itself for all the troops. Four companies of light infantry passed on before us, when we came to a district intersected with forests and hills. Two hours before sunset, our vanguard squadron of chasseurs came up with the rear-guard of the enemy, which being closely pressed, soon retired on the main body. The Colonel of the 10th, stimulated by a rash bravery, permitted the whole regiment to make a charge, which soon became animated, and they pursued the Spanish cavalry for more than a

league, on a causey between craggy hills, planted with holme.

When a regiment or squadron of cavalry charges, either in line or column, the exact order in which it commenced to gallop cannot long be preserved; for the horses incite each other, and their ardour increases, till he who is best mounted finds himself foremost, and the line of battle is broken. The leader of an advanced party ought always to be cautious never to charge but for a very short space, and to rally his men often, that the horses may recover their wind, and time may be had to guard against a surprise. Besides, in all cases where one is too far in advance to be instantly assisted by another corps, there ought to be a reserve of at least one half of the troops to sustain the other, and afford a kind of entrenchment to those who are attacked, behind which they may again form, if they are repelled and pursued by a superior force.

Near the village of Miajadas, the Spaniards stationed an ambuscade of several squadrons of their best cavalry, which chosen band fell suddenly on our chasseurs of the advanced guard, who were riding scattered and disorderly, the one before the other. Our chasseurs were overpowered by numbers; their horses, exhausted with a most unmeasured charge, could not unite for their defence; and in less than ten minutes the enemy had disabled more than 150 of the bravest of the troop.

General Lasalle being apprised of what was passing, sent us instantly to their relief. We arrived too late, seeing only the distant trace of the Spaniards in the dust they raised in retiring. The

colonel of the 10th was intent in again drawing up his men, who were tearing their hair with vexation, and assisting their wounded comrades to rise, that were strewed all around. The night coming on, we returned to bivouac in the rear of the scene of action. At every step we encountered such of the wounded as had not yet received succour. Seeing us pass, they cried out, "*Comrades à moi, ne m'abandonnez pas*"—"Comrades, do not abandon us." We assisted them to mount our own horses, but some of them again fell to the ground, and expired in the arms of their fellow-soldiers.

On the 22d of March the enemy crossed the Guadiana. We occupied separate quarters in the environs of Miajadas and San Pedro. Our artillery at length arriving on the 23d, the greater part of the army was concentrated in and around the city of Merida.

During the night of the 27th, the whole army was in motion to march against the enemy. For several days General Cuesta had waited for us in the plains before Medellin, having previously surveyed, with the help of engineers, the advantageous position where his army was stationed. The Spaniards, to whom pitched battles had proved so frequently unfavourable, sought by every method to gain that confidence which they so much needed. They regarded the skirmish at Miajadas as a prelude of success. They relied also on some ancient superstition associated with the remembrance of the conquests their ancestors had obtained over the Moors, in the very plains which are watered by the Guadiana. The French put no value on their hopes, and trusted from habit in the certainty of victory.

After crossing the Guadiana, by a very long and narrow bridge, one enters the city of Medellin. Beyond it lies an extensive plain without plantations, which stretches up the Guadiana between that river, the city of Don Benito, and the village of Mingabril. The Spaniards at first occupied the heights between these towns; and afterwards extending their line more, they formed a sort of crescent, with the left at Mingabril, their centre before Don Benito, and the right wing near the Guadiana.

At eleven in the morning, we debouched from Medellin to draw up in order of battle. A short way from the town, we formed into the arc of a very compact circle, between the Guadiana and a ravine planted with trees and vineyards, which stretches from Medellin to Mingabril. General Lasalle's division of light cavalry was stationed on the left; the German legion of infantry in the centre, and the dragoons of General Latour Maubourg on the right. The divisions of Vilatte and Ruffin formed the reserve. Numerous detachments, from the three divisions which composed the first line, had been left in the rear of the army, to preserve our communicating; and their strength did not exceed 7000 soldiers. The enemy before us presented an immense line of more than 34,000 men.

The German legion began the attack. The 2d and 4th regiments of dragoons having next made a charge against the Spanish infantry, were repulsed with loss, and the German division remained alone in the middle of the fight. They formed into a square, and courageously withstood the redoubled fury of the enemy as long as the action



continued. With much difficulty, Marshal Victor renewed the combat, by causing two regiments of Vilatte's division to advance. The enemy's cavalry at first endeavoured to face our right wing, but without success. Part of them then rushed *en masse* on our left, which, afraid of being surrounded, was forced to fall back on the Guadiana, where it makes an angle, and contracts the plain towards Medellin. For two hours we retired slowly and quietly, facing about every fifty paces to present our front to the enemy, and to dispute our ground with them before yielding it, when they attempted to seize it by force.

Amid the endless whizzing of bullets flying over our heads, and the deafening roar of bomb-shells rending the air, and tearing up the earth around us, we heeded only the voice of our commanders. They gave their orders with the greater coolness and deliberation, the fiercer grew the enemy's attack. The farther we retired, the louder shouted our foes. Their sharp-shooters were so numerous and daring, that they sometimes compelled ours to fall into the ranks. They called to us at a distance, in their own language, that no quarter would be given, and that the plains of Medellin would be the tomb of the French. If our squadron had given way and fled, the cavalry of the Spanish right would have assaulted the rear of our army through the breach, and surrounded it completely. Then the field of Medellin would, indeed, have been our grave, as our enemies declared.

General Lasalle rode backward and forward in front of his division, with a lofty, fearless step. When the enemy's cavalry came within gun-shot, the sharp-shooters of both sides retired. In the

space which separated us, there might then be seen the horses of dead friends and foes, running on every side, most of them wounded, some of them dragging their masters under their feet, and struggling to free themselves of the unmanageable load.

The Spaniards had sent against our single squadron six of their best, who advanced in close column with the Xeres lancers at their head. This solid mass all at once began to trot, with the intention of charging us while we made our retrograde movement. The captain of our squadron commanded his four platoons, which did not in all exceed 120 men, to wheel half round, at a walking pace, to the right. This being done, he straightened his line with as much self-possession as if no enemy had been near. The Spanish horse, struck with astonishment at his coolness, insensibly slackened their pace. The leader of the squadron took advantage of their surprise, and immediately gave the signal to charge.

Our hussars, who had hitherto preserved, amid the incessant threats and abuses of the enemy, a deep unbroken silence, now drowned the shrill clangour of the trumpet, as they dashed forward with one tremendous shout of joy and rage. The Spanish lancers, horror struck, stopped short, and, turning round at half pistol-shot, overturned their own cavalry behind them. Terror so impaired their judgment, that they could not look at each other, but believed every one to be their enemy. Our hussars rushed pell-mell among them, and hewed them down without opposition. We chased them to the rear of their army, when the trumpets sounded a recall, and we returned, to form our *squadron once more in order of battle.* A little

while after our charge, all the Spanish cavalry of the right and left had completely abandoned the field.

Our dragoons now drew up around their chosen companies, and, perceiving an irresolution in the enemy's infantry, on seeing the flight of their cavalry, we improved our advantage, and made a most brilliant and fortunate charge against the centre of their army. At the same time, two regiments of Vilatte's division attacked with success the right of the enemy's infantry, near the heights of Mingabil. In a trice, the army before us disappeared like clouds before the wind. The Spaniards took to their heels and threw away their arms. The cannonade closed, and every corps of our cavalry joined in the pursuit.

Our soldiers, who had lately been threatened with approaching death, if they had been overpowered, and were enraged by five hours resistance, at first gave no quarter. The infantry followed the cavalry at a distance, and despatched the wounded with their bayonets. The vengeance of our soldiers fell chiefly on such of the Spaniards as were without a military uniform.

The hussars and dragoons who had gone abroad to forage, soon returned, guarding whole columns of Spaniards, whom they intrusted to the foot to take to Medellin. Those very men, who had denounced us for slaughter with such confidence before the battle, now marched with humble aspect, crouching for fear. At every threatening sign made by our soldiers, they ran together like sheep when chased by dogs, squeezing to get to the middle of the crowd. Every time they met a *body* of French troops, they exclaimed with rebe-

mence, "Vive Napoleon et sa troupe invincible!" — "Life to Napoleon and his brave army." Now and then a passing horseman or two would take a pleasure in exacting these acclamations personally, which were due alone to the victors as a whole.

A certain colonel who was a courtier, and an aid-de-camp of King Joseph's, looking at the prisoners as they filed past the regiments, called to them in Spanish to shout a "Vive" for King Joseph. They seemed at first not to comprehend his meaning, but after a moment's silence, they raised their old cry, "Long live Napoleon and his invincible troops!" The colonel then turned to a particular prisoner, and enforced his order with threats. The Spaniard having exclaimed "Viva Joseph!" an officer, who, as usual, had not been disarmed, approached his country's soldier, and ran his sword through his body. Our enemies were willing enough to do homage to *our* bravery; but they would not, even in their debasement, recognise the power of a master not of their own choice.

A little before night I returned to Medellin. Silence and peace had succeeded the turmoil of battle and the peals of victory. In the plain alone there might be heard the wailings of the wounded, and the low murmurings of the dying, who raised their heads before they breathed their last to pray to God and the Holy Virgin. Death had impressed on the countenances of the slain, the expression of the passions which animated them at the moment they expired. Those who had been struck down when flying, were lying on their breast or side, with drooping heads, and fear-contracted muscles. Those again who had died while

fighting bravely, retained, even when fallen, the aspect of defiance. Two regiments of Swiss and Walloon guards were stretched on the ground in the very order they had in the engagement. Broken ammunition-waggon, and cannon deserted by their teams of mules, still marked the position of the Spaniards. Here and there lay wounded horses, whose limbs being shattered by the bullets, they could not rise from the spot where they were doomed to perish. Ignorant of death, and unconscious of futurity, they browsed on the grass around them as far as they could reach.

The loss of the French did not exceed 4000. The Spaniards left 12,000 dead on the field of battle, and 19 pieces of artillery. We made 7000 or 8000 prisoners, but scarcely 2000 of these arrived at Madrid. The Spanish captive in his own country could easily effect his escape.

The inhabitants of the towns and villages assembled in great numbers in the way of the French escorts, and withdrew their attention from their charge. They took care to leave their doors open, and the prisoners, mixing with the crowd in passing, darted into the houses, whose doors were instantly shut. Our soldiers, whose humanity returned when the combat closed, winked at their flight, notwithstanding the strictness of the orders they had received.

The Spanish prisoners would address some grenadier of the guard, and pointing to some distant village, with a heavy sigh, would say in their own language, "Senior Soldado," &c. "Mr Soldier, that is our home; there are our wives and children; must we pass so near, and never see them more? Must we leave them all to go to far off France?"

The grenadier, affecting to speak sternly, would reply, "I am commanded to shoot you if I perceive you attempt to run away, but I don't see behind me." He would then step a little forward, and the prisoners, taking to the fields, would soon rejoin their armies. We were at last obliged to escort our prisoners with soldiers from the German Legion, their national character, and a stricter discipline, rendering them more vigilant and inflexible.

Part of our regiment was quartered at Mingabril, on the very field where the battle had been fought, and where it raged the hottest. We lived among carcasses, and often saw proceeding from them thick black vapours, which the winds bore away to spread contagion and disease through the surrounding country. The oxen of La Mesta, that usually winter on the banks of the Guadiana, fled affrighted from their wonted pastures. Their mournful bellowings, and the endless howling of the dogs that watched them, declared that undefined feeling of terror with which they were impressed.

Thousands of huge vultures collected from all parts of Spain in that vast lonely valley of death. Perched on the heights, and, seen far off between and the horizon, they seemed as large as men. Our videttes more than once marched towards them to reconnoitre, mistaking them for an enemy. These birds would not leave their human repast on our approach, until we came within a few yards of them; then the beating of their vast pinions above our heads resounded far and near, like the funereal echoes of the tomb.

The day before the battle of Medellin, or Merida, a complete victory was obtained by General Sebastiani, near Ciudad Real, in La Mancha, over the Spanish army stationed to defend the defiles of the Sierra-Morena. This victory of Ciudad Real, along with that which we gained at Medellin, struck terror into the remotest corners of Andalusia, and for a while, every route through it remained open to the French.

Notwithstanding these two severe losses, the Spanish Government did not despond. Like the Roman Senate, which voted thanks to the consul Varro, after the defeat of Cannæ, because he did not despair of the safety of Rome, the Supreme Junta of Seville decreed, that Cuesta and his army had merited the gratitude of Spain, and they adjudged them the same rewards as if they had been successful. To have censured Cuesta and his army, in the present desperate state of affairs, would have been to confess themselves conquered. Fifteen days after the action at Medellin, the Spanish army had retrieved all its losses, and had thrown itself between our march and the passes of the mountains, with a force nearly 30,000 strong.

General Sebastiani advanced no further in La Mancha than Santa Crux de la Mudella, and our corps cantoned between the Tagus and the Guadiana. We could not move in advance of that river, without seeing numerous new levies of Spaniards immediately raised in our rear, and having our only communications with Madrid by the bridge of Almaraz intercepted. Besides, we had heard nothing for a long time of Marshal Soult's army, *which* should have entered Portugal, and with

which our right was to have formed a junction and co-operated.

The French army in the north of the Peninsula did not meet with the same degree of success as we obtained by our superior discipline in the plains of Estremadura and La Mancha. These troops, commanded by Marshals Soult and Ney, had to carry on a warfare in a mountainous region, where the activity, numbers, and local knowledge of the natives, could at any time enable them to elude all the calculations of military skill, and all the experience of our greatest leaders.

After the retreat of General Moore, and the capitulation of Corunna and Ferrol, in the month of January, Marshal Soult proceeded in the direction of Portugal by San Jago, Vigo, and Tuy. Finding it impossible to cross the Minho, near its mouth, under the fire of the Portuguese forts on the opposite bank, he went up the river to Orense, where he passed it on the 6th of March. He completely routed, on the 7th, the army of the Marquis de la Romana on the heights of Orsuna, near Monte Rey, and compelled the remains of that force to take refuge among the high mountains of Puebla de Senabria.

Chaves, a frontier town of Portugal, was invested by him on the 13th, and surrendered by capitulation. He entered Braga on the 19th, after having forced the pass of Carvalho d'Esté, one of the strongest positions of Portugal. Oporto, defended by an entrenched camp and 270 cannon, was taken by storm on the 29th; and the advanced guard of his army passed the Douro, and marched for Vonga, forty-five leagues distant from Lisbon.



The French had scarcely entered Oporto victorious, when the garrisons they had left behind to overawe the country, and preserve the communications, were every where seized. The Portuguese troops of the fortress of Caminha, situated at the mouth of the Minho, crossed that river on the 10th of March, and were reinforced by a great number of Spanish marines, and the inhabitants of the Galician shores, who had taken arms under the orders of their clergy. They fortified the bridge of San Payo against the French, who could have come from San Jago; and they made the cities of Vigo and Tuy capitulate, where Marshal Soult had left garrisons and the magazines and depots of his corps d'armée. The Portuguese general, Francisco Silveira, who, on the first approach of the French, had retired to Villa-Pouca, made himself master also of Chaves, on the 21st of March. After this, he proceeded to Amarante on the Tamega, to guard that important station, and harass the French detachments and rear-guards in the neighbourhood of Oporto.

The Marquis de la Romana, on the 30th of March, descended from the mountains of Puebla de Sanabria with several thousand men, the fragments of his vanquished force. He marched to Ponteferrada, and made a few Frenchmen prisoners, found some ammunition and provisions, and seized a damaged twelve-pounder, which he repaired. He then crossed the Castile road, and, with the help of his one cannon, obtained possession of Villa Franca, and made the garrison of 800 men prisoners of war. On the news of these trivial successes, his army increased like a snow-ball of

the mountains, which enlarges as it rolls down, and becomes a mighty avalanche. Romana obliged Marshal Ney to abandon Bierzo, and concentrate his troops at Lugo ;—he then threw himself into Asturias, and raised Galicia also in arms.

The two French corps of Galicia and Portugal, having thus had their communications destroyed, were now completely isolated from each other, and separated from the rest of our troops. They could no longer aid each other, or co-operate to further the common end of the general operations of the war. Their strength was now spent in a succession of partial actions, which valued nothing.

Every effort of Marshal Ney's to terrify Galicia to submission, was vain. Instead of being restrained by severity, their hatred against the French was more indignantly roused. What always happens where there is a spark of patriotism ; violent measures were retaliated with still more barbarous reprisals. Whole squadrons, whole battalions, were butchered by the peasants in a night's time. Seven hundred French prisoners were drowned in the Minho all at once, by command of Don Pedro de Barrios, Governor of Galicia, for the Junta. Instead of diminishing with our weakness, the rage of the people became daily more inflamed.

The inhabitants of Portugal, as well as those of Galicia, had risen universally in arms. They opposed the French with 70,000 militia, and 12,000 regular troops. It was impossible that Marshal Soult could keep the country in subjection behind him, and advance against Lisbon with only 22,000 men. *Still, for more than forty days he remain-*

ed in Oporto, vainly endeavouring to re-establish his interrupted correspondence. For months, he had received neither orders nor reinforcements; and he dared not make a retrograde movement, for fear of prejudicing the operations of other corps of our army, regarding whose positions he knew nothing. On the 2d of May, he at length determined that the bridge of Amarante, on the Tamega, should be seized by General Loison's division, in order to depart from Portugal by the route of Braganza.

Whilst this enterprize was going on, the French picquets on the Vouga were attacked by the English on the 10th of May, and they crossed the Douro the day following. The English, who had returned to Portugal after the retreat of Sir John Moore, were reduced to 15,000 men; and they dared not at first land their heavy baggage and artillery, but kept themselves ready to embark again on the first approach of the French. On the 4th, and again on the 22d of April, they had received considerable reinforcements; and they advanced against Oporto upwards of 23,000 strong.

The French quitted that city on the 12th of May, and their rear-guard had a skirmish with the van of the English. Marshal Soult was pursued, and encircled by a triple army; the first, commanded by General Sir A. Wellesley, never lost sight of his rear; the second was the Anglo-Portuguese army, under General Beresford, which took the direction of Chaves, by Lamega and Amarante, keeping up with the Marshal's right; the third was commanded by the Portuguese General, Francisco Silveira, which preceded the other two, to cut off

the French from the passes of Ruivães, between Salamonde and Montalègre.

Marshal Soult, finding the route by Chaves occupied by Marshal Beresford, rapidly concentrated his army on Braga, and directed his march by the mountain road for Orense. He crossed sixty leagues of an insurgent territory, without sustaining any other very material loss than his heavy baggage and artillery, which he lost among ways that were impassable. The English advanced no further than Montalègre, but returned immediately towards the Tagus, and the neighbourhood of Lisbon.

Marshal Soult arrived at Lugo in Galicia on the 22d of May, relieved the garrison of this town, which the Spaniards had besieged, and opened a communication with Marshal Ney, who was returned from an expedition against Oviedo, in the Asturias. A few days afterwards he resumed the offensive, against the army of the Marquis de la Romana, and followed it by Monforte, Ponteferrada, Bollo, and Viana, but it eluded his pursuit. Leaving Galicia, he then proceeded to Zamora by Puebla de Sanabria, for the purpose of following the movement of the English, who appeared to be moving towards the Tagus in Estremadura, against Marshal Victor's corps.

Marshal Ney was obliged to retire into the kingdom of Leon, after Marshal Soult had departed. He had been unable to make any permanent footing in Galicia and the Asturias, having been constantly prevented by the villagers, and numerous peasant-armies, whose strength daily increased, and *could not be subdued.*

*In those mountainous provinces of the north of*

the Peninsula, though the French never failed to conquer in pitched battles with their enemies, they were, nevertheless, assailed incessantly by clouds of armed mountaineers; who, without venturing to engage in close array, or corps against corps, always retired from rock to rock, and from one position to another among the heights, firing perpetually even when flying.

It was often necessary to send a whole battalion to carry orders to another near at hand. The wounded, the exhausted, or the diseased French soldier, who lagged for a moment behind his column, was soon sent to another world. After one battle was gained, we immediately required to commence another conflict. The persevering invincible spirit of the Spaniards, rendered our victories valueless. The French armies melted away for want of rest, amid their constant toils, watchings, and distresses.

Such are the events that had passed in the north of Spain, and prevented our corps d'armée of Estremadura and La Mancha, from profiting by their signal victories of Medellin and Ciudad Real. The army of Arragon had also been obliged to suspend its operations, by the French being necessitated to recal from that province the corps of Marshal Victor to Valladolid, to carry succours to Marshal Ney, and re-establish a line of communication in Galicia.

The French army in Spain had received no reinforcements to recruit its daily losses, since the campaign of Austria, and the departure of the Emperor Napoleon. Instead of being concentrated, *it had*, under the command of King Joseph, continued to spread itself more every day throughout

the Peninsula. Weak on all points, because we were too much dispersed, we were enfeebled even by our conquests. In Galicia, in Portugal, and in the Asturias, we had lost that character of invincibleness, in contending with the insurgent peasants, which was even more powerful than the actual force by which we had conquered so many countries.

King Joseph had acted as commander-in-chief since the departure of the Emperor. He believed that he could in Spain, as well as in Naples, by the well-known mildness of his temper, attach the people to his new sceptre, whom the power of our arms had subdued. He had allowed the French armies to advance every where in the Peninsula, for the sole end of organizing new provinces, and extending his sway over a greater extent of territory. Thus he had bartered away the military strength of the armies of Galicia and Portugal, concerning whom we knew nothing, for five whole months.

King Joseph had contracted indolent habits on the peaceful throne of Naples. Surrounded by flatterers, and some beguiling Spaniards, he resigned himself to foolish hopes. In place of attending to the army, he staid in his capital, immersed in effeminacy, and sighing after the luxuries of Italy. He wished to sleep and reign at Madrid, as he had done at Naples, even before we had won for him, if that were possible, a kingdom at the cost of our lives.

He filled the columns of his Gazettes with decrees that were never enforced, and were scarcely ever read. He bestowed on one church the wax and consecrated vessels of another, long ago plan-

dered by the French, or despoiled by the Spaniards themselves. He was prodigal in bestowing the decorations of his Royal order on his courtiers, who dared not wear them beyond the precincts of those places we occupied, for fear of being assassinated by the peasants of Spain. He made several promotions in his Royal army, which had not yet a being. He gave, in expectation, the places of governors, administrators, and judges, in the remotest provinces of his kingdom in both hemispheres; while he durst not sleep in any of his country-houses only a few leagues out of Madrid. He pulled down old houses, as his brother had done at Paris, intending to embellish his capital; but he wanted money to erect the new edifices, and his liberality extended no further than removing the rubbish.

To conciliate the people, he studied to imitate his predecessors Charles IV., and Ferdinand VII., by all possible methods, in their ostentatious pomp, their formality, and even their trifling sanctity. He walked himself with the processions in the streets of Madrid, and made the officers of his staff follow him, and the soldiers of his body-guard carrying lighted tapers. All this assumed piety, this affectation of munificence, this hypocritical liberality, had no other effect but to make him be ridiculed, when the terror, which ennobled all, was dissipated after the departure of the Emperor.

The Spaniards took delight in spreading a report, that King Joseph was addicted to drunkenness, and that he was blind of an eye. This story made a deep impression on the minds of the country people, although nothing could be more unfounded. It was in vain that he endeavoured to

destroy these prejudices, by showing himself frequently in public, and looking every passenger full in the face. The people, nevertheless, believed that he had but one eye.

On the day of his coronation, all ranks were admitted gratis to the places of public amusement, and, at one of the theatres, a farce was exhibited called "Harlequin, Emperor of the Moon." Several times during the representations of the piece, the people openly applied passages of it to the ephemeral condition of King Joseph at Madrid. Devotees, who were accustomed to ejaculate in their conversation *Jesus, Maria, y Joseph*, would stop short after repeating the first two names, and, after a pause, would adopt the periphrasis, *y el Padre de nuestro Senior*, "and the Father of our Lord." They were afraid lest they would bring down blessings on King Joseph, by naming him who was regarded as his patron saint in heaven.

The good-nature of King Joseph came at last, by the French themselves, to be reckoned a defect. His ardent desire to make himself beloved by his new subjects, did real detriment to the success of military operations. The Spaniards had always the right, and the French the wrong side, in any case of complaint. We were frequently without food in districts that had submitted for the moment; not daring to exact there, as from enemies, the provisions we required. Our soldiers expired by hundreds, in the hospitals of Burgos and Madrid, in want of the most necessary articles.

After successful engagements, he would go to the Retiro to swear in the prisoners sent thither by the army, and declare to them that they had



been misled by villains, and that he, their King, desired only their welfare, and their country's happiness. The prisoners, expecting to be shot before night, would first take the oath of fidelity he exacted; and, when armed and accoutred, they would then desert, and return to their armies. This made our soldiers term King Joseph "The principal administrator and organizer-general of the military depots of the Supreme Junta of Seville."

The French Generals and Marshals could, with difficulty, persuade themselves to obey a man whom they could not recognise as a Frenchman, now that he was acknowledged King of Spain. They often even tried to contradict and displease him, that they might be remanded back to Germany. They wished, at any rate, to abandon this irregular war, which was both unpopular with the army, and deprived them of the chance of being distinguished, and obtaining higher promotion, by fighting under the eye of the Emperor. The Spanish war was impoverishing France, without kindling the military enthusiasm of the nation.

King Joseph had neither sufficient authority or military genius, nor enough of self-confidence to direct the operations, which the unforeseen changes of general affairs rendered indispensably necessary. He dared not issue any orders, without consulting his brother. The plans came all from Paris or Germany; sometimes they arrived too late, and at best they could only be imperfectly executed, by one who had no share in their formation. The French army in Spain was totally devoid of that unity of action, without which the simplest operations of war cannot prosper.

In the month of April, the corps of Marsh

Victor, to which we belonged, left for a time its cantonments on the Guadiana, between Merida and Medellin; and approached the Tagus and Alcantara, to unite with the division of Lapisse, which had proposed terms of surrender to Ciudad-Rodrigo, but without effect. A division of the Marshal's corps crossed that river on the 14th of May, after a slight engagement with the Portuguese militia, and proceeded once more to Alcantara. The 8th was spent reconnoitering in the direction of Castel-Blanco; but having learned that 8000 English and Portuguese were in possession of Abrantes, they conjectured that Marshal Soult's expedition against Lisbon had failed, and therefore they returned. Marshal Victor then collected together his troops in the vicinity of Truxillo, between the Guadiana and the Tagus, to secure his communications by the bridge of Almaraz, to cover Madrid, and to observe the army of Cuesta. The fourth corps, commanded by General Sebastiani, had continued in La Mancha since the engagement at Ciudad-Real.

On the 20th of May, the officers and subalterns of the fourth squadrons of every cavalry-regiment in the army, received orders from the Minister of War to return to the head depots of their regiments, in order to raise additional squadrons. In consequence of this appointment, I quitted Spain, and on my arrival in France, was sent against the English on the coast of Flanders. Their expedition against the fleet and dockyards at Antwerp having failed, through the slowness and indecision of their leader, I returned to Spain at the commencement of the following year.

## CHAPTER VI.

**AFTER** Marshal Soult had been obliged to leave Oporto and Portugal, the English army again passed the Douro, and returned to the towns of Thomar and Abrantes, near the Tagus, intending to march against Spanish Estremadura, by way of Coria and Placencia. The corps of Marshal Victor, occupying the country around Truxillo and Caceres, being apprehensive that the English would get behind them by the right bank of the Tagus, crossed that river in the beginning of June, and retired to Calzada, and afterwards on the 26th, to Talavera de la Reyna.

On the 20th of July, the English army commanded by General Sir A. Wellesley, formed a junction at Oropeza, with the Spanish army of General Cuesta. The number of the English was about 20,000, with from 4000 to 5000 Portuguese. General Cuesta's army amounted to 38,000. Another Spanish army, under the command of General Venegas, of 18,000 or 20,000 men, waited to co-operate with General Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta, in La Mancha.

A party of Portuguese and Spaniards of the advance, commanded by the English General Wilson, passed on to Escalona by the Arenas moun-

tains, arriving on the 23d, to open a communication with the Spanish army of General Venegas, which was advancing from Tembleque by Ocana, to Aranjuez and Valdemoro. Generals Wilson and Venegas, were to march upon Madrid, and endeavour to get possession of it through the aid of the inhabitants. This combined movement was intended to oblige King Joseph to concern himself solely with the safety of his capital, and to hinder him from concentrating his scattered forces. The Anglo-Spanish armies hoped soon to overcome the French, or at least to expel them from Madrid and the centre of Spain, and to force them to cross the mountains and retire to Segovia.

The armies of Generals Wellesley and Cuesta, advanced on the 22d of July to Talavera. Not far from that city, the cavalry of General Cuesta gained a slight advantage over the rear-guard of the French cavalry, which withdrew to the main body. This success inspired the Spaniards with the most confident hopes, longing to avenge their defeat at Medellin by attacking the French themselves, whom they believed to be half-defeated because they had retired. They left the English at Talavera, and unwisely advanced by El Bravo and Santa Olalla, towards Torrijos.

Marshal Victor retired behind the Guadarama, near to Toledo, and on the 25th was joined by the corps of General Sebastiani, and the troops brought from Madrid by King Joseph. The whole central French army thus united amounted to 47,000 men, and on the 26th it marched for Talavera, under the command of King Joseph.

The 2d regiment of Hussars, which formed part of the French advanced guard, almost annihilated

Villa Viciosa's regiment of dragoons, in the defile of Alcabon, near to Torrijos, and the whole army of Cuesta retired precipitately behind the Alberche. The French crossed the river in the afternoon of the following day, drove in the English picquets, and arrived by five o'clock within cannon-shot of the enemy.

The Spaniards were posted in a situation deemed impregnable, behind old walls and garden-fences, which border and encompass the city of Talavera. Their right was defended by the Tagus, and their left joined the English, near a redoubt constructed on an eminence. The ground in front of the Anglo-Spanish armies was very unequal, and intersected here and there by ravines, formed by the rains of winter. The whole extent of their position was covered by the channel of a pretty deep torrent, at that time dry. The English left, was strengthened by a conical eminence that commanded the greater part of the field of battle, and which was separated by a deep extensive valley from the Castilian chain of mountains.

This eminence was thus in a manner the key to the enemy's position, and against this decisive point of attack, an experienced general, possessed of that intuitive glance which insures success, would immediately have led the principal part of his disposable force, to obtain possession of it. He would either have taken it by assault, or have turned it by the valley. But King Joseph, when he should have acted, was seized with an unfortunate spirit of indecision and uncertainty. He attempted only half measures, he distributed his forces partially, and lost the opportunity of conquering while feeling the way for it. Marshal

Jourdan, the second in command, had not that spur of patriotism in the Spanish war, which inspired him when he fought in the plains of Fleurus, to achieve the independence of France.

The French commenced the engagement by a cannonade and rifle-fire in advance of their right; and they despatched a single battalion only, and some sharpshooters, by the valley, to take the eminence which defended the English left, never thinking they would do otherwise than yield. This battalion, however, having to contend with superior numbers, was repulsed with loss, and compelled to return. A division of dragoons, which had gone to reconnoitre Talavera, found the approaches to that city strongly fortified with artillery, and could not advance.

At nightfall, the French made another attempt to gain the hill. A regiment of infantry, followed at a short distance by two others, attacked the extreme left of the English with unexampled ardour, arrived at the summit of the hill, and took possession of it. But having been fiercely assaulted, in its turn, by an entire division of the English, just, when having conquered, it was breathless with exertion, it was immediately obliged to give way. One of the two regiments, commanded to assist in this attack, had lost its way, in a wood, on account of the darkness; the other not getting soon enough over the ravine, which covered the enemy's position, had not arrived in time.

Both these attacks had miscarried, though conducted with intrepid bravery, because they had been made by an inadequate number of troops. A single battalion had been sent, and then one di-

vision, when a great proportion of the whole army should have been despatched. These unsuccessful attempts revealed to the English what we designed next day ; and still more evidently demonstrated the importance of the station they held. They passed the greater part of the night in fortifying it with artillery.

The sun rose next morning on the two armies, drawn up in battle-order, and again the cannonade commenced. The defence of Portugal being intrusted to the English army, the fate of that country, and, perhaps, of all the Peninsula, was now to be decided by this contest. The veterans of the first and fourth French corps, accustomed for years to conquer throughout Europe, and always to witness their ardour seconded by the combined skill of their chiefs, burned with impatience for orders to engage, and thought to overthrow all before them by one well conjoined assault.

One division alone, of three regiments of infantry, was sent by the valley to storm the position, of which we had, for a moment, obtained possession the preceding evening. After considerable loss, this division reached the top of the eminence, and was just about taking it. One of the regiments had already advanced as far as the artillery, when their charge was repulsed, and the whole division was forced to retire. The English, apprehending by this renewed attack, that the French designed to turn their left by the valley, stationed their cavalry there ; and caused a division of the Spaniards to occupy the skirts of the high Castilian mountains beyond it. The French receded to the ground they first occupied. The cannonade

continued for another hour, and then became gradually silent. The overpowering heat of mid-day obliged both armies to suspend the combat, and observe a kind of involuntary truce, during which the wounded were removed.

King Joseph, having at last gone himself to reconnoitre the enemy's position, gave orders, at four o'clock, for a general attack against the army of England. A division of dragoons was left to observe the Spaniards in the direction of Talavera. General Sebastiani's corps marched against the right of the English, whilst Marshal Victor's three divisions of infantry, followed by masses of cavalry, charged against their left, to attack the eminence by the valley. King Joseph and Marshal Jourdan took post with the reserve, in the rear of the 4th division. The artillery and musketry were not long in being heard.

The English Commander, stationed on the hill which overlooked the field of battle, was present always where danger demanded his presence. He could survey, at a glance, every corps of his army, and perceive below him the least movement of the French. He saw the line of battle formed, the columns disposed for the conflict; he penetrated their designs by their arrangements, and thus had time to order his plans, so as to penetrate and prevent those of his foes. The position of the English army was naturally strong and difficult of approach, both in front and flank; but in the rear it was quite accessible, and gave ample freedom to their troops to hasten to the quarter threatened.

The French had a ravine to pass before they could reach the enemy. They had to advance over ground *much intersected, very rugged and unequal,*



obliging them frequently to break their line ; and the positions they attacked had been previously fortified. The left could not see the right, or know what was passing there, for the rising ground between them. Every corps of the army fought apart, with unparalleled bravery, and ability too, but there was no co-operation in their efforts. The French were not then commanded by a General-in-chief, the resources of whose genius might have compensated for the advantages which the nature of the ground denied them, and yielded to their enemies.

The division of Lapisse first passed the ravine, attacked the fortified eminence, ascended it in defiance of a fire of grape-shot, which mowed down its ranks, but was repulsed with the loss of its general, and a great number of officers and soldiers. In retreating, it left the right of the fourth corps uncovered, which the British artillery took in flank, and forced for a moment to retire. The left of General Sebastiani's corps, advanced under a most intense fire of artillery, to the foot of a redoubt on the right of the English, and between the combined armies. It was too far advanced, and too soon forward,—it was encountered and driven back by the united corps of the English right and the Spanish left. Assistance came, and the combat was renewed. In the centre, Marshal Victor rallied the division of Lapisse at the foot of the hill, and abandoned all further attempt to gain possession of it. The French then tried to turn it either by the right or left. Vilatte's division advanced in the valley, and Ruffin's moved to the right of this by the foot of the Castilian mountains. The cavalry, forming a

second line, were in readiness to debouch into the plain in the rear of the enemy, wherever the infantry could open a passage.

Just as the French began to move, the English, with two regiments of cavalry, made a charge against their masses. They engaged in the valley, passed onwards regardless of the fire of several battalions of infantry, between the divisions of Vilatte and Ruffin, and fell with impetuosity never surpassed on the 10th and 26th regiments of our chasseurs. The 10th could not resist the charge. They opened their ranks, but rallied immediately, and nearly the whole of the 23d regiment of light dragoons, at the head of the English cavalry, was either destroyed or taken captive.

A division of the English Royal Guards, stationed on the left and centre of their army, being charged by the French, at first repulsed them vigorously; but one of its brigades being too far advanced, was in its turn taken in flank by the fire of the French artillery and infantry, sustained considerable loss, and retreated with difficulty behind their second line. The French took advantage of this success; they again moved forward, and but one other effort was necessary to break through into the plain, and combat on equal ground. But King Joseph thought it was too late to advance with the reserve, and the attack was delayed till the following day. Night again closed over us, and the conflict ceased from exhaustion, without either side having won such a decided advantage as to entitle it to claim the victory.

The corps of Marshals Victor and Sebastiani withdrew successively during the night towards the reserve, leaving an advanced guard of cavalry on

the scene of the engagement, to take care of the wounded. The English, who expected a new attack in the morning, were greatly surprised, when day dawned, to see that their enemies, leaving twenty pieces of cannon, had retreated to their old position on the Alberche. The English and Spaniards, according to their own accounts, lost 6,616 men. The French had nearly 10,000 slain.

King Joseph left the first corps d'armée on the Alberche, and went with the fourth corps and the reserve to reinforce Toledo. That city, having a garrison of only 1500 men, had been warmly attacked by a division of the Spanish army of General Venegas, who had taken Aranjuez and Valdemoro on the 27th. Some days previously Madrid had nearly been seized by the vanguard corps of the English General Wilson, who had advanced from Escalona to Naval-Carnero. The inhabitants of the capital had opened their gates, and gone in crowds to meet him in their holiday dresses, after having obliged three French battalions, that formed the garrison, to shut themselves up in the fort of the Retiro. King Joseph lodged a complete division in Toledo, and came on the 1st of August to Illescas, that he might be equally able in that situation to march against the army of Venegas, to assist the corps on the Alberche, and to overawe the inhabitants of Madrid.

The English retired on the 3d of August to Oropesa, without attempting any attack against Marshal Victor. They left the Spaniards at Talavera, and General Wilson's corps at Escalona. On the night of the 4th, the combined English and Spanish armies suddenly passed the Tagus, by the bridge of Arzobispo, on the approach of the

corps of Marshal Soult, Ney, and Mortier, who were advancing from Salamanca by Puerto de Bamos, Placencia, and Naval-Moral, placing themselves between the English and the bridge of Almaraz.

The advanced corps of Marshal Mortier crossed the Tagus on the 8th of August, at a ford below the bridge of Arzobispo, during the time of siesta, an hour after mid-day. They surprised part of the army of Cuesta, and captured his cannon, as well as those planted to defend the bridge. On the 11th, General Sebastiani defeated the army of Venegas at Almonacid, in La Mancha. The Spanish and Portuguese corps under General Wilson were completely routed on the 12th of August, near the mountains of Banos, by part of the force under Marshal Ney, who was falling back on Salamanca.

The expedition of General Sir A. Wellesley in Estremadura, was at least as hazardous as that attempted by General Moore at the close of the preceding year, against the corps of Marshal Soult at Saldanna. The whole English and Spanish armies would have fallen into the power of the French, if the corps of Marshals Soult, Ney, and Mortier had arrived one day earlier in Estremadura. But King Joseph did not venture to dispose of these troops, without having previously received authority from the Emperor Napoleon. He had only sent the order to Marshal Soult on the 23d, to concentrate at Salamanca. This order was not received till the 27th. On the 28th he was on his march; but notwithstanding all his expedition, he only reached Placencia on the 3d of August.

The English and Spanish armies remained be-

hind the Tagus till the 20th of August, occupying Messa de Ibor, Deleytosa, and Jeraicejo, opposite Almaraz. The bridge of boats there had been broken down by the Spaniards. They then retired towards the Guadiana, and the army of Sir A. Wellesley re-entered Portugal.

The invasion of Estremadura by the English had caused the French to summon to the aid of the central army three corps, appointed to guard and observe the northern provinces of Spain; and their union gave them considerable strength. After the departure of the English, the Spanish government still persisted in the plan of fighting in great bodies. They assembled an army of 55,000 men in the plains of La Mancha, and that army was totally beaten and dispersed on the 10th of November at Ocana, by Marshal Mortier's single corps, hardly 24,000 strong. The French had no difficulty in defeating troops hastily raised and undisciplined, who had no skill to manœuvre, and embarrassed themselves by their very numbers, which should have been their strength.

The French ought to have again brought together all their disposable forces after the battle of Ocana, and instantly marched against Lisbon. But they passed the Sierra-Morena, and invaded nearly all Andalusia, except the Isle of Leon and Cadiz, without meeting a single opponent. In thus extending to the south of Spain, they gave the English time to fortify Portugal, and to collect the military strength of that kingdom. The French were enfeebled, by being again separated, to occupy and organize a great extent of country. The Spaniards again had an opportunity everywhere of carrying on that species of national war-

fare, from which the French had suffered so much in the Asturias, in Galicia, and in the north of Portugal.

In consequence of the destruction of the Spanish armies, the Provincial Juntas, being unable to hold any communication with the Central Junta, devoted all their energies to the local defence of the districts under their administration. Such of the inhabitants as had hitherto endured with patience, waiting in the hope that regular warfare would bring them deliverance, now trusted to their own exertions alone, for the means of shaking off their galling yoke. Every province, every town, every individual, felt the necessity more and more keenly every day, of repulsing the common enemy. The national hatred against the French, which existed almost universally, had inspired a kind of unity into the undirected efforts of the populace; and we now experienced, instead of regular warfare, a system of war in detail, a species of organized disorder, which exactly suited the unconquerable spirit of the Spanish nation, and their present wretched fortunes.

The districts of Spain occupied by the French were soon overrun by bands of partisans and guerrillas, composed of the soldiers of dispersed armies, and the inhabitants of the plains and mountains. Clergymen, husbandmen, students, and simple shepherds, became active and enterprising chiefs. Leaders like these, without military authority, without permanent troops, could prove at first only banners, so to speak, around whom the peasantry could by turns rally and fight. The report of any little success gained by these numerous parties,

was greedily devoured by the people, and narrated with Southern exaggeration. It elevated their spirits, which defeat in other quarters had for a moment depressed. That very restlessness of imagination, and that spirit of extra-independence, which had done injury to the slow and undecided operations of the regular armies of the Junta, now constituted the strength of the popular contest. It might thus be said of the Spaniards, that if they were at first an easy prey to the conqueror, to subdue them was an almost impossible task.

Whenever we moved from one province to another, the partisans of the enemy immediately commenced organizing the country in the name of Ferdinand VII., as if we had abandoned it entirely; and they then punished severely such of the inhabitants as had manifested any attachment to the French. Thus the terrors of our arms yielded us no advantage. As the enemy were spread throughout the whole country, the several points occupied by the French were all more or less threatened; our victorious troops, dispersed from Irun to Cadiz to retain their conquests, were in a state of incessant blockade, and were, in fact, masters of the ground only on which they actually trode.

The garrisons, left to overawe the country, on the military roads, were continually attacked. They were obliged, for security, to construct small citadels, by repairing the old ruined castles on the heights. Sometimes these retreats were the remains of forts erected by the Romans or Moors, for the same purpose, many ages ago. In the plains, our posts of correspondence fortified one or two houses at the entry of the villages, to

enjoy peace during the night, or for protection when danger menaced. The sentinels durst not station themselves beyond the bounds of the enclosures, lest they should have been assassinated. They therefore occupied some tower, or scaffolding of planks erected beside the chimney, in order to observe all that passed in their vicinity. The French soldiers, enclosed in their little fortresses, heard at times the mirthful sounds of the guitar-musicians of their enemies, who, being always well received and entertained by the people, came frequently to pass the night in the neighbouring villages.

The French armies could not receive any provisions or ammunition but under the escort of very strong detachments, which were always harassed, and often slain. These convoys were but feebly opposed in the plains, but they were obliged to cut their way by their valour whenever they entered the mountains. The daily losses sustained by the French in some parts of Spain, while procuring supplies, and securing their communications, were not less than they would have experienced if they had been constantly engaged with an enemy able to oppose them in the field.

The people of Spain did not give way to despondency, on account of the continuance of the war. In some provinces, the peasants were always armed. The husbandman held the plough with one hand, and a weapon in the other, always at command. This he buried in the ground, when the French approached in numbers too strong to promise victory. Their animosity increased with every new vexation to which they were exposed by the French. The evils patiently submitted to



by other nations, because they are viewed as the inevitable consequences of war, were never-failing subjects of irritation and hatred to the people of Spain. They employed by turns the greatest energy, or the most profound cunning, to satisfy their passionate resentments, when they felt they were the weakest party. Like vindictive vultures pursuing their prey, they followed after the French columns, to sacrifice such of the soldiers as fell behind on the march, from fatigue or their wounds. Sometimes, also, the French soldiers on their arrival any where, were invited to feasts when the Spaniards studied to intoxicate them that they might be lulled into a security many thousand times more dangerous than the hazard of war. Then they called their partisans, and pointed out to them at night the houses where our soldiers were thoughtlessly dispersed. When our other Frenchmen went to avenge the death of their comrades, the inhabitants were fled, and they found nothing but deserted dwellings, on which they could not wreak their vengeance without punishing themselves. In destroying the houses of such villages, they would have been deprived of resources for the time to come.

When our detachments came in some strength to the insurgent cities of Biscay or Navarre, the Alcaids, the women and the children, came around us as if war had been unknown, and the noise of forge-hammers pealed through the air. But we had no sooner departed, than all the labour ceased and the people flew to arms, to harass our detachments among the rocks, and attack our rear-guard. A war like this, on which the imagination of the soldier had no fixed object on which it could lower

to indulge, repressed his ardour, and tired him out of patience.

The French could only maintain possession of Spain by the terrors they inspired. They were always necessitated to punish the innocent with the guilty, and of avenging the offences of the powerful on the weak. Pillage had become indispensable for our support. The atrocities consequent on the hostility of the people, and the injustice of the cause for which the French contended, spread a moral contagion throughout their army, and sapped to the very core the foundations of military discipline, without which regular troops have neither power nor strength.

I returned to Spain about the end of the year 1809, bringing with me a detachment of eighty hussars to my regiment. In the interior of France, one would have believed from the Gazettes, that the English, having retreated to Portugal after the battle at Talavera, waited only for a fair wind to embark,—that the conquered country had a long while ago submitted to King Joseph,—and that the French armies, at rest in good cantonments, had no other task but to extirpate some bands of brigands who pillaged and committed excesses on the peaceable inhabitants.

We joined several other detachments of light cavalry at Bayonne, and crossed the Bidassoa to sleep in Irun. Many of the inhabitants of all ages had assembled at the gates of that city to see us arrive, and followed after us for some time with evident curiosity. We thought at first that their design in this mark of attention, was to evidence their satisfaction at our arrival in their country.

But we learned, when too late, that the people of Irun, as well as of other frontier towns, kept an exact account of all the French that entered Spain, and of all the wounded that left it; and it was according to this information that the Spanish partisans and guerillas directed their operations.

All the detachments which were going, like ourselves, to reinforce the different corps of the army in Spain, received orders to rendezvous in the cities of Vittoria and Miranda, to go on an expedition against the Spanish partisans of Navarre and La Rioca. General Simon left Vittoria on the 13th of December with 1200 men, and proceeded to occupy Salvatierra and Alegria. The commandants of the garrisons stationed in the cities of Navarre, had formed some flying columns, who were to join the corps of General Simon, after having dispersed such parties of the enemy as they might fall in with on their march. This kind of military chase was intended to destroy the bands of the partisan Mina, who kept Pampeluna in a state of almost constant blockade, attacking without interruption the convoys going to the French army of Arragon.

Generals Loison and Solignac commenced their march on the 16th from Vittoria and Miranda, and, by a simultaneous movement on both sides of the Ebro, they threw themselves on Logrono, hoping to surprise the Marquis de Porliere in that city. The numerous guerillas of that partisan chief intercepted our communications between Bayonne and Madrid, making daily incursions even to the gates of Burgos, Bribiesca, Pancorvo, Miranda, and Vittoria.

My detachment of hussars composed part of a

corps of four or five thousand men, commanded by General Loison. The foot-soldiers had left their baggage behind them, and even their knapsacks, in order to be more nimble for running among the mountains.

We came in sight of Logrono at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th. General Solignac's troops presented themselves before that city about the same time. They immediately took possession of all the gates and outlets on the right side of the Ebro, while we seized on the bridge which leads to the left side of the river. We flattered ourselves, for an instant, that we had enclosed the partisans in Logrono; but to our no small surprise, we entered that city soon after, without requiring to fire a single shot.

The Marquis de Porliere had been apprised in the morning of our combined march, and had escaped by the cross-roads to the high mountains of Castile. The inhabitants of the city, both men and women, stationed themselves at the windows to see us arrive. In general, their countenances displayed evident marks of contentment and satisfaction. They rejoiced that the Marquis of Porliere had avoided us, but truly not that they saw the French troops return. They knew full well, by past experience, that our coming would bring on them an exaction of the arrears of their contributions.

General Solignac went off next day in search of the enemy. At Najara, he fell in with a small party of Spaniards, whom he chased to La Clazada de Santo Domingo, thinking that he would reach the main body of the partisans. It was a stratagem of the Marquis de Porliere, intended to lead

us in a direction the opposite of that which he and his small army had taken. General Loison followed General Solignac on the 19th to Najara. We were under the necessity of halting two whole days in that city, to acquire some information about the enemy, of whom we had completely lost all traces.

On the 21st, we were at last informed, that the Marquis de Porliere had taken the road for Soto. This town, situated among the mountains, was the residence of a provincial Junta ; and the magazine of their arms, ammunition, and clothing was also in this place. We ascended the Najarillo to pursue the partisans once more. General Loison's division went to a village about ten leagues south of Soto, at the foot of elevated mountains, intending to spend there a few hours of the night. A detached corps, composed of my detachment of hussars, one hundred and fifty Polish lancers, and two hundred voltigeurs, continued to pursue the enemy. I cleared the march of this corps with an advanced guard of twenty-five hussars. We urged on through narrow wretched roads, in the midst of snow, till sunrise, when we came up with the rear-guard of the enemy, and made a few prisoners. We delayed several hours to feed our horses, and give General Loison time to arrive. At noon we resumed our march, on the left bank of a small river which flows towards Soto.

Some peasants were observed on the highest of the mountains towards our right, flying off with their cattle. Small platoons of Spanish cavalry, placed in watch on the heights, set away at the gallop as soon as they observed us. The clergy and alcaids of the hamlets we passed through, with counterfeited zeal, brought us re-

freshments on the way, evidently to hinder us from getting forward. From fifty to sixty peasants, of all ages, whom I questioned in different places, all endeavoured to deceive me, by saying that they had not seen the guerillas, and that they were not at Soto. But horses, expiring through fatigue, and abandoned on the road with their accoutrements, demonstrated at almost every step that we were not far distant from our foes.

As we came in sight of Soto, at about a quarter of a league off, we were suddenly received with a discharge of thirty or forty muskets, and some armed peasants were observed to fly from behind the rocks where they had been concealed, and to run down the mountains in full speed towards Soto. We halted, waiting for the infantry and the Major in command. No place could be found on the heights to form in battle-order, and we remained in file in the narrow path through which we had arrived.

Soto lies in the bottom of a narrow valley, which is divided by a torrent. On the other side of the town rises a very steep mountain, along the side of which a winding path has been formed. Up this road, we perceived the partisans urging their flight, exactly facing us. The magistrates of the Junta of Soto, and a great number of priests wrapped in black cloaks, marched foremost, and were near reaching the top of the mountain. The treasure and baggage followed next, borne by mules in files, the one tied behind the other. Then came the soldiers in uniforms, and a great many peasants armed with fowling-pieces, who marched without order. A crowd of all ages and sexes hurried tumultuously out of the town along with

the partisans. The bustle of so many men, clambering up the mountains by different tracks, presented to the eye a truly picturesque appearance.

Confusion spread among the Spaniards on perceiving us, and at first they hastened their march by every path that was accessible. But, seeing that we were no more than a small advanced guard, they gathered courage, and the whole extent of the mountain resounded with their prolonged sonorous cries. Those who were nearest us stopped, and stationing themselves on the rocks opposite, aimed at us with their muskets at their utmost stretch; making us hear these words, ornamented with a thousand curses, "Come, look at the *brigands* a little nearer if you dare!" It was thus our soldiers termed them, on account of their disorderly mode of fighting. They were separated from us by a ravine three or four hundred feet in depth, at the bottom of which the river ran.

The Marquis de Porliere left behind him, to cover his retreat, a company of cavalry before the gate of Soto, by which we had to enter. At a little distance on the other side of the river, he had posted four or five hundred foot-soldiers, on the rocks and eminences which overlooked the town. Whatever happened, these men could easily retire without loss on our advance, but they could do us much harm.

The major of the 26th regiment, who commanded us, judging that the enemy's position could not be carried in front, resolved to turn it. A hundred and fifty voltigeurs descended the ravine, crossed the river at a ford below us, climbed the mountain with no little trouble, and continued firing for some time at the enemy without gaining ground. Their

ammunition failing them, they retired beside a small chapel on the top of the hill, and sent two men to tell us their condition. The firing, cursing, and shouting of the Spaniards, redoubled. They had observed our riflemen send for aid, and saw that we could not afford it.

The captain of the enemy's cavalry advanced before his troop about half a gun-shot, near the entrance of the town, and began to provoke the officer who commanded the van-guard of our hussars, by his abusive language. This captain made his horse curvet, and fenced away with his sabre, to show that he could use it with dexterity. The hussar officer at first regarded him with perfect indifference ; but, rendered impatient by his bravadoes and the shouts of the Spaniards present, whose audacity was increasing, he descended the narrow winding path which leads to Soto unaccompanied. The warlike captain turned his horse's head when the officer was a few paces distant, and shrunk back quietly to the ranks of his cavalry.

Now, however, the uneasiness of the Major was every moment increasing. General Loison had not arrived, daylight was fading, we heard more firing at the summit of the hill opposite, and we had received no news about our voltigeurs.

When night arrived, we heard the Spanish drum beat a sort of retreat, and then we saw the flash of a pretty brisk fire of musketry at the bottom of the valley, between two parties who disputed the passage of the river. After the firing, a deep silence followed.

Solitude and night augmented our anxiety. We believed that our voltigeurs had come down the mountain opposite, through the midst of the ene-



my, and that, overpowered with numbers, they were in the last extremity. The Major in command sent my detachment forward to render some assistance if possible. On entering the city, we met, instead of Spaniards, the division of General Loison entering in files. Led astray by their guides, they had taken a quite different road from us, and very circuitous. The engagement, which had appeared so bloody to us at a distance, was in fact between our voltigeurs, who were descending to the town after the enemy's departure, and the grenadiers of General Loison's advanced guard. These friends arriving at the same time from opposite directions, did not recognise each other till after the second discharge. Fortunately, the darkness of the night prevented them from taking aim, and there was but one man killed on either side.

Soto was abandoned by its inhabitants. The air now resounded with the rough voices of the soldiers, who ran through the streets and burst open the doors of the houses, to find victuals and lodging. In the midst of this confused uproar, which the echoes of the adjoining mountains endlessly redoubled, we heard the cry of a distracted female, who, with an unearthly voice, never ceased the whole night to cry for help. Having been left in the hospital of the town when the inhabitants fled, she had been struck with the unwonted bustle she noticed in the streets, through the bars of her grated window. Her voice was raised amid the tumult, as if she had been the organ of the whole fugitive population. A fire was soon after seen among the heights, and we heard the crash of falling walls. Then an explosion took place, and we perceived the flaming wreck of a building blown

up into the air. The fire had reached some caissons of cartridges which the enemy, unable to carry with them, had concealed beneath a quantity of straw. At sunrise, we quitted Soto, and for two days followed the track of the partisans in the direction of Munilla and Cervera. Despairing at last of being able to get a blow at them, we took up our quarters in the town of Arnedo, and then returned to Logrono.

General Simon had no better success in his expedition into Navarre against Mina. That chief being attacked on the 19th at Estella, and on the 20th at Puente de la Reyna, disbanded his followers, and thus avoided the troops that were marching from every quarter against him. General Simon was no sooner gone, than Mina again collected his bands. The Marquis de Porliere, driven from the mountains of Castile, retraced his steps, and threw himself among those of Asturias. In this retreat, where he was pursued by a force at least four times stronger than his own, he did not lose more than thirty men.

By the accounts of the French commanders at this period, it appears that bands, similar to those of Porliere and Mina, existed in every province of Spain occupied by the French. These bands did incalculable mischief to our armies, and no power could extirpate them. Incessantly pursued, frequently dispersed, they always rallied again, and renewed their depredations.

## CHAPTER VII.

For nearly a month we remained in the valley of La Rioca, while General Loison was settling the arrears of his contributions; afterwards, he proceeded for Burgos, to join our regiment in the field. On the 25th of January we arrived at Logroño, and staid five days in a village near thence, waiting for a detachment of our regiment to come by way from France, with baggage, money, and a good supply of fresh horses. This detachment having arrived, an adjutant-major, whose care it had been placed, took the command of our column of hussars. We crossed La Mancha, and soon after arrived at San Carlos, a small town at the foot of the Sierra Morena mountains, which separate La Mancha from Castile. These mountains, which separate La Mancha from Castile, are inhabited by some colonists from different parts of Germany, brought thither by the king of Olivares in 1781. The most aged of these colonists followed us on foot for hours, to see us more before their death the happiness

before us, formed a striking contrast to the barren black mountains we had just crossed. The husbandmen were busy with the olive harvest, and the landscape presented that cheerful animated aspect about the close of winter, which is only witnessed in more northern countries during the harvest or vintage months.

On our left were the mountains of the kingdom of Jaen ; and in the distance we could distinguish the summits of the Sierra-Nevada of Grenada, covered with perpetual snow. These heights were the last retreats of the Moors before they were utterly expelled from Spain.

The road lay through extensive olive plantations, under whose protecting shade grew alternately the corn and the vine. The fields were bordered with hedges of aloes, whose leaves were as sharp as lances, and whose taper stems shot upwards to the height of trees. Here and there, behind the habitations, we perceived the thick planted orange orchards, and on the unploughed borders of the streams grew laurels of a lively whiteness, which were then in flower. A few old palm-trees were still seen at intervals, which the clergy preserved in their gardens, that they might have their branches to distribute on Palm Sundays.

We marched either on the one or the other side of the Guadalquiver, and followed the windings of the river in its course between Andujar and Cordova. The country becomes less picturesque in approaching Seville. Sometimes we crossed fields of corn several miles in length, without meeting with a tree or a house, and at other times we passed over uncultivated tracts, where we saw *only flocks of sheep.*

Andalusia is, beyond comparison, the most fertile and naturally richest country of Spain. It is a common proverb in La Mancha and the Castiles, that "the very water of the Guadalquivir fattens more horses than the barley of other countries." The bread of Andalusia is reckoned the whitest and sweetest in the world, and the olives there are of a prodigious size. The climate is so pure and mild, that one may sleep almost the whole year in the open air. During the summer, and sometimes even in winter, people are seen sleeping all night under open porticos. A number of individuals not burdened with riches, travel without ever concerning themselves to seek shelter for the night. They carry their own provision, or purchase such food as women prepare for passengers, on chaffing dishes, at the entrance, or on the public squares, of great cities. The poor never ask each other, as is the case farther north, if they have a house to inhabit, but if they have a good cloak to keep out the sun's heat, or to screen them from the winter rains.

At every step in Andalusia, still more so than any where else in the Peninsula, the traveller meets with remains and memorials of the ancient Arabs. It is the singular blending together of Eastern manners and customs with Christian usages, that chiefly distinguishes the Spanish people from all other Europeans.

The houses, in towns, are almost all constructed in the Moorish fashion. Within, they have a paved court of large flagstones, in the middle of which there is a basin, where fountains perpetually spout their waters, and refrigerate the air, under

the shade of citron or cyprus trees. Trellis-work of oranges is sometimes supported on the walls; and these trees carry all the year round their leaves, fruits, and flowers. The different apartments communicate with each other through the court. There is generally a porch within the gate, which opens to the street. In the ancient palaces of the Moorish kings and nobles—as for instance, in the Alhambra of Grenada—these courts have peristyles or porticos running round them, whose numerous narrow arches are supported by very tall and elegant columns. Common houses have but a very plain small inner court, with a cistern in one corner, shaded by a lofty citron tree. A kind of pitcher or jar, in which water is put to cool, is generally suspended near the door of such houses, or where there is a current of air. These pitchers are called *alcarazas*, an Arabic word, which shows that they were introduced into Spain by the Moors. \*

The Cathedral of Cordova, which is an ancient mosque, has within its walls one of these open courts. Like private houses, this court is shaded by citrons and cypresses, and contains basins constantly supplied with the living stream by upright jets of water. On entering the consecrated part of the mosque, or *mezquita*, for its ancient name is still retained, the sight of so many marble columns of different colours strikes the beholder with astonishment. These columns stand in parallel rows pretty near each other, and support a kind of

\* These jars have the same form, and are similarly used, as those described by M. Denon, in his *Travels in Egypt*, which are manufactured on the banks of the Nile, between Dendera, Kene, and Thebes.

pet delights and inspires him ; the noise and smoke of the powder do not affright him. He is most sensible of his master's words and caresses, who never strikes, but flatters and encourages him when oppressed with fatigue. The horse seems then to gather new strength, and sometimes does from enrulment, and a wish to please, what no blows could have compelled him to perform.

We had frequently some Spanish peasants attending us, conveying our baggage, provisions and ammunition on their horses and mules. I heard one of these peasants one day, after a long address to his horse, which was quite exhausted, whisper eagerly with a low voice in the ear of the animal, as if to spare him a general disgrace—"Take care lest you be seen." A boy just at the time was beating his ass with all his strength, and cursing the mother that begat her. The asses are not treated so gently as the horses are, being reckoned quite insensible to honour.

A journey in Spain is commonly made on horseback, and goods are transported in some of the provinces on the backs of mules. The excellent roads which traverse Spain, are quite of modern origin. The streets of ancient towns are narrow and crooked, and each storey of the houses, projects farther outwards, the higher it ascends. It is easy to see that such streets, which are of Moorish origin, were never made for carriages. The Andalusian and Spanish inns, excepting some in great cities built by Italians, are just large caravansaries, where the traveller gets only a lodging for himself and for his horses and mules. He must carry his own provisions with him, and sleep on his horse-cloth. The natives of the country tra-

vel in companies, when they leave the frequented roads. They carry fire-arms suspended at their saddle-bows, for fear of being robbed by the smugglers that infest the mountains of Grenada, and those of the south coast between Malaga and Cadiz. The country people, and particularly farm-servants, in some parts of Spain and Andalusia, are accustomed to sleep on mats, which they roll up and often carry about with them. This Eastern custom is a comment on our Saviour's command to the paralytic person in scripture. "Take up thy bed, and walk."

The custom of sitting *à la Mauresque*, on round mats made of rushes, is still observed by women of the lower orders. In some convents of Spain also, where ancient manners are transmitted without change, the nuns still delight to sit like the Turks, without knowing that they are imitating the enemies of the Christian faith. A kind of veil of woollen stuff, called a *mantilla*, commonly worn by females in Andalusia, which conceals sometimes the whole face but the eyes, seems to be copied from the fashion that the Eastern women have of wrapping themselves in large scarfs of the same manufacture when they go out of doors. The Spanish dances, particularly those of the fandango kind, very much resemble the wanton manner of the East. Their way of playing the castanets dancing, and singing *seguidillas*, still exist in Arabia and Egypt, as well as in the Peninsula. A scorching wind which blows from the east is still called in Andalusia "The Medina wind."

The Andalusians and Spaniards in general, are religiously sober, like the Orientals, even in the midst of plenty. They regard intemperance as



the abuse of God's gifts, and despise those who are its slaves. Salt pork is daily eaten at their meals. This unwholesome article of food in hot climates, is forbidden by the sacred law of every Eastern nation, and they heartily detest it. When the Christians reconquered Spain, and before the Moors were completely expelled, there were many Mussulmans and Jews in Andalusia, who, for permission to stay still, assumed an aspect of conversion. The Spanish Christians then ate pork, in order to be known as such ; and this test was, so to speak, a " profession of their faith. "

There is such a striking analogy, even now, between the mode of fighting in some parts of Spain, and that of the different hordes of Arabians with whom the French fought on the banks of the Nile, that if one was to substitute Spanish, in place of Arabic names, on some pages of the history of the Egyptian campaign, it might pass for an account of the Spanish war.

The levies *en masse* of Spanish national and local troops, fight in disorder, and charge with horrid cries. In an attack on level ground they are distinguished like the Arabians, by their impetuosity, and their fury mingled with despair and fanaticism. Like that race also, they often abandon too soon the prospect of success, and give up the contest even at the moment when they might claim the victory ; but when they fight behind walls or entrenchments, they stand to the last. The inhabitants of Egypt fled beyond the desert to the fastnesses of their mountains. The people of Spain abandoned their homes at the approach of our troops, and carried their most precious effects to the hills. In Spain, as in Egypt, our soldiers

dared not loiter a step behind the army, at the peril of their lives. In fine, the people of south Spain cherish in their souls the same spirit of perennial hatred, and yet the same lively fancy, which characterize the people of the East. Like them, they are discouraged by the least rumour of defeat, and rise in arms continually at the most distant prospect of success. The Spaniards, like the Arabians, often manifest the most horrid excess of cruelty to their prisoners, and at other times treat them with the noblest and most generous hospitality.

After passing Andujar, Cordova, Essica, and Carmona, we arrived at Seville, where we received orders from Marshal Soult to rejoin our regiment at Ronda, a town distant about ten leagues from Gibraltar. At first, we were struck at the deep tranquillity which reigned throughout Andalusia, most of the principal cities having sent deputations to King Joseph. But this peace was only apparent, and existed only in the plains where we had numerous troops. The inhabitants of the kingdoms of Murcia, Grenada, and those of the province of Ronda, those, in a word, that dwell among the mountains which cross, surround, and border on Andalusia, or divide it from Estremadura and Portugal, all these had simultaneously taken arms.

We left Seville on the 18th of March, and slept at Outrera. On the 19th, we passed on to Moron, a small town at the foot of the Ronda mountains. The inhabitants of that place were on the eve of joining the mountaineers, who had been in arms for some time. The greater part of the population of Moron assembled in the great square on our arrival. The men regarded us with an expression

of restrained fury, and seemed to watch our minutest movements. It was not to gratify a harmless curiosity, but to inure their eyes to the sight of enemies whom they intended soon to attack, and thus to dispel that fear of the future which acts so powerfully on imaginative people. Some females were dressed in cloth of English manufacture, on which were depicted the portrait of King Ferdinand VII., and those of the Spanish generals most distinguished in battle with the French. When we witnessed the fermentation and spirit of revolt which reigned throughout the town, we resolved on lodging all together in three adjoining inns. If we had separated to seek accommodation in the houses up and down, as we might have done with safety in the plain, we would doubtless have all been dead next morning.

We had but a very few men capable of combat, having many spare horses to lead, and the military chest, and equipments for the regiment conveyed by requisition-asses and mules, to attend to besides, which greatly retarded and impeded our march. A quarter-master and I were the only individuals in the detachment that had before been in Spain, or could speak the language. The former kept always beside the adjutant-major in command, to act as his interpreter. I rode always an hour's journey a-head of the troops, to secure provisions and lodgings in places where we meant to rest.

Leaving Moron, we entered the mountains of Ronda, on our way to Olvera. As usual, I preceded the rest to provide quarters for them, and was accompanied by a hussar, and a young brigadier to act as a scout, chosen from the recruits for

the occasion. About two leagues from Moron, I knocked at the door of a farmhouse among the mountains, and was answered by an elderly man in much agitation. I asked for something to drink, which he instantly supplied with extraordinary zeal. I learned afterwards, that a small band of five armed smugglers were stationed in the house, and were alarmed lest they should be discovered.

The advanced guard soon after making its appearance, I was afraid I would not have time to prepare lodgings and provisions before the detachment arrived. We could only move at a slow pace, from the steep and rugged nature of the road, and because our horses were jaded with a march of several months. I gave my horse in charge to the hussar, and mounted that of the guide we had taken at Moron. I went on before my companions, and arrived in sight of Olbera unattended. A deep valley denuded of trees, into which the road suddenly descends, lay between me and the town, built on a steep rocky eminence which commands the whole country. The peasants at work in the neighbouring fields united in bands of eight or ten as I advanced, and, according to custom, inquired among themselves, with concern, what could be the cause of my arrival. They then left their labours, and followed in the path behind me. The town's people had observed me for some time, and were out in crowds on the rocks to get a better view.

I began to fear that there were no French in Olbera, as I had believed; and therefore halted at the bottom of the valley, surprised at the increasing agitation which I perceived. I hesitated

for a moment if I should not return, but I thought it my duty to press on at every peril. My horse was already much fatigued with its journey, and I must have returned by a road exceedingly steep. Besides, I was followed at no distance by a troop of labourers, armed with mattocks. These people soon came up and surrounded me, inquiring "from what province I was, where I was going, and what news I brought." I saw at once, from these questions, that they imagined I was in the Spanish service,—my uniform being of a deep brown colour had occasioned their mistake. I took care not to undeceive them, not knowing if I dared do it without danger of my life. I hoped to gain time until my detachment would arrive, and gave them to understand that I was a Swiss officer in the service of the Junta, that I was going to Gibraltar; and added, to put them in good humour, that the Marquis de la Romana had just gained a great victory near Badajos. The peasants received these news with eagerness, and narrated them over again to each other, cursing the French with a thousand imprecations, which gave me a dismal idea of the fate awaiting me, if I should happen to be known.

I asked, in my turn, if there were any of these detested Frenchmen in their village? They replied, that King Joseph had been beaten at Gaucin with all his guards, that he had evacuated Ronda some days ago, and that, by this time, that city must have been occupied by 10,000 mountaineers. It was at Ronda we had orders to join our regiment; and if it was indeed in other hands, our detachment had no other fate to expect among the mountains but inevitable destruction. The countrymen turned aside to quench their thirst &c.

spring, and I continued to climb the hill by myself.

Soon after I perceived five men, armed and equipped like soldiers, who hastened by another path to get before me, and entered Olbera before I arrived. From the noise I heard immediately after, I conceived they must have brought the news of the advance of my troop, and that I was discovered. I again stopped, doubting if I should proceed. The inhabitants, observing me from the rocks, saw my uncertainty, and redoubled their shouts. The women, in great numbers, had posted themselves on a hill which commanded the entrance of the village; and their shrill voices, mingling with those of the men, fell on the ear like a tempest of whistling winds. I formed the resolution to advance. It would have been certain death to return. It would have been an acknowledgment of guilt, which rarely finds mercy from an irritated mob.

I was then met by a corregidor, an alcaid and two priests, preceded by five or six persons, with a young man at their head, whom I afterwards found out to be the *Gracioso* of the place. With a deriding manner, he said to me in Spanish, "You will be *well* received by the ladies of Olbera; they are truly fond of the French;" and many other such sneering speeches. One of his companions demanded in a stern voice, "What number of French were behind?" I replied, "about two hundred, more or less." "It is false," he said, with sufficient rudeness; "there is not a hundred, including yourself; these five men that have just come in, saw them at the farmhouse on the road from Moron." I now had reason to believe they knew who I was. The corregidor and the priests approaching, I thought for an instant,

from their ungracious aspect, that they were about to propose I should receive extreme unction. Amid the uproar, I could plainly hear these words, "Hang him, he is a Frenchman; he is the devil himself, he is an incarnate devil."

In a minute, to my great surprise, I saw the Spaniards disperse. The brigadier, the hussar, and the guide I had left behind, happened just then to appear on the opposite heights. Those who were stationed on the most elevated of the rocks, took them for the van-guard of my detachment; and, by shouts and signs, signified their approach to the multitude around me.

The corregidor and alcaid soon assumed a different manner. They told me, quite humbly, that they were the magistrates of the place, and that they paid their respects to me in obedience to the mandate of King Joseph, which ordained, that the constituted authorities throughout Spain should go out to meet the French, and treat them with attention. My confidence increasing with their submission and fears, I advised them, with some threats, to keep the multitude under authority; and ordered them instantly to prepare provisions for the troop.

The corregidor, by way of palliating their conduct, prayed that no notice might be taken of the behaviour of a few drunken fellows, who took delight in exciting the mob. When I inquired who the five armed men were, I had seen entering the village some minutes before; one of the clergymen replied, with an affected tone, and rather ironically, that they had been a bird-shooting, and that the bags they bore were filled with game. With this very lame excuse I was obliged to be contented. I alighted and walked on foot, with the

priests and alcaids, to the guild-hall, in the great square at the head of the town, and commenced to write the soldier's billets along with them.

The brigadier who followed, having left the hussar with my horse at the entrance of the town, arrived at the gallop soon after, before the door of the house where I was. He had scarcely touched the ground, when the Spaniards rushed into the streets around, with shouts of savage fury. They expected to see a powerful troop, but when only one man rode through their village, they recovered from their mistake, and left their houses in a rage. So great was their vehemence, that they crushed each other in an arched way, which leads to the public square. Instantly I went to the balcony, and called on the brigadier, who being come, we shut ourselves up in the council-room, and barricaded the door. The crowd halted for a moment to seize the brigadier's horse, pistols, and portmanteau. The leaders of the tumult then took possession of the staircase, and ascended to the door of the apartment in which we had enclosed ourselves, with the corregidor and the priests; and they called out to us through the partition instantly to surrender.

At first I endeavoured, by means of the corregidor, whom I held fast, to order them to remain quiet, and told them our detachment would very soon arrive. I declared our determination to sell our lives dearly, and that if they dared to enter, their father priest would fall the first victim to their fury. Believing the door would be broken open, I retired some steps to the narrow entrance of the inner chamber, and kept hold of the parson



as a shield to defend me in extremity. I drew my sabre,—ordered the brigadier to do the same, and to remain at the end of the room to prevent the curate and the corregidor from taking hold of me. The shouts of the people grew louder and louder, and the inhabitants who came to speak with us were driven back by those who had seized the staircase and the square. The door was violently shaken and began to give way to the united efforts of the mob. I then said to the parson—“Forgive me, Father; you see I cannot restrain the populace; I am compelled by necessity to make you share my fate, and we must die together.”

The curate, terrified at the danger which threatened his brother as well as himself, advanced to the balcony, and called aloud to the inhabitants, that their father priest would perish to a certainty, if they did not instantly retire. The women hearing these words uttered a yell of agony, and the crowd with one sudden unanimous movement fell back,—the veneration of the people for their priests is so sincere and profound.

For some time longer the brigadier and I sustained this species of blockade. Soon after the place became quiet, and the shouts of the enraged rabble were hushed. The trampling of horses feet belonging to my detachment, which was forming in line at the lower end of the village, was now heard. The sound reached us all of a sudden, as distinctly as if it had been the deep hour of midnight.

In company with the corregidor and the parson, we now rejoined our troop. We took the clergyman with us as a safeguard. I related to my com-

renewed the history of my reception, and advised them to proceed to Ronda the same day, after the horses were fed. In spite of all my remonstrances, the adjutant-major in command insisted on sleeping at Olbera, telling me with a kind of reproach, "that it was a thing unknown for regular troops to discommode themselves for a few peasants." This officer, had just come from France, where he had spent several years in the depot of his regiment, and knew nothing of the Spaniards.

We bivouacked in a meadow around the walls, near to an inn on the road below the village. The inhabitants were apparently quite peaceful during the remainder of the day, and supplied us with provisions. But in place of a young ox, which I had ordered, they brought us an ass cut into quarters. The hussars discovered that the Veal, as they called it, had a very insipid taste. It was not long till we learned the strange deception these highlanders had practised on us, from their own mouths. They often cried to us afterwards while they fired, "You eat asses flesh at Olbera." The most deadly insult that can be offered to a Christian, as they think, is to make him eat ass-flesh.

Not having courage to attack us in our enclosure, they prepared to do it as we departed. They sent word to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, to place ambuscades, and to lie in wait for us, on our way next day to Ronda. Toward the evening they assumed a threatening aspect. They betook themselves to the rocks in great numbers, and formed a thick hedge around the access to our bivouac. Thus they remained, quite immovable, surveying our slightest motions. Now and then

some voices insulting the sentries broke on the stillness of the hour, but were instantly suppressed by the alcaids.

When it was pretty late, the parson presented himself before our bivouac, and begged to speak with me. He said that he had provided excellent lodgings for our officers, and pressed me earnestly to induce my comrades to accept them. His intention was, as we have since learned, to make us all prisoners; hoping, that the soldiers, finding themselves unofficered, would next morning get into confusion.

I hesitated not to refuse his offer. The priest then inquired if I cherished any resentment for what had passed in the forenoon, and if I had any suspicion of the designs of the inhabitants. I replied, that I had neither resentment nor mistrust. He then entreated me just to go home with him, saying it was his wish to treat me well. I consulted with my fellow-officers, and it was agreed that I should go unaccompanied to the village, to show to the inhabitants that we had no design of vengeance, and thus preventing them from attacking us at night. My comrades were biassed by the hope that I would be able to send them some supper too. I again returned to the priest, and asked his sacred word that I would sustain no harm. He immediately gave it, and to prove my implicit confidence, I gave my sword to the sentinel in his presence, and accompanied him unarmed.

We passed through the town together. On every side the inhabitants as we passed made low reverences to my guide, but regarded me with a menacing expression. When they came so near

as to make me be afraid of a surprise, the priest compelled them to retire by a glance or a frown. Such was the deference paid him on account of the sacred character he bore.

We arrived at the house, and were received by his housekeeper. She was a tall woman, about thirty-five or forty years old. She first offered us chocolate and biscuits, and then served up our repast on a table near the kitchen fire. I sent off some supper to my comrades, and took my place at the table. The priest stationed himself opposite, and his housekeeper sat down on his right hand, almost under the chimney, which was very elevated. After a moment's silence, the priest inquired if I would not go to mass next morning before I left the place. I replied that I was not a Catholic. At these words his countenance altered, and his housekeeper, who had never seen a heretic, startled in her chair, made some unconscious exclamations, and sighed deeply. After uttering several *Ave Marias* between her teeth, she consulted the countenance of the priest, to judge how she ought to feel at the sight of such a terrible apparition as a heretic. (The popular descriptions, and the pictures in many country churches, represent heretics as darting flames from their mouths). The housekeeper resumed her composure, when she witnessed the priest carry on the conversation at his ease.

After supper, I was invited to sleep there, the priest declaring I must be much fatigued, and that he could give me a bed at least as good as our bivouac. Seeing I hesitated in my reply, he added, that it would be advisable to let the crowd disperse, and that I ought to wait a few hours. I

then began to suspect that he intended to keep me in his house, and to deliver me to the populace. I was afterwards told this was in fact his design, and that he was the leader of the insurrection. Some reasons, however, have since induced me to believe, that, in detaining me a prisoner, he wished to save me from the doom decreed by the inhabitants of the village and himself against my detachment.

As I was wholly in his power, I took care not to manifest the smallest symptom of distrust. I told him that I accepted his offers, in perfect confidence of my safety, since he had pledged his sacred word, and that I would go to sleep. But I begged he would awaken me in two hours at the latest, because my comrades, not seeing me return before midnight, would probably leave their bivouac, and set the town on fire. The priest showed me to the adjoining chamber. I went to bed—a luxury we seldom enjoyed in Spain, and he took away the lamp, after wishing me a good night.

The darkness of my situation did not now help to let me see the bright side of my fate. I repented having left my sabre. I regretted it as a faithful friend, that could have given me good counsel in my need. I listened, and heard the murmurs of people in the street, passing and repassing under my windows. The priest from time to time gently opened the door, and put in his white head, with the lamp in his right hand, to see if I slept. I feigned myself in a deep slumber, and he quietly retired.

Several men entered the next room. They talked at first in a low tone of voice, but afterwards, in confusion, and all together. Then all at once

they fell quiet, as if they feared they would awake me; or that I might be listening to their discourse. I spent two hours almost in this agitated, awkward situation, ruminating what course I ought to pursue. I determined on calling the ecclesiastic. He came immediately. I told him I wished instantly to join my troop. He laid down the lamp without saying a word, and left me, no doubt to consult with the Spaniards who were in the house, what he ought to do with me.

Who should enter my chamber at this moment, to my great joy, but our quarter-master, he who talked Spanish. He was accompanied by the corregidor. My comrades, he told me, were in the greatest uneasiness about my fate; and had sent him to inquire what had befallen me. He said the inhabitants already considered me their prisoner, that they designed to attack us next day; and declared, that not one of us would be suffered to escape. I dressed myself with speed, and again reminded the priest of his sacred promise; telling him, my comrades threatened to take arms if I did not immediately return. Fortunately for me, the preparations for a general rise were not yet completed. The priest could no longer detain me. He called the corregidor and an alcaid, with a few others, who placed us in the middle of their number, and led us through the crowd to our bivouac.

The quarter-master who was thus opportunely sent to me, was a Norman, of as good metal as the steel of his sword. Under the appearance of the completest good nature, he concealed all the cunning peculiar to his countrymen. He got into the good graces of the inhabitants, by telling them, *that he was the son of an officer of the Walloon*

guards, detained a prisoner in France with Charles IV.,—that he had been compelled to serve with us,—and, for a long time, had sought an opportunity of deserting. The Spaniards of the mountains are, by turns, as cunning and as credulous as savages. They believed this fabrication, sympathized with the wily Norman, gave him money, and intrusted him with part of their plans. By him we were apprized of the design of the neighbouring villages to make a united attack on us, in great numbers, at a dangerous defile on the road to Ronda. That happy discovery saved us from a total defeat.

As we were going to depart next day, the priest and the corregidor came requesting an attestation, to show to the French who might afterwards visit Olvera, that we had been treated with attention. They trusted, that the threatening appearance of the populace would have made us do as they desired. We replied that it could not be granted, unless they delivered up the arms taken from the brigadier's horse the preceding evening. We had several times before demanded them, but to no purpose.

The corregidor and the priest took the road in silence, leading to the top of the village; and very shortly after their departure, cries of alarm were heard. The inhabitants had just murdered six hussars and two farriers, who imprudently went to shoe their horses at the smithy. Then the shooting commenced. We instantly took to horse; and the body of the detachment followed the adjutant-major who commanded us to the place of rendezvous, about a gun-shot from the town. I remained at the bivouac, and kept with me ten hussars

to guard the retreat and secure the baggage, with which the mules were not yet loaded, the drivers, who were Spaniards, having fled during the night.

One of my comrades, soon after, came to me to say, that our rear-guard would be surrounded, and that the enemy kept up a constant fire against the troops from the rocks above, and the windows at the end of the village through which we had to pass. Having no prospect of assistance, we formed the determination of cutting our road through the midst of our foes. My horse was shot through the neck, and fell. I speedily raised him, and reached the detachment. My comrade had his arm broken with a ball. One after another, I witnessed nearly all the hussars fall who followed me. Women, or rather exasperated furies, threw themselves on the wounded with horrid screams, and vied with each other in putting them to death in the cruelest torments. They put knives and scissors in their eyes, and delighted with savage joy at the sight of their blood. The excess of just rage against the invaders of their country, seemed to have changed their nature to the very core.

Our detachment all this time had kept waiting for us, facing the enemy. The inhabitants dared not leave their rocks and their abodes, nor could we get at them on horseback, to avenge the death of our companions. We called over our numbers in their sight, placed the wounded in the centre of the troop, and slowly again began our march.

Being unable to find a guide, and ignorant of the road, we took the first path which led away from the beaten track, on which we knew the mountaineers were lying in wait. We wandered



about for some time at random. At length we saw a man riding on a mule, making haste to get away from a farmhouse. I followed and overtook him. Having placed him between two hussars of the advanced guard, I commanded him to direct us to Ronda, or take his choice of being stabbed. Without this countryman, whom we happened on by chance, it would have been quite impossible for us to find the way in this unknown and hostile region. This is a specimen of the difficulties we had constantly to struggle with, not merely military or foreseen, and such as are to be met with in the routine of regular war, but obstacles without number which the national spirit generated, and at every step, according to circumstances, sprung up and were multiplied without end.

After entering a pretty extensive valley, we perceived on the heights towards the left a troop of a thousand or fifteen hundred men observing our march. Among them we could distinguish some women and even children. They were the inhabitants of Settenil and the villages around, who having learned that we had changed our road to avoid their ambuscade, had set off to pursue us. They were making all the haste possible, in hopes of getting between us and the passage of a defile in our front. We trotted our horses to get before them, and happily cleared the pass. Immediately after this, we were surrounded by a host of peasants, who separated tumultuously from the main body of the enemy, and kept firing on our flank. They followed us among the rocks, never venturing nearer than a gun-shot, lest they would be unable to regain the mountains if we made a charge. Priests and alcaide rode on

horseback over the heights, and directed the movements of the crowd. Such of our hussars as had the misfortune to be wounded and to fall, were in a moment mercilessly stabbed. One alone escaped. He had the presence of mind to say, that he wished to confess before he died, and the minister of Settenil saved him from their fury.

We reached a frequented path on the side of a steep mountain. Here we passed some minutes to breathe our horses. The rocks over head screened us from the fire of the enemy above. At length we came in sight of Ronda. As we were rejoicing at the prospect of terminating our journey, we were struck at the sight of fresh enemies firing briskly from an ambush in a wood near the town. Our uneasiness now became extreme, for we dreaded that the French had abandoned the place. But with the most heartfelt joy, we beheld a party of hussars belonging to our own regiment coming to meet us. At a distance they had mistaken us for enemies.

We entered the town, and halted in the public square. Our comrades now came to embrace us, and to inquire the news from France and the rest of the world, to which they had become almost total strangers. We then dispersed into our different quarters, calculating on at least a few days rest, after the fatigues we had so long endured.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**RONDA** is situated among high mountains, which must be crossed in going to Gibraltar, and are generally known by the name of the Serrania de Ronda. Their summits are destitute of vegetation, and their sides are covered with a brittle rock, whose surface, one would think, the sun's heat for ages had blackened and calcined. It is only at the bottom of valleys, and on the borders of streams, that meadows and orchards are beheld. Nearer the sea, the vines creep along the ground almost without culture. From thence come the Spanish wines held in greatest repute.

Constantly obliged to struggle under the privations of uncivilized life, the people who live in these barren mountains are sober, persevering, and unconquerable. Religion is the only tie which binds them, and almost the only curb by which they can be restrained. The late Spanish government could never subject them to a strict observance of the laws in time of peace, nor oblige them to serve in the armies during war. They uniformly ran off, when marched to any distance from their habitations.

Each village chooses its alcaids for a term of two years. These magistrates, however, seldom

dare to exercise their authority, for fear of making themselves enemies, and of being exposed to an always implacable vengeance. If the king's judge had a mind to use force to quash a disturbance, in an instant every dagger would be turned against himself. But if a prayer be commenced, it is a wonder if the combatants do not lay aside their fury, to join in it with one accord. In their hottest quarrels, the arrival of the holy sacrament never fails to restore peace.

I was informed, that never a feast of any consequence takes place in the Sierra, without the death of two or three individuals. Jealousy among these people is a phrenzy which blood alone can pacify. It seldom fails that the mortal stab follows the sidelong glance of passion.

These highlanders, to a man almost, are contraband dealers. They sometimes unite in great numbers from different villages, under their most noted chiefs, and, descending into the plains, disperse themselves up and down to carry on their illegal traffic. Often they resist the troops despatched in pursuit of them. These smugglers have always been celebrated for their cunning, and for the dexterity with which they are trained to beguile the vigilance of hosts of customhouse officers. Ranging through the mountains day and night, they are familiar with the most retired caves, with all the passes, and with the most untrodden paths.

Whilst the men are thus constantly engaged in these contraband contests, the women remain in their mountainous villages, and fear not to engage in the most oppressive toils. They bear heavy

loads with ease, and are proud of this superiority of strength, which they have by habit acquired. They have even been seen wrestling with each other, and contending who would lift the largest stones. When they go down to Ronda, they are known at once by their masculine size, their robust limbs, and their wondering, yet defying looks. They are fond of ornamenting themselves when they visit the city, with the veils and rich stuffs of their contraband traffic. Their dress makes a strange contrast with their coarse features, and dark sun-burnt complexions.

The warlike inhabitants of these lofty mountains had all taken arms against the French. When King Joseph came to Ronda at the head of his guards, about three weeks before our arrival, he vainly endeavoured to make them submit to his authority, first by gentle means, and then by force.

King Joseph remained only a few days at Ronda. He had left a garrison in that city, consisting of 250 hussars of our regiment, and 300 soldiers of his own guard of infantry. He had given our Colonel, when he departed, the title of "Civil and Military Governor," with most unlimited power over the neighbouring provinces. The absolute authority attached to this pompous title, which was equal to that of captain-general, should have extended over a track of country fifteen or twenty leagues in circumference. But the smugglers of the Sierra, limited our sway to the walls of Ronda, and even there we could not sleep without anxiety, on account of our mistrust of the inhabitants of the suburbs.

The same night I arrived, a number of fires were lighted successively on the mountains around.

The deception occasioned by the darkness, made the flame of the farthest distant appear near, and it was observed by some one, that a burning circle surrounded us. The enemy had taken up their position before the city, with the intention of attacking us next day.

For half an hour we heard the sound of a goat's horn repeated again and again, which seemed to proceed from a grove of olives, beyond the old town, in a little valley underneath. We were passing a thousand jokes about these unmodulated notes, without being able to conceive their meaning, when a hussar from one of the advanced posts came at the gallop to inform the Colonel, that a deputy from the enemy demanded to be admitted. The Colonel ordered him to be introduced, and the Brigadier brought him immediately, after covering his eyes. The deputy told us, that he had come to propose we should surrender ourselves. He said, that the General of the mountaineers, with 15,000 men, had occupied every pass by which we could escape; that he had taken a convoy of 50,000 cartridges, which were intended for us; and that he knew we could not defend the place for any length of time, because we had almost no ammunition. True it was, that the infantry of the garrison had but three rounds each. Our hussars could make no use of the sabre among the rocks, where their horses proved of no advantage, and tended rather to embarrass.

Our colonel replied to the deputy, that we would previously sit down to table. He gave me a sign to conduct our new comer to the mess-room, recommending him to my attention. He ~~was~~ a young man of a pretty good appearance,

He wore a round hat after the Andalusian fashion, and a short brown vest trimmed with sky-blue chain-lace. His only mark of distinction was a scarf in the manner of the country, with a few silver threads inwoven at the ends. In place of a sabre, he wore a long, straight, old-fashioned sword.

At first he was abashed to see himself, in his modest costume, among so many officers covered with embroidery. When we all at once put our hands to our sabres to unloose them before sitting down at table, he manifested some uneasiness, being ignorant of the cause of this unexpected movement. I believe he thought we were going to kill him, in retaliation for a murder committed by the people of a neighbouring village some days before, on a public functionary of Ronda, whom we had sent to them as our deputy.

I soon dispelled his fears, by inviting him to unarm himself, and to take a seat along with us. After some moments silence, I asked him if he had been long in the service of Ferdinand VII. ? He replied, that he had only entered a year ago, as a lieutenant in the Cantabrian hussars. We are doubly comrades, I replied, although enemies, by the rank we hold, and the war in which we serve. He was much flattered by being reckoned an officer of regular troops. I put several questions to him about the chiefs of the insurgent army. He vastly extolled the merits of General Gonzales, declaring him to be a man of uncommon talents in the art of war, and of a most profound knowledge in all military matters. We had never heard the name of that chief before ; and it appeared afterwards that he was a sergeant of the line, whom the insurgents had dignified with the rank of Bri-

gadier-general, that they might appear an organized force. By praising thus in exaggerated terms every thing which concerned his own party, we came to know without his telling us, that no corps of English had left Gibraltar to join the mountaineers ; which, had it been the case, would have rendered our situation perilous in the extreme.

The Spanish officer did not at first depart from that sobriety which characterizes his countrymen. But when we drank his health, he returned the compliment, and, emulating our example, he now studied to keep up with us. We were only comrades at supper, but we were brothers at the desert. We vowed an everlasting friendship ; and, among other proofs of esteem, we promised to fell each other in single combat the very first time we should again meet.

After supper, the Colonel sent the Spanish deputy home without making any reply. I was directed to conduct him to the advanced posts of the enemy. I told him to tie up his eyes himself ; and a hussar, at his right hand, led his horse. I was on his left, and we took the road together towards Gibraltar, by which he had come. On passing the main-guard, we were joined by the deputy's trumpeter, and an old royal carabineer, who acted as his attendant. He was the only one the insurgent army could boast of ; and was sent on this occasion, on account of a new uniform he wore, to do honour to their commissioner. I was astonished to hear him ask his officer, with a tone of authority, " why have you made me wait so long ? "

The trumpeter was a young shepherd, dressed in a green mantle, which singularly contrasted with



his sandals, his bonnet, and the rest of his rustic garments. He had got his lesson before he came away. When our hussars inquired what had become of his trumpet, he said he happened to lose it. He had in fact purposely dropped the humble goat's horn, which he had blown, fearing that the sight of that unwarlike instrument would destroy the illusion, which he hoped would be produced by his disguise. The shepherd could not get his horse to keep a-head of us. It stood and kicked at every step. I called out to him in Spanish to "move on." He replied, most pitifully, "It is the first time ever I was on a horse, and they have given me a cursed jade that will not stir an inch." The carabineer, who followed a few yards behind us, went up to the poor fellow, ordered him rudely to be silent, and ended his perplexity, by taking his horse by the bridle.

When we reached the first Spanish post, after passing the suburbs of the ancient town, I bade the deputy adieu, and returned to my colonel to give an account of my commission. A council of war being held, we came to the resolution of abandoning the city, and going to Campillos to wait there for ammunition. This town is about seven leagues distant from Ronda, and is situated in a plain at the foot of the mountains, where our cavalry behoved to give us an advantage over the highlanders, whatever might be their numbers. We put very little trust in the 300 men of King Joseph's guard, this corps being chiefly composed of Spanish deserters.

The Colonel ordered that the garrison should commence their march in half an hour, without a

drum being beat or a trumpet blown, lest the enemy should be thereby advertised of our departure. I instantly summoned the quarter-masters who were under my command, and we went from house to house to call up the recruits I had brought. They had calculated on making a long stay at Ronda, to recover from the fatigues of their journey. When we went at midnight to warn them of our departure, they were in a profound sleep, and not hearing the trumpet sound as usual, they were unwilling to believe our words. Some even thought we were the ghosts of their lieutenant and corporals, come to torment them in their dreams with orders to march. We required to give them some hearty strokes, to prove that we were corporeal.

For two hours we marched in a profound silence, by the brilliant light of the olive wood fires, which the mountaineers had lighted on the tops of the hills in our vicinity. At daybreak, we halted for a quarter of an hour, in a small plain, where we could have used our sabres, to see if the enemy would not come there to seek for us. But they fled every where at our approach, and regained the summits of their mountains, without wishing to engage. The peasants of the villages, on our march, fired at us from a distance. The women stationed themselves on the rocks above, to see us pass, and to rejoice at our retreat. They sung patriotic songs, in which they prayed for death to every Frenchman, to the Grand Duke de Berg, and to Napoleon. The burden of their verses was the imitation of a cock crowing, which is reckoned emblematical of France.

*At length we reached Campillo, and saw per-*

fectly well, by the manner of our reception, the news of our losses at Olbera, and our return from Ronda, had already reached this place. When I entered my lodging, I was very ungraciously welcomed by my landlord. My attendant having asked for a chamber to me, was shown into a damp hole, which looked into a back yard. There having been no rations distributed when we arrived, the alcaid had issued an order, enjoining inhabitants to entertain the soldiers who were quartered on them. The hussar who waited on me made signs to the master of the house that he wanted some victuals. With a scornful air, I ordered this person bring a trifling small table, on which there was a little bread and a few garlic cloves. I heard him say to his wife, "It is good enough for these French dogs; there is no need of being ceremonious with them now; they have been beaten as they are flying, and please God, and the Holy Virgin, not one of them shall be in life two months hence." I pretended not to hear his execrations, that I might not let him know I understood Spanish language.

I went out, and returned about an hour afterwards to my lodging, where I found a circle of five individuals sitting smoking cigars. They were in the habit of assembling every evening, as I understood, at the house of my host, who was a bacconist. My hussar sat at some distance, and on my entrance he rose and presented me his chair. I accepted it, and drew nearer to the fire. The Spaniards at first were silent; but one of them asked to prove whether or not I understood Spanish, and quired if I was not very much fatigued. The hussar seemed not to comprehend his meaning, he

ed with a sneer, " You have made good use of your spurs for two days past ? " I made no answer ; and they concluded that I did not know a word of their language, and resumed their conversation.

They declaimed, with boundless enthusiasm, about the brave mountaineers who had driven us out of Ronda. They related all the particulars of a most bloody battle that never happened, which lasted for twelve hours in the very streets of the city the evening before. They said our loss could not at least be less than 600 men, and we had no more than 550 in all. They affirmed that the general of the mountaineers would attack us, in two days at farthest ; that the inhabitants of the village would take up arms, and that they would annihilate these damned heretics, who were far worse than the Moors ; " because," as they said, " these French neither believe in God, nor the Virgin, nor Saint Anthony, and not even in Saint James of Galicia. They do not even think it a crime to lodge in churches, and their horses with them. " They repeated a thousand other such invectives, and excited their imaginations higher and higher. They concluded by saying, that " one Spaniard was a match for three Frenchmen ; " and one of them added, that " he would kill half a dozen with his own hand. "

I then rose and twice repeated the Spanish words *poco a poco*, which means " softly, softly. " They seemed petrified to find that I had understood their whole conversation. I left them to tell my Colonel what I had just learned. He instantly commanded the alcaid to disarm the village.

The inhabitants delivered up their useless arms, but, as is usual in such cases, they retained those that were of any service.

On returning to my quarters, I found not one of my politicians. They had all taken flight. My host also had concealed himself. In my absence, his alarmed spouse had endeavoured to propitiate my hussar. She had given him only water at first to quench his thirst, but now she brought him excellent wine. Having no idea that all this attention was the offspring of fear, and being much surprised at this unexpected kindness, he began to feel a certain impulse of vanity ; and I found him, on my return, brushing up his horrible mustaches with more than ordinary satisfaction.

The moment I laid down my sabre, my hostess took it up, and carried it with great eagerness to the best apartment in the house, as if to take possession in my name. She then came trembling to entreat me not to cherish any resentment against her husband, telling me, that though he had not received me very politely at first, he was, however, an honest man, and had an excellent heart. I told her that her husband might return when he pleased, for I would not do him any injury if he would give me immediate notice of all that he could learn concerning the plans of the enemy or the inhabitants. I added, however, merely to frighten him, that if he failed to do it, I would have him hanged ; and then I went to bed.

I rose at day-break next morning, and, on opening my chamber-door, found my landlord waiting to make his peace with me. Before saying a word, he presented me with a cup of chocolate and biscuits ; which I accepted with great civility, and told

him, that in future I would regulate my conduct towards him according as he behaved. He replied with a low bow, that I might do with him and his as I pleased.

We learned to-day, the 15th of March, that the Serranos had entered Ronda about an hour after our evacuation of it, and that they were preparing to attack us at Campillos. On the 16th, our Colonel sent a strong detachment of a hundred hussars and forty infantry to reconnoitre the enemy. I accompanied this expedition. We commenced our march about two hours before sunrise, and met the mountaineers about four leagues from Campillos. They had biveuacked all night on the side of a mountain, near the village of Caneta la Real. We halted about two gun-shots from them to examine their numbers and position. They were estimated to be about 4000. When our observations were finished, we took the road deliberately by which we had come.

The Serranos, seeing us preparing to return, believed that we were afraid of them. They uttered loud cries, descended the mountain in a body, and without observing any order, followed us for an hour in a very rugged and irregular tract of country. The ground becoming favourable for cavalry, they checked their ardour, stopped to unite among the hills, and dared not at first advance into the plain. They then sent down some peasants to fire at the skirmishers of our rear-guard, who had wheeled about, whilst the infantry and main body of the troop were crossing a wooden bridge over a torrent, which runs at the foot of a barren mountain, on whose summit the village of Teba is perched like an eagle's nest.

The women of the village, clothed according to the fashion of the country, in red and light blue dresses, were sitting on their heels in great numbers, on the top of the rocks, to witness the engagement, which they expected would immediately happen. Our rear-guard soon called in the sharp-shooters, and began to pass the bridge. Then the women rose with one consent, and sung a hymn to the Holy Virgin. At this signal the firing commenced; and the Spaniards, screened by the hill, poured down a shower of bullets all around us. We continued to pass the bridge under the discharge of musketry, without returning their fire. The women were observed to run down the rocks—to snatch the guns out of the hands of the husbands—and to place themselves in front, to oblige them to advance and pursue us beyond the bridge.

Our rear-guard, finding themselves rather closely pressed, faced the enemy; and the hussars the first line directed a well supplied fire from their carabines against the foremost of their numbers. Two were killed; the crowd restrained their petuosity, and the females made all haste to reach the top of the mountain. About a hundred, however, of the insurgents followed us at a distance to within half a league of Campillos.

Next day a reconnoitering party of fifty hussars found the Serranos encamped on the farther side of the wooden bridge, below the village of Campillos. They went close up to them, and again retreated at the same pace, without firing a single shot. The mountaineers took courage, as they did the day before, and followed our scouts as far as our advanced posts. Our design was to enter the village, and to cut off the communication between the Serranos and the insurgents.

into the plain before Campillos, and there to exercise our swords. The insurgents, being armed for the most part with fowling-pieces, had always an advantage among the mountains, where the rocks interrupted our pursuit of them. But in the plain they could not resist the charge of our cavalry, though much inferior in numbers, on account of their disorderly mode of fighting.

At 10 *a. m.*, I saw my host enter in a great hurry. He had a smile on his lips; but he rubbed his eyes, and vainly attempted to shed tears. He told me that we were all gone men; that our guards had been routed; and that 1500 fierce highlanders were coming down to surround us in the plain, whilst the revolted townsmen attacked us in the streets of the village. He clasped me warmly in his arms as if he pitied my approaching fate.

In fact, I heard that very moment the report of muskets, tumultuous shouts, and the noise of the trumpets and drums. People from all quarters were hastening to take arms. One of our picquets, stationed at no distance from the house where I lodged, had just been forced to retire into the village. I soon mounted my horse and assembled my detachment. At the same instant the Colonel appeared, and ordered me to go to the aid of the guards who had been beaten. We made a sweeping charge in the plain—and it succeeded. Forty of our hussars cut to pieces one hundred mountaineers. Those who occupied the heights fled in the greatest consternation. We returned when all was over, and the plain which had before resounded with the shouts of a host of musketeers,



lay silent and strewed with the vanquished foes that had just been laid low.

While we were thus engaged, the inhabitants of Campillos, thinking we would never return, put to death in their streets all those of our soldiers who had delayed going to the place of rendezvous, as they ought to have done, in case of an alarm. Our hussars, on returning to the village, put to the sword every person found under arms, and it was with difficulty they could be restrained from pillage. The mountaineers dared no more show themselves in the plains. They marched the rest of the day, and part of the night, till they regained the high mountains in the vicinity of Ronda.

General Peremont came from Malaga to join us at Campillos on the 19th of March with three battalions of infantry, one regiment of Polish lancers, and two pieces of cannon. We received the ammunition we required ; and at six o'clock in the morning of the 20th, we all set off together to retake Ronda. We diverged a little from our route in passing Teba, to levy a contribution from its inhabitants, as a punishment for having taken arms three days before, notwithstanding they had made submissions to King Joseph.

Our Colonel left his regiment at the foot of the mountain, and ascended to its summit, where the village is built, with only fifty hussars. The inhabitants, being aware of our approach, and of the fine we had come to exact, had fled among the rocks with their most precious effects. Various articles abandoned on the road, indicated the track of their precipitate flight. The Colonel gave orders to break open the doors of some of the houses in the market-place, to see if any persons were

concealed therein. They found only one poor old man, who, far from being afraid of the soldiers, uttered cries of joy when they came to him. They wished to profit by this expression of regard, and to bring him from his hiding-place that they might get the information they wanted. But they soon observed that he was an idiot; and this was probably the cause which prevented his relations or friends from taking him along with them to their retreats.

We passed near two hours in the village, without finding a single individual that we could send to the town's people, in order to relieve their fears, to say that nothing would be done to them, and that their offence would be forgiven, if they paid a contribution to King Joseph. We did not wish to make them irreconcilable enemies, and to drive them to despair, by a rigorous revenge, though it was incumbent not to suffer their revolt to pass unpunished.

We devised the following expedient to draw them from their fastnesses. The hussars burned some wet straw in the chimneys of some of the houses. These fires caused a dense smoke, which the wind blew among the mountains, and made the people believe their village was in flames. They hastened to send a deputation; and the alcaid soon appeared, followed by four of the wealthiest citizens. He was dressed in a scarlet mantle and laced cap. No doubt he had attired himself in all his tokens of dignity; because he thought, in going to the French, he was rendering his life a sacrifice for the salvation of his native town. The alcaid promised that the contribution would be paid. We took him with us as a hostage, and he returned home in two days.

We halted for the night at a small village about four leagues distant from Campilloa. We set out for Ronda on the 21st, at sunrise, and entered it without resistance. The mountaineers precipitately abandoned the town on our approach, throwing down their muskets and cloaks in the streets, that they might gain the mountains by the footpaths. The hussars of our vanguard cut down those who were last in their flight.

Part of the inhabitants of Ronda received us as deliverers. The highlanders had erected a gibbet in the great square during our absence, in order to punish such of the citizens as had showed any favour to the French. If we had come a day later, many individuals would have been hanged. Thus private animosities would have been satisfied, under pretence of public vengeance. A magistrate was to have suffered, because he spurned a bribe in a smuggling affair some years ago. A poor tailor, the night before we came, was thrown headlong from the rocks and dashed to pieces, because he had acted as an interpreter to our soldiers.

The same day we left Ronda, the mountaineers entered it at daybreak, with loud shouts and the firing of guns, as a manifestation of their joy. All the inhabitants of each village marched together tumultuously. Their women followed them, who were only distinguished from the men, as already observed, by their clothing, their loftier stature, and a little more barbarity of manner.

They pretended that their husbands had conquered Ronda from the French, and that every thing in the city was theirs. Stopping before splendid *mansions*, they would say in their vanity to each other,—“ I make choice of this house; I shall be

the lady of this one, and will come in a few days to stay in it, with my children and my goats." In the mean time, they loaded their asses with whatever they could find within the rooms. These *ladies* did not desist from plundering, till their animals were on the point of sinking under the weight of their burdens.

An English lieutenant, who went with them on the expedition, had his horse and portmanteau stolen, and could by no means get the guilty persons punished. The prisons were forced; and the offenders imprisoned therein ran, the moment they were at liberty, to wreak their vengeance on their judges and accusers. Debtors extorted from their creditors discharges for their debts. They committed to the flames all the chancery documents; that they might cancel every deed of mortgage held by any citizen upon their highland properties.

The General-in-chief of the Serranos did not arrive at Ronda for six hours after we left it. He had endeavoured, first of all, to establish some kind of order in the town, with the assistance of what he called his *regulars*. Being unable to do so, he made use of the following stratagem. He caused the public crier to announce that the French were returning. In the twinkling of an eye the mountaineers assembled, and the inhabitants had time to barricade their doors.

A person named Cura possessed the greatest influence over these undisciplined bands. He was a native of Valencia, where he had been a professor of mathematics. Having killed a man in a fit of jealousy, he took refuge among the illicit traders to escape from the pursuit of justice. He had se-

cretly spread a report, that he was of noble birth, and that political reasons obliged him to remain unknown. The mountaineers called him "The stranger with the big bonnet," because he affected to wear the cap of the country of a prodigious size, in order to attract notice. That sort of mystery which hung about him, gave him a great empire over people's minds. This stranger, of big bonnet notoriety, levied large contributions from several highland villages about a month after, under the pretext of going to purchase arms and ammunition. He endeavoured to run off with the money intrusted with him, but he was arrested and punished.

General Peremont had come to Ronda with his brigade, purposing to make an expedition into the heart of the high mountains ; but he was under the necessity of returning to Malaga without making the attempt. He received intelligence that another body of insurgents had attacked that city in his absence. Ronda was again garrisoned by our hussars, and two hundred brave soldiers of Polish infantry, in place of the battalion of King Joseph's guard we had with us before.

The lofty platform on which Ronda stands, is of gentle ascent on every side but the north. It is separated on the south and west, from the mountains which command it, by a lovely cultivated valley. The Guadiaro descends from the high of these mountains, and divides the city. One might say, that the high rock on which it is built, has been sundered by an earthquake, to form a deep crevice for the gloomy channel of this river.

The old city, on the left bank, is connected with the new town opposite, by a superb stone

of a single arch. Iron balconies project beyond the parapet walls on both sides of it. The passenger is struck with a feeling of terror, when he sees unexpectedly below him, through the slender iron railings, at the depth of almost three hundred feet, the foaming river, like a single white thread, which the impetuosity of the torrent has impelled for ages through the awful abyss. A damp kind of fog constantly rises from the bottom of the gulf. The eye can scarcely distinguish, on account of the depth, the men and asses with their loads, who are always going up and down the winding path, to some one of the mills constructed at the foot of the immense rocky terrace that supports the town.

In these times of war and trouble, we have sometimes witnessed, from the rocks above, the gardeners of the valley leave their peaceful labours, to join the mountaineers when they came rushing down to battle. From this spot also we have often observed them bury their fire-arms in the ground, on the advance of our troops.

That part of Ronda, which is called the old town, is almost entirely of Moorish origin. Its streets are narrow and crooked. The new town, on the other hand, is regularly built; its squares are large, and its streets are wide and evenly. By constructing some new works, and repairing an old castle, we easily put the old town into such a condition as to make it proof against a surprise; so that our infantry were quite able to defend it. Our hussars were specially charged with the defence of the new town. We demolished some old walls, and levelled some inequalities of the ground at the *entrance of that part of the city*; that, in case of

danger, we might be able to repulse the enemy by charges of cavalry.

The mountaineers encamped on the summits of the neighbouring heights, and night and day observed all that passed in the city. When our trumpets sounded the reveillée, the shepherds' horns were soon heard-awakening our foes of the hills. They spent whole days annoying our picquets in one quarter or other, but took to flight the moment we went toward them, only to return and give us new disquiet.

Whenever the Serranos were going to attack us, they commenced a loud shouting to animate them for the combat ; and, long before their balls could reach us, they began to fire. The farthest off, hearing the cries and the shots, believed that their companions in front must have gained some superiority. Then they hurried on to take part in the action, that they too might have the honour of what they deemed an easy victory. With endless bravadoes, they passed those that once preceded them : and when they knew their error, it was impossible to retire. We suffered them to come as far as the small plain around the new town, that we might attack them with the sabre ; and they always retired after some of their number had been slain.

The most agreeable exercise of the work-people about Ronda, was to station themselves behind rocks among the olives, at the end of the subu and to smoke their cigars, and shoot our vides. They would leave the town in the morning with their implements of labour, as if they had going to work in the fields. There, or at farm-houses, they would find their guns, &

the evening they would again return unarmed, to sleep in the midst of us. It sometimes happened that our hussars recognised their landlords among their antagonists. It was impossible to make a scrutiny sufficiently strict. If Marshal Soult's decree against the insurgent Spaniards had been executed, we would have been obliged to punish with death almost the whole population of the country. The French prisoners were hanged or burned alive by these mountaineers. The Spaniards, on the other hand, found with arms in their hands, very seldom met with quarter from our soldiers.

The women, the aged, and even the children, were all against us, and acted as spies to the enemy. I saw a young boy, eight years old, come one day to play himself among our horses' feet, and undertake to act as our guide. He led a small party of our hussars into an ambuscade, and sheltered himself instantly among the rocks, tossing his cap into the air, and crying aloud, "Long live our King, Ferdinand VII.!" In a moment the firing commenced.

The mountaineers compensated for their deficiency of skill in military discipline, by the insuperable energy and perseverance of their character. If they were unable to contend with us in the plains—if they failed in combined attacks, they fought most advantageously among the rocks, behind the walls of their houses, and in every situation where cavalry could not act. Montejaque, a little hamlet of fifty or sixty houses, about half a league distant from Ronda, could never be reduced to a perfect submission.

The inhabitants of every little town or village



among the mountains who anticipated visits from the French, sent their old people, their wives and their children to the inaccessible hills, and hid their most precious effects in caves. The men alone remained, to defend the villages, or to make plundering excursions into the plains, to carry off the cattle of those of their own countrymen who would not declare themselves our foes.

The town of Grazelema was the arsenal of the Serranos. Marshal Soult marched against it with a strong flying column of three thousand men. The smugglers defended themselves from house to house, and did not abandon the place till their ammunition failed. They then escaped to the mountains, after they had made our soldiers sustain considerable loss. The city was again occupied by them, after the column had gone.

A division of three regiments of infantry, sent a month afterwards to disperse the insurgent army anew, easily drove them before them in the open country, but could not expel them from Grazelema. Some of the smugglers were intrenched in the square in the centre of the town, and had placed mattresses before the windows of the houses where they had taken refuge. Twelve hussars of the tenth regiment, and forty voltigeurs, who formed the avant-guard of the French division, arrived at that spot without meeting any resistance. But they never returned. They were every one struck by a fire from the windows, discharged on them all at once. Those who were sent after them to take possession of that square, perished in the same way, without injuring one of their foes. *The frequent expeditions we sent among the high mountains, almost always dispersed the enemy,*

without reducing them; but our troops returned to Ronda much fewer than when they went.

The Serranos, by their mode of fighting, baffled the energies of our troops, even though they were superior in numbers. They flew from rock to rock, and from one position to another, at the approach of our masses, without intermitting their most galling fire. Even as they fled, they destroyed whole columns, without affording one opportunity of revenge. This manner of fighting had procured them the name of "Mountain Flies," even from the Spaniards; in allusion to the way in which these restless insects torment mankind, without affording any respite from their pains.

Every detachment that went out of Ronda, either for reconnoitering or otherwise, was enveloped with a cloud of sharp-shooters, from the moment of its departure to its return. Every convoy of provisions which we brought in, cost us several lives. We might have truly said in Scripture language, "That we ate our own flesh, and drank our own blood," in this inglorious war. It was to expiate the injustice of the cause in which we fought.

The mountains of the kingdoms of Grenada and Murcia were not more submissive than those of Ronda. The French, attacked by the whole population of the country on every point of communication, were in almost parallel circumstances with our regiment, in every mountainous district of the Peninsula. Such is a specimen of the *repose* we enjoyed after Spain had been conquered, from the frontiers of France to the gates of Cadiz. The siege of that city was now the only military *affair of any importance*.

When our horses had consumed all the fodder of the farms around Ronda, we were obliged to go farther off, and to send parties of thirty or forty hussars, three or four times a week, for minced straw, several leagues from the city. The weakness of the garrison did not permit us to support our cavalry foragers with detachments of foot, as we often found most necessary. Our horsemen were not always sufficiently strong to repulse the enemy in these petty expeditions, and we studied to elude their vigilance by taking a different road every day, or making a great circuit to avoid the dangerous glens. Not unfrequently we were obliged to make a path for ourselves through the heart of the insurgents, who everlastingly surrounded the city.

For a month my fortune had been most propitious. I succeeded in every enterprise with which I was charged; and the days that I commanded the main-guard, none of the soldiers were killed. The hussars, who are to a certain extent professed fatalists, began to think me invulnerable. On the 1st of May, however, I was wounded almost mortally. But I have been since told, as a consolation, that Fate made a mistake, that I ought not to think myself less fortunate than formerly, for the adjutant-major had erred in ordering the service, and I went in the room of a comrade who had very bad luck.

On the 1st of May I accompanied a detachment of forty-five hussars, under the command of a captain. We were going to seek for straw, four leagues from Ronda, in the farms around the village of Settenil. A hundred peasants and muleteers from the town attended us, to take charge of

the asses and mules. We set off at 5 *a. m.*, and the captain and I rode foremost. In passing a defile, about half a league on our march, we observed to each other, that surely the enemy must have heard nothing of our excursion, or they would have been watching us here. They could have done us a vast deal of injury without running any risk themselves. On ascending a steep hill, I first of all perceived a good way off a cloud of dust; and then distinctly on our right, about four or five hundred armed men, who were advancing in the valley toward the village of Ariate. I told the captain that I could distinguish the enemy, and that I was sure of it from their hurried and disorderly way of marching.

A quartermaster declared the men observed in the plain were muleteers returning to Ossuna from Ronda, where they had been the day preceding, with biscuits and cartridges, and an escort of two hundred men. I stoutly maintained that those I saw were enemies; and added, that if I had the command I would charge them instantly whilst they were still in the plain. "If we are repulsed here," I observed, "we could easily retreat, but we cannot prosecute our journey, without being exposed on our return to an attack in some pass unfavourable for cavalry." The captain was of a different opinion; and we continued our route, and soon came near the village of Settenil.

The laziness and surliness of the Spanish muleteers somewhat excited our suspicion. We had still more reason to be alarmed, when, just as we were preparing to return to Ronda, we saw a peasant on horseback on a distant hill observing

our march, and then gallop off as if to advertise the enemy.

When we had done foraging, we returned the same way we came. A convoy of mules was made to pass on before us, between a van-guard of twelve hussars and the body of the troop at whose head were the captain and myself. When within two gun-shots of the pass we had most reason to fear, I saw a man on the top of an olive tree, cutting branches from it with a hatchet. I rode forward at the gallop, and asked him if he had seen the Serranos. He was one himself, as I afterwards learned, and cut down these branches to interrupt our passage. He replied, pretending to redouble his activity, that "he was too busy to attend to what was passing around him." At the same instant the captain also interrogated a child five or six years old, who, with a hesitating low voice, as if afraid of being heard, gave him some confused and contradictory answer. To this we gave little heed, for we just then saw our van-guard and the foremost of the convoy emerge from the far side of the glen, and ascend the opposite hill. We had a very narrow and slippery piece of road to pass, bounded on the sides by high garden hedges, and about five or six hundred paces long. Here we were obliged to march in file. The captain made the same observation to me he did in the morning, that it was a fortunate thing for us the enemy had not stationed an ambuscade in this pass. Scarcely had he said these words, when a volley of four or five shots from behind the hedges killed the three last mules of the convoy, and the trumpeter's horse before us. That instant our horses stopped.

The captain should have been the first to proceed, but the animal he rode had belonged to an officer killed on a like occasion a few days previously, and it would not move a step. Seeing this, I applied the spurs, and sprung past the captain; I leaped over the trumpeter's horse, as also the mules and their burdens that had just fallen, and passed through the defile alone. The Serranos, concealed behind the hedges, conceived that I was followed closely by the whole troop, and all their pieces were in a moment discharged. I was struck by two of the balls. The one passed through my left thigh; the other entered my body.

The captain followed not far behind, and arrived at the end of the pass unhurt. Of the whole detachment, no more than four of the last were killed; for the enemy required a few minutes to reload their guns, and make a second discharge. The quarter-master, who brought up the rear, had his horse killed; but he counterfeited death, crept into the brushwood, and at midnight returned to Ronda as well as ever.

When we had rallied, and formed in battle-order on the other side of the glen, I told the captain that I was wounded, that I felt my strength exhausted, and that I would return to Ronda by the nearest road, though it was very steep. He recommended me to stay with the troop, which was going to make a compass of half a league round the margin of the plain, where no enemy need be feared, that it might not be exposed to a second attack unnecessarily. I felt that I could not support so long a march, and entered the hilly road *with a hussar attending me, to hold my horse's bridle.* As I was losing much blood, I was ob-

liged to summon up all my firmness, lest I should have fainted. If I had fallen from my horse, the poignard would doubtless have ended my days. I held by the pommel of the saddle with my hands, and made vain efforts to spur my horse forward with the only leg I could use. The poor animal could go no faster, but staggered every step he took, for a ball had shot him through.

When I was about half a league from the city, my horse could scarcely move. The hussar who attended me, rode off at the gallop, to tell the picquet on the top of the hill. I made a few paces by myself, without seeing almost any thing, and scarcely even hearing the shots fired at me by some peasants cutting down wood a little way off. The soldiers at length arrived to succour me, and I was carried to my lodgings in my horse-cloth.

I was met by my Spanish hosts, who would not let me be taken to the military hospital, where an epidemic fever raged. I would in all probability have found there, like many others, death for a cure. My hosts had, to that day, behaved towards me with a cold and distant politeness, regarding me as an enemy of their country. This feeling of patriotism, which I respected, had made me as reserved towards them. But when I was wounded, they displayed the most tender concern for my welfare, and treated me with that generosity and kindness which so eminently characterizes the Spaniards. They said to me, that since I could do no more harm to Spain, they considered me as a member of their own family. Without leaving me a moment for fifty days, they truly rendered me all the attention which human nature could have showed.

At daybreak on the 4th of May, the insurgents came to attack Ronda in greater strength than they had ever before mustered. The balls passed so near the windows of my room, that my guardians found it necessary to remove my bed to the adjoining chamber. My host and hostess soon after came to tell me, but with an air of calmness they struggled to preserve, that the mountaineers were at the end of the street, that they were fast gaining ground, and that the old city was on the point of falling into their hands. They declared that they would use every effort to save me from the fury of the Serranos, until General Valdenebro, who was their relation, should arrive. They accordingly hastily concealed my arms, my military dress, and every thing else which could have betrayed me to the enemy. With the assistance of their servants, they bore me to the top of the house, behind a little chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, considering that consecrated spot as an inviolable asylum. My hosts then hastened to get two priests, whom they stationed before the street-door to guard the entrance in case of danger, and to defend me in extremity by their presence.

An old lady, the mother of my hostess, remained alone with me engaged in prayer. As the shouts of the combatants, and the noise of fire-arms, announced that the tide of battle rolled nearer or retired, so did she count the beads of her rosary faster or slower. About noon the firing became fainter, and then ceased altogether. The enemy were beaten in every quarter, and my comrades came to relate the particulars of the engagement as soon as they alighted.

*The second hussars* received orders a few days



after to go to Santa Maria. They were replaced by the forty-third regiment of the line, and of all my corps, none but myself remained at Ronda. I knew none of the officers of the new garrison, and no other Frenchman visited me but a subaltern adjutant of infantry, who came from time to time to inquire at my hosts if I was not dead yet, or departed. He was very impatient to obtain possession of my quarters.

After my comrades were gone, my hosts redoubled their care and kindness towards me. They spent several hours of the day in my chamber; and when I became convalescent, they invited some of their neighbours every evening to chat at my bed-side, and perform a little concert to divert my mind from its sorrows. They sung their national airs, and accompanied them on the guitar.

My hostess's mother had conceived a great friendship for me, ever since the day she prayed so fervently for my deliverance when the city was assaulted. Her second daughter was a nun in a convent of noble ladies, and she now and then inquired after me, and sent little baskets of perfumed lint covered with rose leaves. The nuns of the different convents of Ronda fasted and did penance as often again, after we entered Andalusia, as before. They passed the greater part of the night supplicating success to the Spanish cause, and the day was spent in preparing medicaments to send to the wounded French. This melange of patriotism and Christian charity was by no means rare in Spain.

On the 18th of June, I rose for the first time since I was wounded. I was obliged to begin my

sad apprenticeship of walking with crutches, having totally lost the use of one of my legs. I went to see the horse that had been wounded along with me. He had become quite recovered, but did not know me at first, which showed how much I must have been changed. I left Ronda on the 22d, on an ammunition-waggon, which was going for cartridges to Ossuna, under a strong escort. I bade adieu to my hosts with the same kind of grief as is felt on leaving, for the first time, the dear paternal roof. They were not less sad at my departure, for the kindness which I had experienced at their hands, had made them love me as their own.

I went from Ossuna to Essica, and from thence to Cordova. Troops of Spanish partisans, two or three hundred strong, scoured the country in all directions. When pursued, they retreated to the mountains which separated Andalusia from La Mancha and Estremadura, or to those which bound the shore. These numerous bodies, called *guerillas*, served to keep up that universal ferment which prevailed throughout the country; and they also maintained communications between Cadiz and the interior of Spain. They told the people such stories, as that the Marquis de la Romana had beaten the French at Truxillo, or that the English from Gibraltar had completely defeated them near the shore. These reports, most industriously scattered, though quite improbable, were always received with transport. Hope, thus continually kept alive, stirred up the nation, in one part or other, to partial revolts, and the news of successes never gained, often led the way to such as were real.

*At a little distance from Cordova, their existed*

a most noted band of robbers. These thieves by profession, never abandoned the practice of plundering Spanish passengers. But by way of discharging the obligation which every subject contracts at his birth, of shedding his blood for his country when invaded by foreign foes, these brigands also lifted arms against the French, and attacked their detachments when they could, though they had no prospect of gain.

After leaving Andalusia, I crossed La Mancha. I was obliged to stop several days at every station, waiting for the return of the escorts that regularly conveyed ammunition to the siege of Cadiz. Sometimes completely wearied out by staying long in wretched lodgings, I have abandoned myself to my fate, and ventured to go unaccompanied from one halting-place to another. The commanders at the different posts of communication could not spare a convoy but for the essential service of the army, for they often lost several soldiers when escorting a single courier a few leagues.

King Joseph could not devise a plan for collecting his revenues regularly. It was to no purpose that he sent flying columns to scour the country. The people fled for refuge to the mountains, or with more courage, defended themselves in the houses. The soldiers pillaged the villages, and the contributions were not received. Peaceable inhabitants sometimes had to pay for all the rest, and were again more heavily oppressed by the guerrilla chiefs, because they had not fled at the proach of the French. The inhabitants of Mancha, as well as those of other provinces joining, were exasperated by all these grievances and the number of our enemies increased

day. New Castile, which I passed through also in my journey, was not more tranquil than the province of La Mancha. The Spanish partisans were at the point of taking King Joseph prisoner in one of his own country-houses near Madrid; and often the French were carried off before the gates, and sometimes from the very streets of the capital.

I staid near a month at Madrid, waiting for an opportunity to depart. It was an easy matter to get there from Bayonne, because numerous detachments were always going from thence to reinforce the armies in Spain. But to get permission to return to France, it was necessary to be lame. The Board of Health received the strictest orders; and they granted no leave but to those wounded officers or soldiers of whom they had not the slightest hope of recovery. I was numbered with those who had thus a right to return. Even at the price I paid, I was most glad to quit a war so inglorious and unjust; where the deep feelings of my soul never ceased to disapprove of the mischief which my hands were constrained to commit.

I left Madrid with a numerous caravan of broken-down officers, who were going to France under an escort of only seventy-five foot-soldiers. We formed a platoon of cripples, commanded by the senior wounded, that we might die in arms if we were attacked. We were incapable of defending ourselves; and many of us had to be tied on horseback, to enable us to keep our seats.

Two of our company were insane. The first was a hussar, who had lost his reason in conse-

quence of severe wounds he had received on the head. He marched on foot, having been deprived of his horse and his arms, for fear of his escaping or doing mischief. Notwithstanding his derangement, he had not forgotten his degree of rank, and the name of his regiment. Sometimes he took off his hat before us, and showed us the scars of real wounds, which he pretended to have gotten in imaginary battles, of which he spoke incessantly. Our convoy being one day attacked on the march, he eluded the vigilance of his keepers, and recovered his former intrepidity for thrashing enemies, armed with nothing but a simple stick. He called this cane, "the magic sceptre of the Grand Sultan of Morocco, his predecessor."

The other was an old Flemish musician of light infantry, whose brain the warmth of Spanish wine had inspired for life with an unmoveable gaiety. He had exchanged his clarinet for a fiddle, which he used to play at the entertainments of his native village when a boy. He marched in the middle of our melancholy troop, both playing and dancing everlastingly.

Not one solitary traveller appeared on the long lonely road we journeyed ; only, we met every two or three days convoys of ammunition, or other escorts, who lodged with us under the shelter of crumbling huts, whose windows and doors had been carried off to supply the French armies with wood. Instead of that crowd of children and idlers that flock, in time of peace, to meet strangers at the entrance of villages, we perceived a small post of French issuing from behind palisades and barriers, calling to us to "halt," that they might know who we were. Sometimes, too, a sentinel

would unexpectedly appear, stationed on some old tower in a deserted village—like a solitary owl among ruins.

The nearer we approached France, the more our danger from the partisans increased. At every station we came to, we found detachments from different parts of the Peninsula, waiting our arrival to go with us. Whole battalions—whole regiments, reduced to mere skeletons, or to a very few men—sadly returned with their eagles and colours, to recruit in France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Poland. Our convoy left Spain at the end of July, twenty days after Ciudad Rodrigo, a strong fortress of the province of Salamanca, had fallen into the hands of the French.

## CHAPTER IX.

HERE I ought to close these Memoirs ; because, having left Spain at this period of the war, I have not witnessed what followed with my own eyes. But since then, during a year's stay in England, I have collected materials which could not, at the time, be procured on the Continent ; and am, therefore, enabled to add to my narrative that of the Campaign of Portugal—the masterpiece both of national and military defence.

After the campaign of Austria, and the peace concluded at Vienna in 1809, France saw herself free from all her Northern wars ; and the whole of Europe believed, that once again would Spain and Portugal fall under the feet of the mighty armies of which the Emperor Napoleon could dispose. That conqueror had announced, that he would chase the English from the Peninsula ; and that, in one year, the world would witness his triumphal eagles planted on the forts of Lisbon. He forthwith sent powerful supplies to Spain, for the purpose of invading Portugal.

The French army destined for that invasion, was more than 80,000 strong. The Commander-in-chief was Marshal Massena ; and it was divided into three divisions, under the orders of Mar-

als Ney, Junot, and Reynier. The first two of these corps united in the neighbourhood of Salamanca, and occupied the country between the Douro and the Tagus. The third, that of General Reynier, was in Estremadura, opposite the frontier of Alentejo; its right communicating at Alcantara, with the left of the corps of Marshal Ney. A fourth corps of reserve assembled at Valladolid, under the command of General Drouot, to reinforce and support the invading army if required.

The army of Lord Wellington, opposed to that of Marshal Massena, counted 30,000 English, and as many Portuguese in its ranks. The Regency of Portugal had, besides that, 15,000 regular troops under arms,—several flying corps of Portuguese militia, led by chiefs of their own nation, or by English officers,—and levies *en masse*, known by the name of *Ordenanzas*, which the English estimated only at 45,000, but in fact consisted, in a case of invasion, of the whole armed population of Portugal. They were exasperated against the French by patriotism, hatred, vengeance, and the memory of recent evils they had endured for the two preceding years, during the expeditions of Marshals Junot and Soult—all unsuccessful though they were.

The undisciplined native bands did incalculable mischief to the French when they fought for their homes, in the gorges of their mountains, where their numbers and local knowledge gave them a great advantage. But beyond their own country they were useless. It was for this reason that the Anglo-Portuguese regular army of Lord Wellington would not move a step from the line of de-



fence it occupied on the frontiers of Portugal, and north and south of the Tagus, notwithstanding all the provocations of the French. The English general was besides afraid to give battle in the plains of the province of Salamanca, where his enemies presented a numerous and formidable body of cavalry.

After the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo, the French passed the Coa, repulsed the English outposts, invested Almeida on the frontiers of Portugal, and on the 27th of August got possession of it by capitulation, thirteen days after the trenches were opened.

General Reynier's corps left Spanish Estremadura, crossed the Tagus at Alcantara, and concentrated itself in the neighbourhood of Almeida, with the two other French divisions. The English corps opposed to that of General Reynier towards Elvas and Portalègre, crossed the Tagus also by a simultaneous movement at Villa-Velha; and the whole army of Lord Wellington retreated by the left bank of the Mondego, to the impregnable position of the Sierra de Murcella behind the Alva.

The French army left the environs of Almeida on the 15th of September, entered the valley watered by the Mondego the day following, passed that river at Celorico, and again repassed it at the bridge of Fornos. Marshal Massena led his army along the right bank of the Mondego, intending by a rapid movement to seize on Coimbra, which he believed the English had left quite exposed when retiring by the opposite bank.

The French arrived at Vizeu on the 21st, where *they* were obliged to halt two whole days waiting for their artillery, whose march had been retarded by the badness of the roads, and the attacks of

the Portuguese militia. On the 24th their vanguard discovered the English picquets stationed on the opposite bank of the Dao, and beat them back after repairing the bridges which had been broken down. Lord Wellington had made his army hastily cross from the left to the right bank of the Mondego, in order to defend the defiles of the mountains on the way to Coimbra. He had left but a single brigade of infantry and one division of cavalry, in his former position of Sierra de Murcella.

On the 25th and 26th, the French corps arrived successively at the foot of the mountains Sierra de Busaco, whose summits they found occupied by the Anglo-Portuguese army. At six o'clock, on the morning of the 27th, they marched in column against the right and centre of that army, in the two roads leading to Coimbra, by the village of San Antonio de Cantaro, and by the convent of Busaco. These roads were cut up in several places, and defended by artillery. The mountain over which they pass is besides encumbered with steep rocks, and is very difficult of access.

The French column which attacked the right of the English advanced with intrepidity, in spite of the fire of their artillery and light troops. It reached the top of the eminence after sustaining considerable loss, and began to deploy in line with the greatest coolness, and most perfect regularity. But a superior force again assaulted it, and compelled it to retire. It soon rallied, made a second attack, and was again repulsed. The French battalions, which advanced against the convent of Busaco, where the left and centre of the English divisions joined, were also driven back, a little be-

culated, in suffering them to perish with hunger and disease,—the never-failing scourges of invading armies, when they are not welcomed and seconded by the nation's wishes.

At the call of Lord Wellington, and the command of the Regency of Portugal, the entire population of the valley of Mondego, and part of that of the north bank of the Tagus, quitted their dwellings in a body. All the serviceable men had previously retired to the mountains with their cattle and their arms only; and at the approach of the French, there remained only an immense crowd of old men, women, children, priests and nuns, who simultaneously destroyed their own means of subsistence, to put them out of their enemies' reach, and retired to Lisbon to be under the protection of the English army.

The benevolence of several convents, stirred up by patriotism, and seconded by liberal alms, at first supplied the wants of these voluntary exiles, who, to save their country, had resigned themselves to Providence. In the streets, in the squares, and without the walls of Lisbon, a peaceful camp was formed for them behind the English intrenchments, which was nearly as essential to the prosperity of Portugal, as the armed warriors who struggled in her cause.

The French, in their rapid march between Almeida and Alenquer, to adopt their own words, \* “found only towns and villages deserted, mills made useless, wine flowing in the streets, corn burned to ashes, and even furniture broken to

\* See the Account of the Transactions in Portugal in the *Moniteur* of Nov. 30th 1810.

pieces. They saw neither horse, mule, ass, cow, nor goat." They were obliged to subsist on their own beasts of burthen, and the limited supply of biscuit they brought along with them to Portugal ; for they calculated on obtaining by conquest the vast resources of one of the most commercial capitals in Europe.

Unexpectedly stopped, when they fancied themselves on the eve of terminating their travels, they were compelled to live on the victuals which the soldiers individually procured. Chance, necessity, native cunning, and the long habit of a wandering warring life, enabled them sometimes to discover provisions in the secret places where the natives had buried them, to be out of their enemies' reach.

On every side the French were surrounded, and their communications were all intercepted by flying corps, even before they reached the lines of Torres Vedras. Coimbra, where a garrison had been left, and different intendants to form magazines, as also sick and wounded to the number of five thousand,—this city was retaken by the Portuguese militia on the 7th, and other French posts besides, on the right bank of the Mondego. The roads by which the army of Massena should have received their provisions and ammunition, had all been occupied by the Portuguese corps, commanded by Generals Silveira and Bacellar, and the militia of Colonels Trant, Miller, Wilson and Grant. The right flank of his army was also disturbed and harassed by frequent sorties of the garrisons of Peniche, of Ourem, and of Obidos. The peasant bands and the militia corps, united to attack the detachments and foraging parties of the French,

whose daily bread was purchased at the cost of many lives.

While these individual contests raged in their rear, and on their flanks, with all the zeal that vengeance and exasperated national hatred could inspire, the English, always on the watch within their lines, enjoyed the most perfect peace, and lost not a single man. Their videttes never fired on those of the French; and their advanced posts did not attempt, by false attacks, to provoke or vex each other. This profound tranquillity which reigned in front between the two armies, was the result of that kind of tacit convention which usually exists between regular armies, who, though antagonists, have neither hatred nor passion to gratify, because they are only indirectly interested in the cause for which they contend.

The French continued waiting below the lines of Torres Vedras, suffering numberless privations with patience, in the hope that they would shortly reduce their enemies to despair. They trusted that the immense crowd of people, of every description, which they had driven before them, and shut up with the inhabitants of the capital in a narrow unfertile spot, would starve their enemy's army, and compel them to fight or to re-embark. But the English and Portuguese had the broad ocean behind them; and their swift and numerous ships had freedom of intercourse with the one or the other hemisphere. Provisions, at first, were supplied from England and Brazil; and, afterwards, numerous trading vessels, allured by the prospect of gain, transferred to the Tagus the abundance of Africa and America, and the nearer supplies of

the provinces in Spain and Portugal that had not been invaded.

The French, weakened by their daily losses, and by sickness, the consequence of want and inactivity, began at length to find themselves in the very situation to which they trusted their foes would be reduced.

Their detachments were kept from foraging in their rear, towards Upper Estremadura, by the river Zézere, and the town of Abrantes. The bridges of the Tagus, on their left, being destroyed, they were separated, by this means, from Lower Estremadura and Alentejo. These districts had hitherto been untouched ; and their proximity tended to increase the desire which the French, amid their distresses, naturally had to possess them. They made several unsuccessful attempts to force the passage of the Tagus, in order to get at these much wished for provinces. Among others, they threatened the inhabitants of Chamusca, a small village on the opposite bank, that, if they did not bring over their boats, they would set fire to their dwellings. The fishermen, to whom the boats belonged, put an end to the question, by burning them all immediately. The country then flew to arms ; and the English made one division of infantry, and another of cavalry, cross the Tagus, to oppose the designs of the French. Lord Wellington had received a reinforcement of 10,000 Spaniards, brought by the Marquis de la Romana ; and by employing, in the land service, some cannoners of the English fleet, he was enabled to despatch these divisions to guard the opposite banks, without weakening his lines.

The French having now waited below the lines of Torres Vedras for more than a month between Villa Franca, Sobral Villa Nueva, Otta and Aleventre, they began at last to find themselves in absolute starvation. They broke up their camp during the night of the 14th of November, and retreated to take up a position at Santarem, behind the Rio Major. The order and silence of their departure was such, that the English videttes opposite those of the French, were not aware till day-break, that their enemies had retired.

The English, afraid that this movement of the French was intended to force the passage of the Tagus, sent over considerable reinforcements to strengthen the troops that were already there. Their army left the lines they had occupied on the 19th, and, following the route of the French, advanced in fighting columns opposite Santarem, near to the Rio Major, apparently determined to force the passage of that river. But they renounced this design when they saw the strength of the French position. Lord Wellington established his head-quarters at Cartaxo, placing his advanced posts on the right bank of the Rio Major, between that river and his former lines, that he might be ready to return there again if the French would come back and attack him with a superior force.

Santarem is situated on the summit of a lofty and almost perpendicular chain of mountains. In their foreground is another chain, not quite so elevated, on which the first of the French lines was extended. The Rio Major runs at the foot of these heights, and a little farther off flows the Tagus. The English had to cross a large extent of marshy ground by two causeways, which, as well

as the bridge, were completely commanded by artillery.

Marshal Massena had wisely chosen and fortified the position of Santarem, with the view of keeping the English in check on the Rio Major with very few troops, and of enabling him without any hazard to extend his cantonments to the river Zezere, over which he caused two bridges to be thrown. He occupied both its banks with a division of infantry, in order to overawe Abrantes, and protect the detachments sent to forage in Upper Estremadura. He wished to establish a communication with Spain by the route of Thomar, until the reinforcements for which he looked, and that were indispensable to the continuance of his operations after the losses he had sustained, should arrive, and chase the Portuguese militia from the posts on the roads in the valley of Mondego, which had every one been seized.

The corps-de-reserve under General Drouet, had left Valladolid on the 12th of October, on its way to the Portuguese frontier. The division of General Gardanne, which had remained to garrison Ciudad-Rodrigo and Almeida, had also commenced its march, to rejoin the army of Massena; but on the 14th of November, it had suddenly turned back towards the Spanish territory, after approaching to within a few leagues of the first French posts. This division was deceived regarding the situation of affairs, by the great number of Portuguese militia, which had never ceased to harry it since it crossed their frontiers, and had even destroyed its van-guard. General Gardanne re-joined the corps of General Drouet, and again



entered Portugal with it in the month of December.

The corps of General Drouet took its route by the valley of Mondego, and joined the army of Marshal Massena, after dispersing the hostile militia, but, as usual, not destroying them. The Portuguese General Silveira returned at the end of the month to attack the division of Claparède, who had been left at Trancoso and Pinhel, in the district of Coa, to preserve the communications of the army in Portugal with Spain. General Claparède united his division in consequence, routed General Silveira, and pursued him to the Douro. But he was obliged to retrace his steps to Trancoso and Guarda, on account of the movements of other bodies of militia under General Bacellar and Colonel Wilson, who, on the Pavo and at Castro Diaro, fell on his flanks and his rear.

These corps of militia never ventured to attack any but the weak parts of the army, such as the rear and van-guards, detachments, petty garrisons, or isolated troops, to whom they did incalculable mischief; and their numbers and local knowledge rendered it impossible that they could be destroyed. If they were dispersed in one place, they rallied in another, and every where united with them in their expeditions the armed population of the country.

General Drouet arrived at Leyria, and with the other French corps occupied the country between the sea and the Tagus, towards Punhète and Santarem. Marshal Massena caused a number of boats to be built at Punhète, in order to throw a bridge across the Tagus; a serious undertaking in a country depopulated of its inhabitants, and which

affords but limited resources at best. The English corps who occupied Mugem, Almerin, Chamusca, and Saint Brito, on the opposite bank, observed these preparations, and, to oppose them, began to construct batteries of very considerable strength.

It was of as much importance to the English to prevent the passage of this river, as it was to the French to effect it. The fate of Portugal, and the success of the future operations of either party, appeared at the time to depend on this one manœuvre. If Marshal Massena succeeded in his design, the English would be obliged to divide their force, and greatly to weaken themselves, by extending their lines on both sides of the river. The positions of Torres Vedras being less ably guarded, and being deprived of many necessary defenders, might then have been carried at the cost of some thousand lives, by a French corps advancing from Leyria upon Lisbon. If, on the other hand, the English had concentrated their troops within the lines of Torres Vedras, the French might have descended in the direction of the Tagus, after crossing it, and seized the small peninsula on which are built the towns of Palmela and Setubal. From its extremity, they might have commanded the course of the Tagus, and starved the city of Lisbon. In fine, from the heights of Almada opposite, they might have bombarded this capital.

On the 9th of January, Marshals Soult and Mortier arrived at Merida with all the disposable forces of the army of Andalusia, designing to lay siege to Badajoz and Elvas, and of thus co-operating with Marshal Massena, by obliging Lord Wel-

lington to dismember his army in defending that part of the Portuguese frontier. On the news of their approach toward Alentejo, the English sent additional troops under Generals Hill and Beresford to the south of the Tagus ; and the inhabitants thereabout prepared to lay waste the country, that the French might be famished, according to the defensive system so successfully pursued by Lord Wellington on the left bank of the river.

To succour Badajoz, General Mendizabal was sent by the Marquis de la Romana with the 10,000 Spaniards he had brought to the lines of Torres Vedras. The Marquis was then sick of the disease which terminated his existence on the 24th of January at Cartaxo. He was deeply regretted by the English and Spaniards, and died with the esteem of his enemies, because he had never despaired of his country's cause, but persevered in continuing the war, amid endless disappointments, with such activity and resolution as usually belong only to conquerors. Marshals Soult and Mortier took Olivenza on the 23d of January, and on the 19th of February they crossed the Gevora and the Guadiana, invested Badajoz, and surprised and cut to pieces in his camp, the Spanish General Mendizabal and his army.

By this time the army of Marshal Massena had consumed all the provisions which could be procured on the right bank of the Tagus ; and his foragers were obliged to extend their excursions to a circuit of twenty leagues. A great part of the army had to be continually occupied in providing for the wants of the remainder ; and this precarious sustenance was daily obtained by very grievous losses. Marshal Junot having learned that

the English had formed a magazine of wine and corn on the Rio Major, went with two regiments of cavalry, and some infantry of his own corps, to appropriate it to the French. The English retired in time, and the Marshal was wounded in a slight skirmish, which happened between his advanced guard and the rear of the enemy. Cavalry ought, in a manner, to be the eyes and arms of a powerful army, being designed to procure and guard their provisions; but they were a burden to the French by their very numbers, and the difficulty of providing them in food. Besides, they were often useless in a mountainous country, intersected with defiles, and constantly infested with armed swarms of peasantry and militia.

The rage and hatred of the invaded nation, increased with the continuance of the war, because of the hardships they endured. The most timid peasants, who had fled to the mountains only for the sake of peace, were driven, by hunger and despair, from their undisturbed retreats. They poured down into the valleys, lay in ambush near the roads, and hung about the French in the difficult passes, to snatch the very victuals from them, of which they had been previously plundered themselves. A peasant, in the vicinity of Thomar, made choice of a cavern near that town as his place of refuge. During the month of February, he killed, with his own hand, above thirty Frenchmen, whom he surprised separately; and carried off about fifty horses and mules.

Since so great a proportion of our force had been employed in Portugal, the guerrillas of Spain had become twice bolder than ever. Spanish chiefs *who had not more than a few hundreds under them*

seven months before. now found themselves over formidable divisions, that frequently seized the convoys of ammunition and arms, destined for our armies in Portugal. Before these convoys could reach their destination, they had to cross a tract of hostile territory near two hundred leagues in extent. They were composed of muleteers, sent from the south of France; and Spanish peasants, who were constrained unwillingly to expose themselves to the almost certain danger of destruction, or of losing their mules. These peasants fled the first opportunity that offered, or sent notice beforehand to the guerrillas, so that when attacked they might be preserved. The least negligence on the part of these escorts, would have deprived the whole army of food.

By the beginning of March, Marshal Massena had finished the building of two hundred boats, and all his preparations for crossing the Tagus were completed. But he dared not attempt the passage without additional reinforcements. Marshals Soult and Mortier could render him no effectual assistance, by advancing towards the opposite bank, until Badajoz was reduced; and this city still held out.

Such was the situation of affairs, when a convoy of biscuit, expected from France, was taken by the Spanish partisans. On the point of absolute starvation, they were obliged to think of a retreat; and they abandoned Portugal, after a campaign of seven months, without having fought one regular battle. The English commander made his enemies yield to his perseverance, in pursuing a plan which left no chance of victory to others, by never affording them one opportunity of fighting.

On the 4th of March, the sick, the wounded, and the baggage of the French, departed on an immense train of beasts of burden, and the whole army next day commenced its retreat. Marshal Ney, who was charged with the care of the rear-guard, advanced with his corps from Leyria to Muliano, to menace, by this offensive demonstration, the flanks of the English army, and oblige them to remain inactive, whilst the other French corps were making progress.

The French reached Pombal on the 10th, and their rear-guard detained for the whole of the 11th, the van-guard of the English before that town. They abandoned it towards night, and moved onward, under cover of the darkness, to the strong position of Redinha on the Adanços. They re-passed that defile on the approach of the English, under the protection of artillery stationed on the neighbouring heights, which thundered down on the van-guard of their enemies. The French rear formed in order of battle behind the pass of Redinha, and withdrew to the main body, which halted for them in the position of Condeixa.

The genius of the French, says an English writer, \* was every moment manifest. They suffered no advantage of the ground to pass unimproved. Their rear-guards never abandoned a position they were charged to defend, until it was fairly turned, and then they only left it to take up a new position, and to commence a fresh defence. The French columns slowly retired to one central point in a chosen position, where they all united in a body

\* History of Europe, Edinburgh Annual Register, vol. iv. 1811, p. 257.

to rest, to face the enemy, to repulse them, and again renew their march. Marshal Ney, with some chosen troops, covered the retreat, whilst Marshal Massena directed the march of the main body, and kept himself always ready to sustain the rear, if it required his help. "Never," says the English Military Journal,\* "did the talents of this great captain shine so conspicuously; nothing can equal the skill he then displayed."

The French took up their position on the Ceira during the 15th, leaving an avant-guard at the village of Foz de Aronce, where a pretty brisk engagement happened. On the 16th they broke down the bridge over the Ceira, and left their position on the 17th to retire behind the Alva. There the English army stopped to wait for provisions; and as far as Guarda the French were followed only by light troops, Portuguese militia, and the people of the country they crossed. But these with bitter rage incessantly harassed them, and gave no quarter to the wounded or to stragglers who fell into their hands.

Want compelled them to march fast. In leaving Portugal they found it as they entered. The cities were deserted, the houses were empty, and no provisions could be found. The French soldiers, exasperated by their hardships and privations, abandoned themselves to every kind of outrage, and some villages and even towns were set on fire. In their rapacious pillage they profaned the churches and despoiled them of their ornaments,—they violated the tombs and dispersed the sacred relics,—they wreaked their vengeance on the guilt-

\* Military Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 405.

ashes of the dead, when the living were beyond their reach.

The French remained at Guarda till the 28th, and on the approach of the English, abandoned that town to occupy the strong position of Ruivinha. They defended the ford of Rapoula de Coa on the 3d with some advantage; and on the 4th they passed the Portuguese frontier, leaving a small garrison behind them in Almeida.

The defensive system which obliged the army of Massena to abandon Portugal, after having invaded it, was the same as that practised in Spain. Every nation that has a spark of patriotism may employ it with parallel success. It consists of nothing more than just avoiding regular battles, and obliging a powerful army to break itself down into weak disunited corps, for the purpose of carrying on a war in detail. Again, if it remains united, nothing more is necessary than to cripple it, by destroying every means of procuring its supplies, which will be the easier the greater its numbers, and the further removed by its conquests from the country they should come.

In the great military states of central Europe, where the nations care little about the quarrels of their governments, a battle gained, or a tract of country occupied, supplied the French with everything they wanted. Provisions in abundance, horses, arms, and even soldiers, came pouring in upon them; and it might be said of their army, what Virgil says of Fame,—*vires acquirit eundo*,—it gained by going.

In Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, the strength of the French diminished as they advanced, by the necessity of detaching numerous



corps to oppose the scattered peasantry, to procure provisions, and to preserve an extended line of communication. Their army, even when victorious, found itself soon reduced to the situation of the lion in the fable, who tore himself with his own claws, in vainly attempting to get rid of the flies that continually followed and tormented him.

Europe never should forget that Spain, almost singly, supported, for upwards of five years, the weight of the immense power of the Emperor Napoleon. Victorious in Italy, on the Danube, on the Elbe, and on the Niemen—he had either crushed or leagued with him the greatest part of Europe. In uniting under his banners the conquered with their conquerors, he had converted his enemies into allies armed in his cause. Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutch, Saxons, Bavarians, and all the warlike nations of the Confederation of the Rhine, mingled in the ranks with Frenchmen, emulous of their glory, and delighting to display in battle that they too were inspired with contempt of death and danger.

The great Powers of the North and East of Europe, who, in spite of their misfortunes, had still strength enough to contend, were struck powerless by the illusion of Napoleon's power. He distributed kingdoms throughout Europe to his companions in arms, as he did governments in France to his followers; and the name and authority of King came at last to be regarded as no more than a step of military promotion in his army.

At the commencement of hostilities in 1808, the French had already invaded Portugal without striking a blow. They occupied Madrid, the very centre of Spain, and took by stratagem different

fortresses throughout that kingdom. The best of the Spanish troops were detained in Germany and Portugal, fighting in the same ranks with the French. Those who staid behind knew not then to distinguish between the orders of the French, and the will of their own monarchs, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII.

In keeping these sovereigns prisoners in France, and appointing his brother King of Spain, Napoleon hoped that a weak and powerless nation, deprived of their chiefs, would rather have preferred the rule of a stranger, than the scourge of war on the bosom of their country. Napoleon believed, and all Europe with him, that Spain would have yielded without a struggle.

During the five years of the war's continuance, the French had gained ten pitched battles in succession, and seized almost every citadel in the kingdom; but yet they had not reduced a single province to a permanent submission. Spain had been conquered to the gates of Cadiz, as Portugal to those of Lisbon. Even though both these cities had been taken, the fate of the Peninsula would not then have been sealed. Whilst the French were lying under the walls of Lisbon and Cadiz, troops of Spaniards made incursions to the gates of Toulouse, in the very heart of France.

One and the same spirit inspired the whole Spanish nation—love of liberty, and detestation of those strangers who meant to humble their national pride, and make them the slaves of a foreign yoke. It was neither armies nor fortresses that required conquering in Spain, but the single multifarious feeling which actuated all her citizens.

It was the Soul of one and all that my  
humbled—that rampart which ball or  
cannon cannot reach.

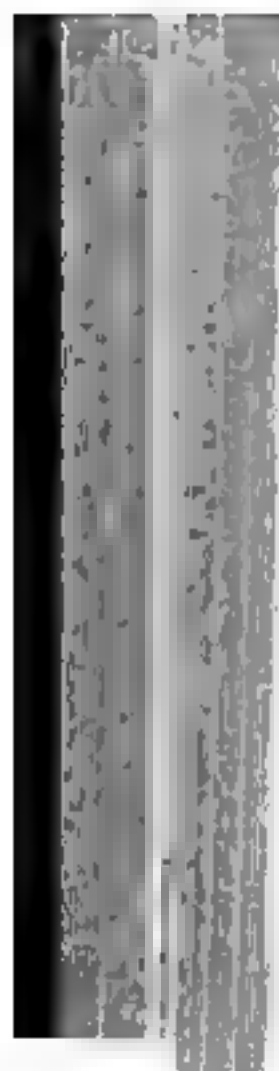
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Since these Memoirs were written  
witnessed in the north of Europe the  
nation, and the Prussian people also, of  
devotion to their country, in many  
manner to that which has done honour to  
Italy, Russia, Prussia, and Spain, has  
speedily delivered from their common  
These events, which have changed  
Europe, as powerfully demonstrate, as  
and noble contest, that the real strength  
does not so much consist of the number  
of their armies, as in a spirit of religion  
or political enthusiasm, strong enough  
every individual of a nation in the public  
intensely as if it were his own.

**VI.**

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**NARRATIVE**  
**OF**  
**THE BATTLES OF**  
**QUATRE BRAS, LIGNY,**  
**AND**  
**WATERLOO.**



# BATTLE OF WATERLOO,

*&c. &c.*

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No event ever struck Europe with more alarm and astonishment, than the sudden reappearance of Napoleon Buonaparte on the coast of France, in March 1815. With about 1100 men, and in the space of twenty days, he regained possession of the French capital, and of that throne, from which his own folly and ambition had, not a twelvemonth before, hurled him. In his own language, his motive for returning to France, was the alleged intention of his vanquishers to remove him from Elba to some place more remote; and it is not improbable that the Allied Powers had this step in view. But at the same time, if he had not been aware of the actual situation of France, he would hardly have ventured upon so hazardous an enterprise. The people in general, and the army in particular, were dissatisfied with the new order of things; and a grand conspiracy had been set on foot, and had received the applause and support even of those in

whom Louis had most confidence. The greatest precautions were taken by those in power, who belonged to this conspiracy, to remove the Royal troops to a distance; whilst those who were known to be favourable to Napoleon's cause, were brought from the Rhine and the Garonne, and planted on the very route which they were aware he must of necessity pursue. The French Government, in fact, seemed careless of the approaching crisis. It was rumoured, in November 1814, that Buonaparte had agents in almost every regiment of the line. The ministers were furnished with a list of the traitors engaged in the plot, and a copy of the cipher in which they corresponded. The informer of this important piece of news was to have received six thousand pounds for the discovery. He was, however, branded as an impostor, and accused of having invented the story of the plot, for the purpose of defrauding the Government.

On the fifth of March, the French Government received intelligence of the landing of Napoleon. The Ministers pretended to treat the enterprise with scornful indifference, saying, the invader would be immediately surrounded and taken. Louis, however, viewed the event in its proper light, and instantly predicted the most fatal consequences; yet, notwithstanding, he conducted himself with that firmness and prudence which became his high station. On the morning of the twentieth, he found it advisable to quit Paris. He wished to have remained until the last moment, or rather to have awaited the coming of the invader. But it was well for him that he abandoned the idea.

When it was known that Louis had left Paris, his departure encouraged all who were favourable to Napoleon to proclaim themselves. At noon, the national guard tore down the flag of the Bourbons—mounted that of the usurper, and announced his approach. Napoleon entered Paris, almost without escort, and had nearly reached the Thuilleries before he was recognised, when the populace pressed around him, and entirely blocked up his passage. His officers then bore him in their arms into the palace, along the staircase, and into the state apartments, where his sisters, the Princesses Julia and Hortensia, and the officers of his household, were assembled to greet him. Such was the completion of this revolution, which had been reserved for an age, in which the French character had reached its acmé of versatility.

The King, meantime, with the household troops, and some chosen friends, took the road of Abbeville, for the Northern departments; and, after visiting Lisle, Ostend and Brussels, fixed his residence at Ghent. Buonaparte, having thus far accomplished his designs, and every necessary arrangement being in train, directed his whole attention to the subject of a reconciliation with the foreign Powers. Pacific overtures were sent to the Allies; but several of these were returned unopened, while others were left unnoticed and unanswered. The Allies acknowledged the indubitable right of every people to choose their own form of government; but this right, like every other, had its limits, and could not be exercised to the injury or danger of every surrounding country; and as the return of Bona-



parte had reestablished in France a focus of disorders, and threatened the subversion of every other state, it became the right and the duty of every government, to prevent or destroy this source of inevitable calamity. From this the French Government anticipated nothing but war, and hastened to adopt measures for prosecuting it with vigour.

Napoleon, on his landing at Frejus, pledged himself, in his proclamations, to give France a constitution agreeable to her wishes. Accordingly, he now suggested, that one person should be chosen, by the Electoral College, from each department, to draw up the form of an additional act to the constitution of the empire, to be submitted to the nation; the votes to be collected, and the result made known at an assembly of the people, to be convened on the twentieth of May, in the Champ de Mars. Emissaries were sent privately every where through the suburbs of Paris, to rouse, by their harangues, what they termed a patriotic spirit in the people, and to draw in confederacy the youths of France round his standard. This artifice succeeded. In a few days, several thousands were anxious to be led to advancement and honour, as they termed it. Troops were immediately raised in the departments;—the national guards were embodied and distributed in the different garrisons of the country,—and, in a few days, France, transformed into one immense camp, sent forth army after army towards Belgium. The deputies of departments assembled at Paris, according to appointment, to assist at the meeting of the Champ de Mai, which had been delayed from time to time, but was finally fixed for the first of June. The ceremony was conducted with all that pomp and splendour which, Napoleon

know well, suited the feelings of the people. That nothing might be wanting in stage-effect, a throne was erected in front of the Military School, in the centre of a vast semicircular enclosure, two-thirds of which formed on the right and left grand amphitheatres, in which fifteen thousand persons were seated; the other third, in front of the throne, was open. An altar was erected in the middle. Further on, and about one hundred toises distant, was placed another throne, which overlooked the whole Champ de Mars.

The Emperor having repaired thither in procession, appeared on his throne amidst universal acclamations. Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Tours, assisted by Cardinal Bayanne, and four other Bishops. After which, the members of the central deputation of the Electoral Colleges advanced to the foot of the throne. They were about five hundred in number. They were presented to his Majesty by the Arch-Chancellor; and one of them pronounced, with a loud and animated voice, an address, in the name of the French people. The energy and feelings of the speaker gradually extended to all around, and the whole Champ de Mars resounded with cries of "Vive la Nation!" "Vive l'Empereur!"

The members of the deputation remained seated on the steps of the throne until *Te Deum* was chanted, when the Presidents of the Electoral Colleges advanced to receive the eagles for the national guards of their departments. The eagle of the national guard of the Seine, that of the first regiment of the line, and that of the first marine corps, were carried by the Ministers of the Interior, of War, and the Marine.

ucceeding day. Meantime, General Reille, instead of following the Prussians, who had crossed the fields on their right, to join their main body, passed the town of Gosselies, and, being closely followed by the first corps under General D'Erlon, continued his course till he came to the high grounds at Frasnes.

Long before this, the Emperor, who had accompanied the second corps for a considerable way, had gone back to Charleroi, where Marshal Ney, who had been suddenly called from a sort of disgraceful retirement, to receive a mark of his confidence, met him, and was ordered to put himself without delay at the head of the first and second corps, which were then, he said, far on the Brussels road. The Marshal accordingly set off, and reached the most advanced division of these corps that night.

The Belgians and Dutch, under the Prince of Weimar, having now opposed the progress of the French, a battle ensued ; and had it not been owing to the accumulation of force, and the coming up of Ney, the latter could have made no impression. But owing to this, the Prince of Weimar felt it necessary to fall back, which he performed gradually, and in perfect order. The Prince of Orange having had intelligence of the affair, sent forward some regiments to his assistance, when this truly gallant officer again turned upon the enemy with so much vigour, that after a conflict, in which an immense loss was sustained on both sides, he succeeded in driving them back, till he nearly regained his former position.

Intelligence of the enemy's advance on Thuin was received at Brussels, on the evening of the 15th

by the Duke of Wellington ; but, as the information did not represent their approach as leading to any thing of importance, he only ordered the army to hold itself in readiness to march at a short notice. But the Duke, upon reconsidering the affair, thought that the blow would be promptly followed up ; and upon this supposition, began to forward his arrangements for the field. The various divisions were commanded to move forward, at given hours, according to the distance of the places at which they were encamped from Brussels ; but the interval of time between this and the arrival of a second messenger, was so short, as entirely to prevent their union as the Duke of Wellington had wished. The Duke and most of the British officers who were in Brussels, went to a ball at the Dutchess of Richmond's ; and it is known that many of them entertained no other idea of their warlike pursuits, than that an hour or two hence they might be called upon to go to battle. In the middle of the night, a second courier reached Brussels, and announced to the Duke in the ball-room, by a letter from Prince Blücher, that Charleroi had been taken—that the Prussians were concentrating in the rear of Fleurus—that the Belgians were contending with the second corps of the French, on the road to Frasnes—and that the enemy were advancing in full force.

The Duke of Wellington, without leaving the party, merely ordered that notice should instantly be sent to the officers commanding divisions, that they should proceed without delay and meet him at Quatre Bras. These commands being communicated, the drums of every corps beat to arms—

their bugles, sounding at intervals, were heard far and near alarming the drowsy, and spreading consternation among the people. The whole town and its environs continued to present till the dawn a scene of preparation. The light had scarcely broke, when the assemblage and formation of the battalions commenced. The Park and the Place Royale exhibited a continual bustle of armed men, who met and "went on and off, and gathered and formed in a hazy obscurity." The anxiety, silence and deportment of the spectators, produced a gloomy dismay; and, in a word, the effect was such, as could not but fill the most careless observer with inquietude. The confusion and noise, however, abated on the approach of the different commanding officers. Every soldier took his place, and the whole stood ready to march at sunrise.

Two distinguished Highland regiments, the 42d and 92d, were among the first to muster. During their stay in Brussels, they had ensured for themselves the respect and affection of the inhabitants, who had come forth, at this early hour, to bid them adieu, and see them march to battle. This was owing entirely to that deferential attention which the officers and soldiers of these regiments paid to the community at large.

Where these men happened to be quartered, they displayed the utmost simplicity of manners, so that it was no extraordinary thing to see them watching and leading about the children of their hosts. Now they were to pass from this state of ease and pleasure to dangerous and arduous duties. As they approached the field where the Belgians and Dutch fought, they became inspired with their characteristic intrepidity, and

pushed forward with an affecting mixture of sober gravity and military glee.

The army of Napoleon, now on the frontiers, formed a grand total of one hundred and fifty thousand men, well equipped and supplied with every necessary store. Of this number twenty-five thousand were cavalry, to which may be added, a train of artillery of nearly three hundred pieces.

Among his equipments, a deficiency of artillery was anticipated—the allies having, in 1814, carried off most of the French field train; but it appeared that the loss had been speedily and completely supplied. Cavalry was also a species of force in which he was supposed to be weak; but the very reverse proved to be the case, for a finer body of French horse never took the field. On the part of the Allies, Prince Blucher, with eighty thousand men, occupied the heights between Brie and Sombref; and General Bulow, with the 4th corps, hastened to join him between Liege and Hannut.

The Duke of Wellington, as has been mentioned, was at Brussels: his army was now in motion, and he left that city himself at nine o'clock, with his staff and some light horse, so that he might overtake and pass the most advanced of those regiments which had left Brussels that morning, before any of them should reach the appointed place. In the mean time, the French, in their advance by Fleurus, discovered the position which the Prussians had taken up on the rising ground which surrounds the mill of Bussu. Napoleon, on the instant, resolved to fight them, and made his dispositions for attack upon the spot.

Marshal Ney, with the second corps, having the first corps in reserve, moved forward upon the Brussels road, and attacked the Prince of Weimar, as he had done the preceding evening. But, as the Duke of Wellington had previously ordered, he fell slowly back, that an opportunity might be given to Picton's and the Duke of Brunswick's division to meet his troops in the fields at Quatre Bras at the same moment, and so at once form a force sufficient for the contest, till other regiments, which were on the march, should arrive.

All this was accomplished in as perfect a manner as possible, only the Belgians and Dutch had been contending with the French at Quatre Bras for some time previous to the arrival of the British.

The possession of a position here, appears to have been a matter of much importance to us, as behind it were the roads by which a junction of the Prussian and English armies might easily have been made, should circumstances have so ordered it. But while this position was favourable for these reasons, it was also very advantageous to the French, particularly by affording them shelter, under cover of extensive thickets, in almost every direction. The fields were partly enclosed, and covered with rye, exceedingly tall, and reaching almost to the men's shoulders. The Prince of Weimar, in retiring, was gradually followed by the enemy, who, before his troops had actually reached the position they were to occupy, had overtaken them with nearly their whole force. The cuirassiers made several desperate charges, and the infantry, in columns, pressed on, and gave almost

irresistible aid. He beheld the storm raging everywhere—his little army was fighting and falling in uncertain battle ; and, at the same time, had no intelligence of the approach of any assistance.—This was a trying scene for so young an officer ; but he acquitted himself in a manner which did him honour, and by his personal courage gloriously maintained the struggle.

The Duke, with his whole retinue, at last arrived, and the fears of the Belgians were at an end ; they felt as if they had already won the battle. He surveyed the ground, and sent notice to the generals commanding the approaching divisions, of the situation which the different regiments were to occupy on emerging from the road. Our troops had nothing to do but to face their foes, fight, and conquer.

From the time the Duke made his appearance, a considerable time elapsed, and the battle became more furious. The Prince and his army, whose prospects of immediate assistance were elevated on his arrival, began to despond, seeing there was no appearance of aid—when suddenly the pipe of a Highland corps was heard playing a pibroch, the never-failing incitement to deeds of valour. The 28th, 42d, 79th, 92d, 95th regiments, and Royal Scots, were the British corps which first defiled into the field of Quatre Bras. They took up their different stations under a heavy cross-fire of musketry and cannon, and, in the face of cavalry, waiting, like birds of prey, to swoop down upon them.

The 42d was among the first of the Scotch regiments which came into action. They advanced,



and charged a large body of infantry, which they broke and put to flight. But, in performing this, a very disastrous occurrence took place. The light company in van, together with the one next it, in a moment of ardour, threw themselves forward with more impetuosity than caution, and were soon at some distance from the main body. In this very critical time, when the whole field was eclipsed in thick smoke—the lancers were observed passing the wood, and preparing to charge. Sir Robert Macara, Colonel of the 42d, and other officers, at first believed them to be Belgians, and it was not till their near approach that the mistake was discovered. The adjutant was then despatched to bring in the two companies, and the regiment was ordered to form; but in this manœuvre, considerable delay took place; nor was a square formed till Major Dick rode in among them, calling loudly for the men to rally round him, in the best and quickest manner they could. Sir Robert Macara, at the same moment, was shot by a tirailleur, and pierced by a lancer as he was falling from his horse. The two companies having failed in their attempt to rejoin the regiment, were obliged to form hastily to defend themselves. This little square was completed in the best possible order, before the lancers reached it. Still the attack was made with so much fury, that nearly one-half of the Highlanders were killed, and many severely wounded. The adjutant, in performing his mission, was unavoidably left out of the square, and had nearly fallen. A lancer pushed towards him as he was endeavouring to regain his regiment, when his horse was, by good for-

tune, shot, and falling, pitched him safely under the bayonets of his own corps.

The lancers having fulfilled their object to the utmost of their power, retired, and those of the two companies of the Highlanders who survived were at liberty to return. The regiment was now speedily reunited, the square reduced, and a line formed four deep. Thus situated, and again charged by cavalry in front and rear, they nobly fought back to back, and in a short time brought down about three hundred of their assailants. In this manner did these brave men continue their exertions, until they had repulsed no less than six successive charges of the enemy's horse.

The Duke of Brunswick, with his battalions, soon after entered the field—his cavalry instantly charged the cuirassiers in the most spirited style, although to little purpose, on account of the French armour, and the lightness of their own horses. Wherever they noticed that the French were likely to charge our infantry while in line, they rushed forward to frustrate their design;—in this service, therefore, they were of much benefit, and did not scruple to hazard, and even throw away, their lives.

The battle, on the part of the French, was conducted by Marshal Ney, and spread swiftly along our whole line. The Duke of Wellington, attended by his staff, stood in front of the 92d regiment, then drawn up inside a hedge, and across the road from which the farm-house of Quatre Bras takes its name. He dismounted there, in presence of the enemy, as did the officers who were with him, to consult a map, which he stretched on the ground, and continued, for some time, to look up-

on it as if there had been no transaction of any consequence going on. On the approach of some French cavalry, he and his attendants again mounted; and almost at that instant an officer whom he was addressing had his arm carried away by a cannon-ball. Of this accident the Duke scarcely took any notice.

The English Guards were now in sight, and were welcomed with rapture. Their approach was accompanied by a circumstance, which produced a very comic effect. A cannon-ball swept the knapsack from the shoulders of a private of the 33d regiment to some distance, without doing him the smallest injury. The man, however, unwilling to part with his knapsack, ran after, and brought it back in his hands. This was the cause of considerable amusement to his Grace, and all who noticed it.

Our line and force were now as complete as could be expected, when the distance which many regiments were from the field when the news of the state of affairs reached them, is considered. All were, however, in a state of progress, and marching rapidly to join the army.

The battle soon became general. The French, from their superiority of force, continued to advance with increasing confidence. They fought most furiously, and after being repulsed at one place immediately rallied at another, where their exertions became more arduous, and their efforts more desperate. They vied with each other in acts of bravery. The cuirassiers rode madly on, regardless of danger. Their armour, indeed, fitted them for the most daring enterprises; for they wore cuirasses, consisting of a breast-plate and back-

piece joined by clasps—those of the officers were of brass—those of the soldiers of iron, and proof against musket-balls not sent in a perfectly straight direction. A helmet, with cheek-pieces, completed their harness: their weapons were a long broadsword and pistols.

Suddenly a party of cuirassiers, consisting of several hundreds, was observed to ride along the high road to Brussels, for the purpose of carrying two guns which gave them great annoyance. The 42d regiment took an opportunity of raking their flank, and at the same moment the two guns discharged a round of grape-shot, when almost every man and horse were brought to the ground. This only subdued for a little the fury of the enemy; for, impelled onward by their commander, they commenced a new series of attacks, although, in every assault, many of them fell. Our loss was also very considerable.

During these events, the 92d regiment lay in ambush, in a ditch, for the purpose of covering the station chosen by his Grace to direct the movements, having, at the same time, a complete view of the field. In this situation, they seemed, and felt neglected, when they saw the 42d and other regiments fighting and pressing forward. The young men, particularly those who had fought in Spain, could not suffer the contrast offered by their inactivity: They murmured, and said, to one another, "It will be the same now as it has always been—the 42d will have all the praise." But the soldiers of more experience softened them a little, by promising them, that, before the day was over, they should have enough of it. Colonel Cameron also reassured them, and told them, that "the

his men received him into their arms, and carried him to the rear. Three officers of the same regiment shared his fate, while no less than twenty-one lay wounded on the ground over which they had marched.

An officer pressing on, keeping his men up, felt a Frenchman throw his arms about his legs, and heard him imploring his protection to save his life. The person thus addressed, was too much occupied to pay instant attention to the supplication; but the wounded man entwining his grasp still more closely, and entreating him for the love of God—the officer put back the soldier who was about to plunge his bayonet into the breast of the unfortunate Frenchman. His preserver was soon afterwards struck by a grape-shot, and, when supporting himself to the rear, again passed the Frenchman, who was then sitting up gazing about him at the battle—they exchanged silent looks, and parted, to remain in utter ignorance of each other's fates.

The 33d regiment was opposed to a column three times its strength; but cavalry coming up, the regiment retired, and nearly one half of this column of French infantry entered the wood of Bossu unobserved: they remained there for some time, and, as sharpshooters, did much mischief. The Duke was the first who noticed them, and said immediately to the Prince of Orange, "What soldiers are these in the wood?" "Belgians," answered the Prince, who was not aware of what had happened. "Belgians," said his Grace, "they are French; let them instantly be driven out." General Maitland, accordingly, with the second battalion of the 1st Foot Guards, entered the wood in the face of a galling fire. The affair

was of the most desperate nature, and chiefly performed with the bayonet—the Guards rushed along; and the wood was soon in their possession. This gallant and rapid achievement, however, was attended with the loss of many valuable lives, and the maintaining of it was not less disastrous. Colonel Miller, and Lord Hay, an ensign in the same battalion, were among the slain.

It would be fatiguing the reader with repetition, to detail the particular share which the Guards, the Royal Scots, the 28th, 30th, 32d, 33d, 42d, 44th, 69th, 73d, 79th, 92d, 95th, the Brunswickers, the Belgians, and the Dutch bore in this unequal combat: Suffice it to say, that these gallant troops, so equally distinguished themselves by their discipline, perseverance, and courage, that it is difficult and impossible to say where the highest meed of praise should be awarded. If any one of the bands we have named seems to have earned more glory than another, it must be ascribed to position, or other circumstances, over which they had no controul—heroism the most devoted animated every bosom. Of this, there are some very extraordinary instances. A soldier of the 92d, struck by a musket-ball in the thigh, while limping to the rear, leaning upon his musket, was observed by a surgeon, who immediately dressed the wound, saying, “there is now no fear of you, get slowly behind.” But the soldier looked round to his regiment, which he beheld enveloped in a cloud of smoke, “The presence of every man is necessary,” he replied, and, re-fixing his bayonet, he returned to his post. In the evening, the same surgeon, who related this fact, inquired anxiously for this brave fellow, but

found he had perished. Neither men nor officers had regard for any thing but to fulfil their duty, and gain a victory.

It will be remembered how nobly the Brunswickers, towards evening, cut their way through the opposing ranks—impelled onward by the bitter recollection of the fate of their gallant chief. The Duke of Brunswick, at the fatal moment when he fell from his horse, was actively leading a body of his men to a furious charge against a column of French, who pressed upon a small detachment of the English guards, immediately in front of the wood of Bossu. This gallant leader, who had previously been twice wounded, and on each occasion was entreated to retire, and not hazard an existence so precious to his own people, could not be restrained longer than he saw that an effort was necessary. In the spirit of the days of chivalry, he had taken a solemn oath that he would never sheath his sword, till he had avenged the insults offered to his father's tomb. Who is there that will not lament that he should have fallen, at least before knowing how fully his wishes were accomplished, and how ample a share of the glory was to be attributed to the unwearied exertions of his own troops!

In detailing a battle like that of Quatre Bras, it is but justice to our men, to recal the circumstances under which they fought, to appreciate their exertions. The gallant regiments already named, arrived at the field of battle about two o'clock *p. m.* on one of the hottest days they could have experienced in the latitude of Belgium, with all their trappings on their backs. Exhausted and fatigued with a twenty miles march, unsupported either by cavalry or cannon, they were immediately led to en-

counter a force, fresh and well supplied with all these requisites;—their gallantry and invincible courage, therefore, appear in a most conspicuous light; for, ill equipped as they were, they subdued the enemy.

The French became intimidated by successive repulses, and no longer endeavoured to keep their ground. Marshal Ney instantly sent for the first corps, which he imagined was still in reserve; but to his surprise, he was told that Napoleon had disposed of it. "My plans," he exclaimed, "are destroyed, and the battle is lost." In his famous letter to the Duke of Otranto, he says, "It was then I was obliged to renounce the hope of victory, and, in spite of all my efforts, of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost exertions after that, could only maintain me in my position till the close of the day." Angry and desperate, this brave officer now brought forward the whole of his cavalry, and headed them in repeated charges. He found, however, that each successive charge only diminished the number of the assailants, without the slightest prospect of advantage. Our superior officers describe the impetuosity of these dragoons as truly terrible.

The French now saw the necessity of retiring; and that the Marshal's whole attention might be turned to a movement so very necessary, he left the cavalry in charge of General Roussel, with orders to cover and take the place of such of their infantry as had, and were giving way, that the ground might be preserved till they rallied. Failures, however, occurred in rapid succession; and the cavalry became so scattered and weak, that *our infantry, as the French receded from their in-*



effectual charge, rushed forward, and drove them back with immense loss. Their cavalry again collected into a body, and stood for some time on the Brussels road, as if intending to make another trial. Major-General Sir J. Vandeleur, with the 11th, 12th, and 16th light dragoons, followed by Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian, with the first regiment of hussars, K. G. L. the 10th and 18th English hussars, arranged themselves with rapidity for a charge; but, dispirited and beaten, the French horsemen suddenly sneaked away. The battle was decidedly ours; the enemy's fire slackened in many places, and our troops gained ground: still, at some points, there appeared a terrible contest, but by degrees they marched off, and the battle died away with the approach of night.

The evening of the 16th of June was far advanced, when a courier arrived from Prince Blücher, with intelligence of a very gloomy nature—such as seemed to blast the hopes which the victory at Quatre Bras had given birth to.

These despatches communicated, that on the night of the 15th, the Prussians fell back from behind Fleurus, and were posted on the heights between Brie and Sombref. A deep ravine, edged with a kind of thicket, ran along the front of the whole line; they also occupied the village of St. Amand, in front of their right. Ligny was their centre, and their left rested on Sombref. “All these hamlets are strongly built, and contain several houses, with large court-yards and orchards, each of which is capable of being converted into a station of defence. The ground behind these villages forms an amphitheatre of some elevation, in front of which is a deep ravine, edged by straggling

thickets of trees. The villages were in front of the ravine, and masses of infantry were stationed behind each, destined to reinforce the defenders as occasion required. The contest about to take place was considered, by the combatants on both sides, as one in which many must fall before it would be decided—when the extent of the armies, and the hatred which existed between them, individually, were considered. The Prussians of our time will never forget, or forgive, the series of dreadful injuries inflicted by the French upon their country after the defeat of Jena. They remembered the period when Prussia had been blotted out of the book of nations—her Queen martyred—her King only permitted to retain the name of a Sovereign, to increase his disgrace as a bondsman. The successful campaign of 1814 was too stinted a draught for their thirst of vengeance, and the hour was now come, when they hoped for ample gratification. The French had also grounds of personal animosity not less stimulating. These very Prussians, to whom (such was their mode of stating the account) the Emperor's generosity had left the name of independence, when a single word could have pronounced them a conquered province—these Prussians, admitted to be companions in arms to the victors, had been the first to lift the standard of rebellion against them, when the rage of the elements had annihilated the army with which Napoleon invaded Russia. They had done more—they had invaded the sacred territory of France—defeated her armies upon her own soil, and contributed chiefly to the occupation of her capital. They were commanded by Blucher, the inveterate foe of the

French name and empire, whom no defeat could humble, and no success could mitigate. Even when the treaty of Paris was received by the other distinguished statesmen and commanders of the Allies, as an arrangement advantageous to all sides, it was known that this veteran had expressed his displeasure at the easy terms on which France was suffered to escape from the conflict. Amid the general joy and congratulation, he retained the manner (in the eyes of the Parisians) of a gloomy malcontent. A Frenchman, somewhat acquainted with our literature, described the Prussian General as bearing, upon that occasion, the mein and manner of Dryden's Spectre Knight—

- Stern look'd the fiend, and, frustrate of his will,
- Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.

And now this inveterate enemy was before them, leading troops animated by his own sentiments, and forming the van-guard of immense armies, which, unless checked by decisive defeat, were about to overwhelm France, and realize those scenes of vengeance which had been, in the preceding year, so singularly averted.

Napoleon having, in his movements, discovered the main body of the Prussians, resolved to give them battle without delay. He led the 3d corps in person against the Prussians stationed at the village of St Amand,—the 4th corps marched against those who were at Ligny ;—Marshal Grouchy, with the right division, drew near to Sombref. The battle commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon, and soon after, the division of General le Foil carried St Amand, while, at Ligny, the French, with difficulty, succeeded in establishing themselves in a part of the village.

There the combat continued till nightfall. The movements of the contending parties, were confined to a very narrow space ; and as those fighting were slain, fresh troops on both sides constantly came up. The greatest personal hatred prevailed between the soldiers of both armies ; and, for a time, quarter was neither asked nor given.

The vast artillery of the French, being ranged advantageously, opened a fire, which the Prussians allowed was really awful—but their artillery, in exchange, had its effect. The battle raged throughout the lines, but hottest at Ligny. On the side of the Prussians, the enemy's shells set it all in a blaze.

At St Amand, the Prussians were actually overwhelmed, and, while giving way, Prince Blucher put himself at the head of a battalion of infantry, with which he drove the French from the village and the rising ground in its front. At Sombref, the Prussian General Thielman fought Marshal Grouchy successfully ; and it was not till near the end of the day that he withdrew to a place where he could fight his opponent with less loss, thinking that he would be joined by part of the troops under General Bulow, or by a portion of the British ; but, from circumstances, it was impossible for either the one or the other to render him the smallest assistance. The troops of Bulow had the greatest difficulties to encounter on their march, on account of the great distance and badness of the roads. The Duke of Wellington was attacked by superior force ; and had it not been for the unyielding spirit of his troops, he would have had more need of assistance than the Prussians themselves.

In the centre, however, and towards the right, Napoleon had good reason to fear, that the bravery of the Prussians would frustrate all his hopes. This doubt of victory seemed to overcome his temper, and, in the heat of his rage, he sent for the first corps, which Marshal Ney held in reserve; and then, column upon column, was hurled against the Prussians.

The French, a second time, entered the churchyard of St Amand, after a sacrifice dreadful to contemplate; and the Prussians retired, fully satisfied with the price it had cost the enemy. The night was fast drawing on—the whole Prussian army was engaged. Blucher often looked, but in vain, for the coming of the fourth corps,—his reserves were all in action, while the French had both cavalry and infantry which had not been engaged.

At length, a division of the enemy's infantry, taking advantage of the twilight to conceal their movement, made a tour round the small village of Ligny, and threw themselves on the rear, while the cavalry charged the front of the Prussian line. In this manœuvre the French were successful, and the Prussians gave to them a position, which, from its ruinous state had become of no value. Napoleon at last resolved to send his horse and foot on the centre, and endeavour to break it. Several battalions of his guards, and some cavalry, were in the act of performing this mission, when the Prussians perceived their object, and directed their cannon to bear upon them as they issued from a ravine. But notwithstanding the carnage made among these men, they moved steadily onward. The conflict continued until the opposing

columns, divided as it were by the piles of dead, gradually and mutually withdrew.

The battle slackened on the part of both armies, and the Prussians, with a view to join the English, formed into solid squares, and in the most perfect order, and, unmolested, continued their movement upon Tilly.

The Prussians certainly deserve much praise for the gallantry they displayed in this desperate battle. Blucher set them an example which was faithfully followed. Where the conflict was hottest, he was always seen. In the dusk of the evening his horse \* was shot, and fell with him as he was returning from an unsuccessful charge. The French, in following up their advantage, galloped by without observing him. The Prussians, missing their Prince, turned on the instant, made a charge so furious, as to repel the French considerably beyond the place where he lay, and relieved him from the perils with which he was environed.

The loss of the two armies is supposed to have been nearly equal. The Prussians averaged theirs to be from 15,000 to 20,000 men. A few pieces of artillery were left, which, on account of the ground, could not be easily removed.

Napoleon regarded the issue of this battle as of the highest importance. Though it did not produce the consequences of a great victory, he considered that he had fully attained his object, at least so far as to separate the armies of Prussia and England. He drew off the main body of his army, and marched it on Frasnes, to join the troops under Marshal Ney, and be forthwith directed a-

\* This was the same horse which was presented to the *Marshal by the Prince Regent.*

came forward to meet him. His first salutation was,—“Of what rank are you?” and on being told, he said, “Do you think I shall overtake your infantry?” To this the Captain replied, that it was impossible for him to tell. “What!” said Napoleon, “You a captain of hussars, and can’t tell that? Where, then, is the main body of your cavalry?” “In front of us now, and in rear of our infantry,” answered the Captain. “And what is their force?” continued Napoleon. “I do not exactly know,” replied the Captain, wishing to conceal our real force. “What!” said Napoleon, again, “you seem to know nothing.” And then, seeing he was wounded, he sent him to the rear, desiring that he should have medical aid. After this, Captain Elphinstone and another officer were put into a garret in Gennape, where they remained till relieved by the Prussians, on the evening of the following day.

The 7th light hussars having thus far covered the retreat, and being greatly fatigued by incessant manœuvring, the General commanding the cavalry relieved them, and put the Life Guards in their place, who also checked the French horse in a manner which reflected upon them the highest honour. By seven o’clock they reached the memorable plain of Waterloo, where they found our army in position.

It was then almost night, and full time the wearied foot-soldier had a rest, to fit him for the arduous task which he was aware it would be his province to perform on the succeeding day. The dear-won success at Quatre Bras, while it had cost many valuable lives, had not produced one decisive result. A toilsome advance and bloody

action had been followed by a retreat equally laborious to the soldier ; and the defeat of the Prussians, which was now rumoured with the usual allowance of exaggeration, had left Bonaparte at liberty to assail them separately with his whole force, except what small proportion might be necessary to continue the pursuit of their defeated and disappointed allies. If to this it be added that, their ranks contained many thousands of foreigners, on whose faith they could not implicitly depend, it must be owned, there was sufficient scope for melancholy reflexions. To balance these misgivings, remained their confidence in their commander, their native and undaunted courage, and a stern resolution to discharge their duty, and leave the result to Providence. The afternoon and the evening passed away with only some random firing between the outposts of the two armies—darkness at length came on, and the soldiers on both sides were suffered to lie down and sleep.

The Duke of Wellington, with the assistance of Colonel Carmichael Smyth and Sir William de Lancey, had completed his arrangements in the field ; and on this occasion he observed to his attendants, that he remembered, on crossing these plains in the summer of 1814, he took particular notice of the ground, and then declared, that, if ever it should be his fortune to defend Brussels, the side on which he had just arranged his army, would be the position he should occupy. He shortly afterwards repaired to the village of Waterloo, about a mile in rear, where he took up his quarters for the night.

The field of battle, as occupied by the contend-



ing armies, is in full view from the eminence which the Duke afterwards selected for his station. The armies were ranged opposite to each other, and any one standing there, can easily picture to himself their exact positions. Our extreme right extended to the village of Merke Brane, and our left rested on the rising ground above the hamlet of Ter la Haye, with the view of opening a communication with the Prussians in the direction of Wavre, upon which the Duke of Wellington knew they had retired after the severe and bloody conflict of the 16th. In front of our right centre appeared the Chateau of Hugomont. In front of our left centre stood the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. The second and fourth British divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverian, and the first of the Netherlands, commanded by Lord Hill, occupied the right front. The corps of the Prince of Orange, the Brunswick and the Nassau regiments, with the Guards under General Cooke, on the right, and the division under General Alten on the left, composed the centre.

The left wing, consisting of the division of General Picton, a brigade of the sixth division under General Lambert, and the troops of the Prince of Weimar, extended to our extreme left. The cavalry were in the rear of our centre, and the artillery was ranged along our whole line. These were precisely the positions of the opposing armies on the morning of the 18th of June.

The weather, which for some time before had been excellent, became, of a sudden, exceedingly stormy; and, during the night of the 17th, the rain fell in torrents, and brilliant flashes of lightning illumined the adjacent scenery, and

spread a terrific radiance over the dark brow of night. The ears of our soldiers were stunned by the thunder, as they lay uncovered in open bivouac. Such a night was truly fit for the demons of death, rejoicing over the fate of those whose thread of life was nearly spun. All looked anxiously for the morning's dawn : it seemed as if Nature had been unwilling to lend her light to the performance of the mighty and bloody purpose of the two warring hosts.

Our army had to sustain this elemental warfare in the open fields, without refreshment, or any sort of covering. The officers were not better provided than the common men—their place of rest was among the standing corn, or in the furrows of the lately ploughed fields ; and even in these places, many of them slept as soundly as if they had been upon beds of down. But if these hardships were terrible to the soldiers, they were also terrible to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country—whose homes had been plundered and occupied by the French, and who had, in despair, sought safety in the woods.

The night, notwithstanding the fury of the weather, was occupied by Napoleon in bringing up his whole legions. At daylight, they were seen posted all along the heights opposite to our position. When he came to the field in the morning, he is said to have expressed much surprise that the British maintained the same ground which they did the preceding night. When he saw them, he could not contain his joy, and immediately exclaimed, “ Ah, I have them, then, these English ! ”

About five o'clock the same morning, a man named *Jean Baptiste La Coste*, who lived at the

house called La Belle Alliance, was taken prisoner and carried before him. Asking him if he knew the roads, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he mounted him upon a horse, with his hands tied behind, and giving the reins to a trooper, forced him to serve as guide. Soon afterwards, he stepped forward to an eminence, just as the troops of both armies were taking up their appointed positions. Here he remained for a considerable time; and having had a full view of both lines, could not help saying, "How steadily the English take their ground! How well their cavalry form! Observe," said he to Soult, "those gray horse! Are they not noble troops? Yet, in half an hour, I shall cut them to pieces!" And immediately, with eager impatience, even before he had ascertained the situation of the Prussians, or so much as inquired into the strength of the British, he hurried on his troops from the rear, and in haste, as it were, for vengeance, prepared for battle.

In a short time his cavalry began to cover the ridge of La Belle Alliance; and as our cavalry were kept in readiness to encounter them, the infantry supposed, that for the present an engagement would take place only between the horsemen of both armies. It was soon found, however, by the desertion of a French officer of cuirassiers, that a general attack would be made upon our right, left, and centre, at nearly the same time, by a combination of all sorts of force.

As soon as it was announced to Napoleon that all the troops were forward, and every thing ready, he retired, and took his station on a rising ground, on the right of the road, at no great distance from the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, where he had

sleep the preceding night. There he mused alone, for a little, walking to and fro, a short way in front of his staff. The time was at last come which was to afford him an opportunity of measuring swords with that Wellington of whom, a few days before, he had vauntingly said he should give a good account.

These two formidable armies were then completely within view of each other. In a moment so appalling even to the most courageous—when reason, unbiassed by that self-contemning enthusiasm which the heat of battle inspires, calmly weighs the danger, an officer, who stood with the Duke, expressed his wish for the arrival of the Prussians. “The roads are heavy,” replied his Grace; “they cannot be here before two or three o’clock; but my brave men will keep double yonder force at bay till then.” He was sure of the sentiment that prevailed in the Prussian army—an eager desire to be forward in time, to obtain a share of the glories and dangers of the day. “Keep your ground, brave English!” was the general exclamation, of Blucher’s troops—“only keep your ground till we come up;” and they accordingly made all possible haste to get into the field.

The wind and rain, which had continued throughout the night, had almost ceased when the thunder of the cannon commenced. It is believed that the Duke of Wellington did not expect that a battle would be fought on the 18th; for no one could have supposed that Bonaparte would have been able to bring up his whole army, at least before the afternoon, considering the bad state of the roads. But at all events, our whole force was

stationed and prepared to meet them. His Grace, attended by Colonel Carmichael Smyth, his chief engineer, and other officers, went out, after taking a hasty breakfast, to survey the field, and had just arrived upon the heights behind Hugomont, when of a sudden he observed a column of French descending towards that post. Major Kulchman's troop of horse-artillery being then a little way in front of him, he rode up and ordered one gun in the first instance to be fired, probably with a view to try its effects. The gun was well laid; a Colonel and two soldiers of the enemy were knocked down, upon which the artillery-men cheered; and a few other guns, which had been also levelled at the same column, were discharged one after another, obliging the enemy to retire till joined by other columns, which our troops could perceive were about to be put in motion.

In the mean time, some of the Duke's attendants rode to the place where the killed and wounded French were lying, and found their commander expiring. Immediately upon the full movement of the enemy to the destined points of attack, a host of sharp-shooters were detached across the fields, to lead on the action. Our troops were in the act of swallowing their breakfast, when an aid-de-camp, riding at full speed along the line, called out to them, as he galloped past, "Stand to your arms—the French are advancing!" and in an instant our "heroes rose, like the breaking of a blue-rolling wave," cold, hungry, and drenched to the skin, and calmly ranged themselves for battle.

On the approach of the French columns, which were seen branching off to the right, left, and centre, an awful silence reigned throughout the whole

of our line. "At that moment, a sinking of the heart was acknowledged by one of our best and bravest officers, when he looked round him, and considered how small was the force properly belonging to Britain, and recollected the disadvantageous and discouraging circumstances under which our soldiers laboured. A slight incident reassured him. An aid-de-camp galloped up, and, after delivering his instructions, cautioned the Guards to reserve their fire till the enemy were within a short distance. "Never mind us," answered a veteran guardsman; "never mind us, Sir, we know our duty." From that moment, he knew that the hearts of the men were in the right trim, and that, though they might leave their bodies on the spot, they would never forfeit their military reputation. A few minutes afterwards, the conflict began.

The French, from the left, under Prince Jerome, drove furiously towards the right of the British position, taking, in their way, the chateau of Hugomont, and the troops that were stationed on the great road to Brussels. The orchard, woods, and walls of Hugomont, were filled with Nassau troops, who acted as sharp-shooters. There was also within them a Brunswick regiment, and a few field-pieces. The light companies of the four battalions of the Guards, together with the 7th company of the Coldstream regiment, were placed in the garden, and around the house. They were commanded by their respective officers; but the whole remained under the directions of Colonel Home, to whose bravery and judgment our success within these walls may be chiefly ascribed.

*The French, in advancing, were perfectly aware*

way ; and the contest itself arose from the hands of the assailants, had it not desperate exertions of the English French officer, followed by a few more way into the court-yard of the chateau were met by Colonel MacDonell's guardsmen. They fought for a hand to hand ; but were soon driven into the garden, and afterwards into the orchard, where they combated with an obstinacy that none could overcome. The Guards then retired. The house and its offices then became the object of the enemy's fury, and the whole was set on fire, by means of their shells ; but, the consequences were truly lamentable. The fire was of no advantage to the enemy, the shrieks and groans of our wounded, who were ed within the buildings, and perished in great numbers. They were almost unheaded by their comrades. The bravery depended the fate of this im-

much valuable time had been wasted, he brought round his troops by the side of Hugomont, and attacked our right with his whole force. The cavalry, which had been gathering together for some time in the line of La Belle Alliance, of a sudden dashed forward with a noise and impetuosity that seemed for a time sufficient to sweep from their course every sort of opposition. The light troops, acting in the capacity of sharp-shooters, were of necessity obliged to fall back. The foreign cavalry, which were sent forward to cover the infantry, also gave way, and left them to fight their own battle. The infantry, in every respect, were better fitted to receive them—they were drawn up in squares, leaving a space sufficient for each to deploy whenever an opportunity offered; and the regiments were placed, in many places, particularly between La Haye Sainte and Hugomont, much like the alternate squares upon a chess-board.

The charge, after all, did nothing for the enemy; but it proved to our soldiers how well they were able to set a numerous cavalry at defiance, and even to disperse them by their fire.

Lord Edward Somerset, noticing the proceedings of the enemy, who coolly walked their horses round and round our infantry, and interrupted the fire of our artillery to some extent, immediately proposed to Sir John Elley to lead his brigade, against them. Permission was accordingly obtained, and Sir John resolved to accompany him. This brigade, consisting of the first and second regiments of Life Guards, the first regiment of Dragoon Guards, and the Blues, set off at full speed, and crossed the ridge with so much rapidity, ~~that the cuirassiers, notwithstanding their weight~~.



and armour, and the power of their horses, were altogether unable to withstand them, being literally rode down, both horse and man. The strength of our soldiers was no less conspicuous when they mingled and fought hand to hand. The French were broken, fled, and in their flight hundreds of them were forced over the brink of an old quarry, into which they rolled, an undistinguishable mass of men and horses. Sir John Elley was himself highly distinguished for his personal prowess:—He was at one time encircled by several of the cuirassiers, but being a tall and powerful man, cut his way through them, leaving some of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, which evinced the uncommon strength of the arm that inflicted them.

The fire of our artillery was soon after resumed, and again abandoned, as circumstances required. This cannonade proved dreadful to the advancing and retiring French. Their cannon was likewise terrible to us; and carried devastation to the very heart of our squares. “Yet, under such a fire,” said a general officer, “did these gallant men close their files over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades, and resume, with stern composure, that close array of battle which, their discipline and experience taught them, afforded the only means of defence.

The possession of several eminences of some extent immediately behind Hugomont, was the cause of a combat, which continued with awful fury. At this place, by many powerful efforts, the French expected to range some cannon, whence the effects of their fire would have been equal to the possession of the whole post; but this purpose

was defeated by the gallantry of the English guards and their associates, and the timely assistance of Somerset's heavy cavalry.

While these attacks were made against our extreme right, under the command of Major-general Sir H. Clinton, the corps on our right centre, as far as La Haye Sainte, were likewise brought into action. The 5th English brigade, under General Sir Colin Halket, was fiercely assailed, and continued to be so throughout the day—sometimes by cavalry, and sometimes by infantry in columns and in line. The four battalions of his brigade were the 73d, 30th, 69th, and 33d regiments, and may be considered as having stood the brunt of the battle. The 73d and 30th, being a little in advance, no sooner deployed into line, than cavalry sweeping round on their right and left, repeatedly obliged them to reform their squares. The 69th and 33d stood a little behind, on the other side of the cross-road—and were also similarly assailed.

The 2d brigade, under Colonel Ompteda, consisting of the 1st, 5th, and 8th battalions of the King's German Legion, the Hanoverian brigade of Major-general Kellmansegge, composed of the regiments of Luneburg, Verden, Bremen, and Grubenhausen, some Belgians, and some Nassau Usinger, and Brunswick battalions of the division of Lieutenant-general Sir C. Alten, had also several desperate rencontres with the enemy.

Lieutenant-colonel Barring, with the 2d battalion of the King's German Legion, occupied the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, upon which the enemy threw themselves with great violence. It was intended, that the masses directed against this post, should continue their movement and attack

Mount St John, while the cavalry of their two wings were to charge our artillery, which, on account of the inequalities of the ground, and the position of certain regiments, they imagined was but weakly supported. But, failing in this, they afterwards thickened their forces in the van, and led them to destruction.

The 1st brigade of the 2d French division was the first which came to dispute this post. The first column was almost destroyed. On the outside of the house, the cavalry of the French General Kellerman, and the heavy cavalry of Lord Somerset, had many brilliant and bloody conflicts. In the estimation of Napoleon, this post must have been valuable,—as he said, “I shall, on the instant, carry Mount St John, and clear for myself a way to Brussels.” Both parties, therefore, seemed to feel its value, neither giving way till the whole of our ammunition was spent, and the bayonet only remaining as a means of defence against an overwhelming force. The position was then abandoned by degrees, and it fell into the hands of the enemy.

All was now triumph and joy on the side of the French. Napoleon sent off messengers to Paris, to proclaim that he had gained the day. How different were the expectations of the very troops, in whose possession La Haye Sainte was left!—So accurately was the fire of our artillery on the opposite summit directed, that they foresaw, that to hold it would cost them a greater force than they had lost in taking it.

Napoleon now resolved to seek his way to Brussels; but it must have entirely escaped him, that, on the other side of the cross-road lay an immove-

able impediment. Count d'Erlon, however, advanced in this direction, with a column composed of the 2d and 3d divisions of the first French corps, under the fire of 80 field-pieces, and cover of a deep ravine. Marching rapidly, he soon crowned the heights, and attacked a Belgian and three Dutch regiments of militia, who only discharged a single volley before they fell back upon the 5th regiment, which was in reserve. Even there they could not attempt a stand, but, flying in confusion, passed to the rear of our second line.

Seeing these troops approach, Sir Thomas Picton, who fell shortly after, at the head of his division, consisting of the 28th, 30th and 79th, deployed full in front of the enemy with a heavy fire of musketry, while Sir Dennis Pack, with the 42d, 44th and 92d, came round upon their right flank. Both brigades then rushed forward, and threw this immense column into confusion. Sir J. Vandeleur, with the 11th, 12th and 16th light dragoons, and General Chigny, with a part of the division of Dutch light horse, instantly dashed in upon it, and, in the twinkling of an eye, it was completely broken and dispersed.

On this occasion, John O'Bryan, a private of the 8th company of the 28th, seized the standard of the 25th French regiment; but, falling at the moment by a wound, which afterwards cost him his leg, the trophy was given by him to another private of the same regiment, who delivered it safely to his commanding officer.

In the hottest of the conflict, the Royal Dragoons, Greys and Enniskillens, with Sir William Ponsonby at their head, threw themselves along

the immense field-train, causing the cannoneers to abandon their guns, and for some time intimidating all within their sweep. But the French General Milhaud, with his cuirassiers on the one side, and General Traversé coming round on the other with the 4th regiment of lancers, fell upon them. In the midst of the cannon, which was the subject of dispute, commenced a contest, to which history can produce few parallels. Every soldier seemed to remember nothing but the glory of his country. The whole might be called a series of single combats, in which the noblest blood of the rival armies profusely flowed. Victory at last declared for our gallant cavaliers. The Royal dragoons and Enniskillens drew in their reins, and returned to their memorable stance; but the Greys actually cut their way through the enemy's line; and, on the following day, several of them were found lying beside their horses, a considerable way even beyond the second line. In this brave, but imprudent, pursuit, the gallant Sir William Ponsonby lost his life. He beheld the reckless ardour with so much concern, that, in his fear for their safety, he lost all regard for his own. Putting spurs to his steed, he galloped after them, accompanied by only one officer. In a short time he entered a field where the ground was exceedingly soft, and his horse sunk in the mire. In this situation he was attacked by several French lancers; and seeing, as they approached, that his fate was decided, he hastily drew out his watch, and a picture, and was in the act of giving them to the officer, to be given to his lady and family, when the lancers came up, and they both perished on the spot. The body of Sir William was found after the battle lying beside his

horse, with seven lance wounds. A few minutes elapsed, and the Greys returned to their station.

Among the many formidable columns of the enemy which now advanced, was one of at least 4000 men, which, coming up, threw in a scattered fire upon the remains of the 92d, then only 260 strong, and brought down about 30 men. Major Macdonald having lengthened out a front equal to that of the column, without returning a shot, came to the charge—and, however incredible it may appear, this strong and deep mass recoiled from the levelled steel. The Greys instantly rushed to the assistance of the 92d, when both regiments cheered, and shouted “Scotland for ever!”—a war-cry which, at a time like this, was electric, as the carnage soon testified. It was like the work of lightning—for, in the course of a few minutes, every man of this mass was down. Nearly 2000 of them having thrown themselves on the ground, were taken prisoners, and marched to Brussels. The cuirassiers, in great force, again advanced, with a view to save their infantry; and, at the same time, the Royal dragoons and Enniskillens came to the assistance of the Greys, when, by another noble effort, they captured two Imperial eagles. The standards of the Invincibles were here wrested from them; one of them, belonging to the 45th French regiment, bore the names of Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram, and Friedland: the other belonging to the 104th regiment, and had been presented to it by Maria Louisa. Sergeant Ewart of the Greys took the one, and Stiles, a corporal of the Royal dragoons, took the other; the one belonging to the 104th was defaced with

blood and dirt, and must have been gained after a great struggle.

From this date, it may be said, commenced the severest trial. Amid the discharges of the artillery—the clash of arms—the cries of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded and dying—the officers were obeyed as if on the parade. Such was the orderly fire of our troops, that aids-de-camp walked their horses round each square with perfect safety, being certain the volley would not take place till after the regular pause. It was in this manner that our battalions bid defiance to the advancing enemy, who frequently dashed forward, with a view to gain the flank, or at best the rear of these little squares.

The Duke of Wellington encouraged the men by his presence in every part of the field; where the fight was most desperate, he was always sure to be seen. A French officer relates, that about three o'clock, Buonaparte sent Count Flahaut, his aid-de-camp, to learn on what part of the field Wellington was stationed. That officer having made inquiry, returned, saying, "That he could not learn the precise position of Wellington at present, but he was always to be seen at the head of his squares." This is said to have stung Napoleon to the quick.

The Duke, in short, acted the part of Commander-in-chief, General of division, or Commander of corps, as the time demanded—he even dashed forward, and, as colonel of a regiment, led some Belgians into action that had just given way; and on the sudden approach of the enemy's cavalry, he threw himself into the square of a regiment then

standing a little to the right of La Haye Sainte, where he remained till they were repulsed—shielded, as it were, by the hand of Providence, to be the conqueror of him whose whole power and might, for upwards of twenty years, had been eagerly directed against our country. In passing along the line, often did he breathe for them the most sympathizing words; seeing, though small in numbers, that they must stand without flinching, and even beat back the prodigious columns which were continually moving against them. General Sir Colin Halket, who commanded the fifth English brigade, observing his ranks dreadfully thinned, and many men drooping with fatigue, sent notice to the Duke that a relief, however temporary, was absolutely necessary. “Tell him,” said his Grace, “what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every man here under me, must conquer, or die on the spot which we now occupy.” “That is enough,” returned Sir Colin; “I, and every man of my brigade, will share his fate.”

The troops of Major-generals Maitland and Byng, from their situation, were also severely tried. Hugomont was at last threatened by a force, which the enemy might think well adequate to drive them from it. What the English Guards had experienced hitherto, was boys' play compared with the work which now took place. Still our men kept their ground; and although victory seemed hopeless, they would not be beaten back. Again the enemy's cavalry made a circuit round the chateau with uncommon swiftness. And here, as in the centre, while their infantry advanced to the eminence by which it is commanded, the cuirass-



siers boldly rode along our cannon, then darted in upon our squares, and for some time appeared masters of the position ; but Lord Edward Somerset coming up with the Life Guards, the Dragoon Guards, and the Blues, confusion ensued. The artillery of the two armies were opposed, and poured forth an incessant shower of round and grape-shot. Suddenly they would wheel their guns, and columns of foot would either engage in a close and destructive fusilade, or charge with the bayonet, while in the rear of the allied infantry, the cavalry of the two armies maintained a gallant and doubtful combat.

A British officer, the Honourable Colonel Ponsonby, in a charge with his regiment, the 12th Light Dragoons, was, by the blow of a sabre, brought senseless to the ground ; but, recovering, he raised himself a little to look round, when a lancer, passing by, exclaimed, " Tu n'es pas mort, coquin, " and struck his lance into his back. A tirailleur next came to his knees, immediately behind him, under pretence of re-loading his musket. It was with the view, however, of possessing the Colonel's purse, which he had no sooner taken than he scampered away. This skirmisher was no sooner gone than an officer, bringing on some troops, to whom, probably, the tirailleur belonged, stooped down, saying to the Colonel that he feared he was badly wounded. He added, if they gained the day, as in all probability they would, for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six regiments had surrendered, every attention in his power should be shown to him ; and, laying him straight on his side, he passed on towards the left of our line.—, Another wounded officer has mentioned, that a

tirailleur repeatedly came and loaded his musket beside him, speaking all the time with great gaiety, and then scampering away to discharge it. In coming back for the third or fourth time, he said, " You English will certainly be beaten by the Emperor, you have no chance with us ; " but, upon going out once more, he found things had taken a different turn, and, instead of stopping to load, as formerly, he only took time to say,—“ Ah, ma foi, I believe you English will beat the Emperor ; bon jour, mon ami ! ” But there were very few instances of such social intercourse. The French pierced and plundered the wounded British wherever they found them. When they witnessed their infantry confused and flying, and felt the tremendous effects of our heavy brigade, they became so enraged, that a squadron of lancers rushed upon 30 or 40 prisoners, who stood at their mercy, in the corner of a corn-field, and put them to death in cold blood. Two officers had, a minute before, secretly withdrawn themselves to a short distance, with a view to escape, and when on the summit of a steep bank, they looked back, and beheld this catastrophe.

This was a barbarous and cruel act, and very different from the conduct of the generality of our soldiers, who, in many instances, displayed much humanity towards the disabled French. On one occasion, a French officer, in a charge which he led against the Greys, encountered a young man of his own weight and age. They fought long, and were both severely cut in the struggle ; but, at length becoming faint with fatigue and loss of blood, the Frenchman yielded, at the moment he *was about to perish* by a blow which he could not

ward off. The Englishman, seizing the reins of his horse, instantly galloped with him to the rear, and gave him in charge to an orderly. What surprised the Frenchman most was, that his conqueror expressed his sorrow for the wounds he had given him, and although bleeding severely, again rushed into the fight. These were the feelings with which the majority of our men were animated.

When the Duke of Wellington saw that uncommon efforts were necessary, he had frequent recourse to encouraging exclamations. On hearing the balls whistling about him, when in rear of the tree, which will be known by his name while it exists, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, who was beholding some well contested sport, "That's good practice; I think they fire better than they did in Spain;" and when many of his best and bravest friends had fallen, and the result of the battle was still doubtful, to those who remained near him he said, "Never mind, we'll win the battle yet." On one occasion, he rode up to the 95th, then in the front of the line, a little to the left of La Haye Sainte, and seeing them on the point of receiving the charge of a column of French, said, "Stand fast, 95th, we must not be beaten; what would they say in England?" Then placing himself at their head, he charged and repulsed a very superior force. In the conflict at La Belle Alliance, the Marquis of Anglesea was frequently with the Life Guards. At the commencement of a charge, he would say, "Now for the honour of the household troops!" and as often had he occasion to praise them for their valour. The dragoon guards and Blues were equally gal-

lant. "Look," he would say at other times, when viewing the charges of the Scotch Greys, the Royal dragoons, and Enniskillens, "those brave fellows will get themselves cut to pieces." As to the willingness of the troops, in the performance of their duty, there are many lasting proofs;—the dying, even in their last moments, spoke of victory and the Duke of Wellington. But to notice the gallantry of individuals, will, perhaps, be still more pleasing. The Honourable Captain Curzon, fourth son of Lord Scarsdale, when riding along the line with Lord March, received a ball in his chest, and fell on his face, exclaiming, "Good bye, dear March." His gallant companion, at the moment, in consequence of the movement of a body of French cuirassiers, was calling loudly to some Nassau troops to form for the reception of cavalry. Even then, Captain Curzon said, faintly, as he expired, "That's right, well done." A young officer, aid-de-camp to the Duke, was sent to a general of brigade in another part of the field, with a message of importance. In returning, he was shot through the lungs; but had strength sufficient to ride up to the Duke of Wellington, to whom he delivered the answer to his message, and then dropped from his horse. In a word, if the most devoted attachment on the part of all who approached him, can add to the honours of a hero, never did a General receive so many affecting proofs of it; and their devotion was repaid by his sense of it, and his sorrow for their loss. "Believe me," he afterwards said, "that nothing excepting a battle lost, can be more melancholy than a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from that greater evil; but to win

even such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of the lives of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, were it not for its results to the public benefit."

Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, after having passed through the enemy's second line, in company with his regiment, took an eagle, as we have already noticed. The Frenchman fought bravely for it, but at length Ewart cut him through the head, and seized the eagle. A lance was thrown at him, but, by good fortune, he turned it aside with his sword, and cut the lancer from the chin upwards. In his progress rearward with his prize, a *tirailleur*, after firing, ran at him with his bayonet, but he cut him down also. Shaw, a corporal of the Life-guards, was wounded in the breast, at the very commencement of the battle. An officer desired him to fall out. "Please God," said this brave man, "I shall not leave my colours yet." He fought for some hours after this, and was seen dealing death around him, with an unerring hand. A pistol or musket-ball put an end to his brilliant career. He was an excellent swordsman, and famed in London for his science among men of pugilistic skill. Colonel Halket, commanding the 3d Hanoverian brigade, which was posted between Hugomont and our extreme right, observing a French General giving orders in front of a strong body of men, made a dash at him at full gallop, before the Frenchman had time to think of his intention, and, holding a pistol to his breast, seized the reins of his horse and brought him off in triumph from under the very beards of his soldiers. Every officer in some manner or other distinguished himself. In a charge, "You are un-

commonly savage to-day," said one to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his grasp. "What would you have me to do?" was his answer, "We are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them;" and with this cast himself again among the combatants. A regiment of cuirassiers, after having charged one of our squares, not far from where the Life-guards were standing, began coolly to walk their horses round it; and, the Colonel rode out, from amidst his men, brandishing his sword, and challenging any man of the Life-guards to single combat. Captain Kelly chivalrously accepted the invitation, and advancing, slew the Frenchman, and brought away his epaulets as a trophy.

The French have much of the braggadocio in their composition: soldiers will sometimes ride out from their ranks, brandishing their swords, challenging, and taunting to their opponents. This sort of conduct has never been noticed in a British soldier,—it would be reckoned highly ridiculous in our army, and quite contrary to judicious discipline.

As to the service of our artillery, nothing could possibly be better managed. Major Norman Ramsay was one of those who distinguished himself to his last moment. The artillerymen behaved here, as they are well known to do at home,—their steady and uniform conduct did them credit, and their efforts were of great consequence in the general success of the day. The enemy's cavalry had no sooner turned their backs, than they rushed out of the squares, in which they had a little

before found shelter, and began their dreadful practice upon the retiring squadrons. This was an advantage which they enjoyed over the French; for, the latter were under the necessity of putting a stop to their fire, while any of their own troops were either advancing or retreating from us, and this happened every little while in front of some particular parts of their whole train. Harassed by this manœuvre, and their fruitless attempts against our infantry, some of their officers were roused to desperation. One of them, in particular, observing, when retreating from a charge, that a deserted gun had frequently been fired with success against his squadron, by Major Lloyd and another artillery-officer, resolved it should never be fired again while he lived; and on the next retrogression of his squadron, he placed himself by the side of this gun, but was instantly shot. It has been affirmed, that during the battle, one officer, finding himself deserted by the cavalry he had led against one of Sir Colin Halket's regiments, put spurs to his horse, and galloped upon our bayonets with his arms extended, as if he welcomed the bullet that was to bring him down;—he was also shot.

The support afforded by the infantry and cavalry of the King's German Legion, and other foreign troops, particularly the Brunswickers, in the battle and pursuit, was, in general, most meritorious. Among them, however, there were some exceptions; the Hanoverian hussars of Cumberland, as they called themselves, a regiment extremely well horsed, and distinguished for their fine appearance, were ordered to place themselves under line, on the brow of a hill, with conditional orders, that if the Commander-in-chief of the cavalry succeeded in a

charge he was about to make with a British brigade, they were to dash in, and cut away. The charge was made, and the enemy put in confusion. The Marquis then looked round for his supporters; but they had turned their horses heads, and were trotting away to Brussels. An aid-de-camp was quickly despatched after them; but, although he took the colonel by the collar, it was impossible to stop them. He then asked them, as a particular favour, not to go further than Waterloo: but it was useless—to Brussels they would go, and to Brussels they went, and alarmed the whole town, by saying that the French were at their heels.

But to return to the battle. It was evident to our general officers, about half-past five o'clock, that something extraordinary was about to be performed by the enemy, from the evident concentration of all sorts of troops. At once, all their heavy cavalry, cuirassiers, carabineers, dragoons, and the cavalry of the guard, rushed forward upon the British centre. Napoleon had now in full operation every corps he could muster, except his reserves; and he spoke and felt as if the battle were his own; he even affected gaiety, and, on noticing his guide tremble at the shot which fell around him, said, 'Do not stir, my friend; a ball will kill you equally in the back as in the front, and wound you more disgracefully.' To Bertrand, he said, "We shall arrive at Brussels in time for supper."

The Duke of Wellington, relying on the valour of his troops, entertained a very different opinion; nevertheless, he was anxious for the arrival of the Prussians; and often cast his eyes towards the



place from which he knew they were to issue. The stream of the action ran with awful force upon our line, but it withstood it like a rock of the ocean. The battle, says the French relation, referring to this particular period, "is maintained—neither side give ground—new columns advance—the charges are renewed—three times the position is on the point of being forced, and three times, after prodigies of valour, the French are driven back."

In this desperate battle "I saw," said an officer, "the Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Orange, the Marquis of Anglesea, Sir Charles Alten, Lord Hill, and other valiant chiefs, encouraging all by their presence, and at times even heading the charge." Still it was difficult to say how matters stood, or might turn out. The enemy, though beat off at every point, continued to rush with incredible courage upon the battalions opposed to them, which were all of them rapidly diminishing, and showing a less formidable front.

Every moment the fall of some officer of rank was announced. The Duke of Wellington, when in the centre of a dreadful cannonade, witnessed the fall of Sir Alexander Gordon—Sir William de Lancey—the Honourable Lieutenant-colonel Erskine, and the brave General van Merle. General Cooke lost an arm, and General Alten was also wounded, as were many other useful and eminent officers. The men were falling in lines, and our centre must have been shaken, but for the exertions and memorable example of the 30th, 73d, 69th and 33d regiments, who not only withstood the reiterated assaults of a powerful and nu-

merous infantry, but repulsed twelve or thirteen charges of the enemy's horse. The Duke himself was an eyewitness of their bravery; but he said, "I cannot help it, they must keep their ground with myself to the last man—would to God that night or the Prussians were come!"

It is mentioned in "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," that a gentleman had the courage to ask the Duke of Wellington, whether, at this juncture, he looked often to the wood, from which the Prussians were expected to issue?—"No," was the answer; "I looked oftener at my watch than at any thing else. I knew if my troops could keep their position till night, that I must be joined by Blucher before morning, and we would not have left Bonaparte an army next day. But, I own," continued he, "I was glad as one hour of daylight slipped away after another, and our position was still maintained."—"And if," continued the querist, "by misfortune, the position had been carried?"—"We had the wood behind to retreat into?"—"And if the wood also was forced?"—"No! no! they could never have so beaten us but we could have made good the wood against them."

But before this took place, Napoleon from the eminence which he had chosen as his station, and from whence he distinctly perceived every thing that happened, contemplated, with a stern aspect, the hideous butchery. The more obstacles were multiplied, the more inflexible he appeared. He was indignant at difficulties he had not foreseen, and, far from fearing to urge to extremities an army whose confidence in him was without bounds, he was incessantly employed in urging on fresh troops. He was repeatedly informed, from differ-

ent quarters, that the action was unsuccessful,—that the forces appeared staggered—“Forward!” was his answer, “Forward!”

The post of La Haye Sainte, which was still in his possession, was held with a dreadful loss, occasioned by a perpetual fire of grape-shot from a part of our artillery. The French General commanding there, sent to inform his Majesty, that he could no longer hold this position, because his troops were suffering severely from an English battery, and begged to know in what manner he should withdraw himself from a spot so fatal—“By carrying the battery,” was the answer. This, however, was impossible; and the necessity of such an attempt was prevented by an attack of the 10th brigade, consisting of the 4th, 27th and 40th regiments, under the command of General Sir J. Lambert. These regiments were unseen by the enemy, on account of the hollows, in which they had laid themselves down to escape from the effects of the cannon; and, on their rising, and coming into the line of their fire, great numbers of them were struck down. His Grace noticing this, and not deeming it just the proper time, made signs for them to lie down again for a little; but returning almost immediately, he called on them to advance. They moved on, and, notwithstanding the superior force that opposed them, carried the post at the point of the bayonet. The Prussians, who had marched with considerable speed through the difficult and narrow passages of St Lambert, arrived on the field of battle at a moment so critical, that one trembles to think, that an affair, so awfully important, should have depended on the fidelity of a single guide. If he had prevented them from

coming up at the time when they so happily arrived, the consequence might have been fatal to the whole campaign. Marshal Grouchy continued to follow the Prussians. But this sort of pursuit, on the part of the French, was done with the view of hastening the retreat, which they supposed Prince Blucher had commenced with his whole army, and not with the expectation of meeting any resistance. It, however, happened otherwise. The Prussian General Tauenzien halted the rear of the army upon the villages of Wavre and Bielge, on the banks of the Dyle, where, deploying and arranging his troops, he determined to resist the enemy's progress. Grouchy had a thousand conjectures, as to what might be the object of this stand; he knew that the turn they had taken would lead them to Waterloo, and that very possibly, as really was the case, one half of them were on the way to join the English. He despatched some spies, who discovered that his conjectures were true. The forces before him only consisted of a strong rear-guard, which were left on purpose to mask the march of the main army, under the Marshal himself. No more time was lost—Grouchy threw forward his troops; but they were repulsed with such bravery, that something more bold and decisive was necessary. At length a French Colonel seized the eagle of his regiment, rushed across the bridge, and planted it in the ground on the opposite side. His troops almost kept pace with him; and although this officer fell at the instant, his own men, and those who followed them, became masters of the village. The Prussians then followed the route their com-

ly 15,000 men of his old guard, as a final and desperate effort. At that moment, it is said, he assumed an appearance of resolution, which tended to reanimate those who were around him, and exclaimed,—“ Let every one follow me,” as if he really intended to lead them into action. The columns then advanced with him at their head, till they came within a quarter of a mile of the British line; when they suddenly stopped in a ravine, entirely out of the direction of our shot. The persons about him were, his brother Jerome, and Generals Bertrand, Drouet, Douchers, and Labedoyere. At every motion he made to put himself in front, Bertrand and Drouet threw themselves before his horse's head, exclaiming, by turns, “ Ah ! Sire, What is this you are going to do ? The safety of France and the army depend upon you. All is lost if any accident should happen ! ” In consideration of these important matters, he yielded to their entreaties with a real or apparent effort, which he affected to gain over himself. The two men, who knew so well how to moderate his ardour, were the only persons whom he never sent to reconnoitre the state of the battle, while he sent the rest twenty times into the midst of the fire with orders, or to bring him information. Jerome appeared to take it to heart, that his illustrious brother did not profit by this occasion to die in a glorious manner, and Napoleon even heard him himself whisper to Bertrand, “ Can it be possible that he will not seek death here ? Never will he find a more glorious grave ! ”

Meanwhile the troops marched on, and, as they passed, he spoke to them with confidence, gave them much praise, and told them that the British

shot or taken prisoners. The Prussian cannon and musketry were soon in full play. Still Napoleon was positive, and entertained a belief that, at the worst they were followed by Grouchy, and that with him in their rear, they were in safe custody.

In this manner did Napoleon reason with himself; for he would not be informed of the fact, even to the very last chance, and thus denied himself the means of covering his own retreat. It was fancied, that for a time he thought the troops which were debouching from the woods on his right flank were those of Grouchy: but this could not possibly be the case; for he must have been aware of the movement of General Lobau, who had marched for the purpose of stopping their progress, beyond Planchenoit, where a murderous conflict ensued, and its issue continued long uncertain. As appears from Marshal Ney's letter, he spread the belief among the soldiers, by means of Colonel Labedoyere, that Grouchy was advancing to his support. But when he heard the firing of the Prussian cannon and musketry, and saw their battalions rushing out from the woods, he suddenly turned pale, but spoke not a word:—For a while he mused in silence; he felt the critical situation in which he was placed; but not believing that the main body of the Prussians could come up for some hours, he hoped that success was yet in his power: he determined to attack the weakest part of the British line with his whole concentrated force, and thus endeavour to defeat the Duke before the Prussians could arrive. Regardless, therefore, of the slaughter already made, between seven and eight o'clock at night, he formed the resolution of risking his reserve, consisting of near-

ing, without gaining any ground on the plain, so speedily were the files swept away as they came into the line of our fire. The enthusiasm, however, of those in the rear, forced forward the front, and at length carried the whole attacking force into the open field. They rushed rapidly onward, putting to flight all the Belgian, and other foreign troops, that offered to resist them, and soon approached the summit of the ridge on which the English guards lay concealed. At this moment the eyes of many were turned upon a movement which, in the estimation of the French, was to decide the battle;—every one upon the right and left, who witnessed it, trembled for the result. It was a most important and trying period. When the Duke of Wellington, who had placed himself immediately behind the guards, thought them near enough, he exclaimed, “Up, guards, and at them again.” They sprung to their feet, and gave the French a well-aimed volley, which staggered them; a second volley put them into a kind of panic; and the Duke, galloping close up in their rear, called out, “Forward, guards!”—Never was there a prouder moment for those whom he addressed; the household troops of both nations were, for the first time, brought in contact, and the highest stakes depended on the issue. The English guards giving three cheers, rushed down the hill upon the French with pointed bayonets; but when within twenty yards of one another, these old warriors of France—who never yet were vanquished—who were called the terror of northern Europe, and who never were known to yield, wheeled like a whirlwind from the shock, and fled. The guards of England, who had fought from the commence-

ment at Hugomont, and were now greatly reduced, thus beat the old Imperial guards of France, who had been in reserve, and were otherwise in the best possible condition. The troops under General Adam, on the right, keeping pace with the guards, had advanced upon the left flank of the enemy, and poured in several most effectual volleys. These, together with the troops of Sir Dennis Pack, pursued the enemy to some distance. The cavalry, on the right and left, also fell upon them, and they were nearly destroyed.

Meanwhile, the Prussians, in a contest with the right wing of the French, succeeded in driving it in a body before them. The Duke of Wellington, on the flight of the Imperial Guards, immediately ordered his army to form four deep. All was ready in an instant, when the illustrious conqueror, with his hat in his hand, at its head, ordered a general charge. The British army, then in line, eagerly and proudly rushed down the slopes, and up the acclivity beyond, driving before them such of the French as still maintained the combat. The slaughter increased; the whole of the French line fell back, and the remains of the grand army united in one universal and tumultuous flight.

Our cavalry, which had collected on the right and left, rushed to meet each other, and scarcely found any resistance. Loud cries of "All is lost! the guard is driven back!" were distinctly heard on all sides among the French, who afterwards pretended that ill-disposed persons called out, "Sauve qui peut." Be this as it may, a complete panic spread itself throughout the whole field, and they threw themselves, in the greatest *disorder*, upon the line of communication, to which



every one pressed, and thus brought the gloomy state of affairs within the immediate observation of the Emperor. Bonaparte and his companions stood astonished and confounded on the banks of the ravine, scarcely any one, for a time, daring to break silence. At last, seeing that he had still a reserve of three or four thousand of the old and young guard, he hastily called them forward. This reserve willingly obeyed the order; but the attempt to move beyond where he was stationed was in vain. At that place they were borne back by the overwhelming force of the fugitives, who issued from the field in disorderly flight, and with whom the British cavalry had mingled. He then saw that all was evidently lost; and, turning abruptly to Bertrand, said, "How terrible these grey horses are!" Then looking towards the field with uplifted hands, he shook his head, and, according to the expression of his guide, wore a countenance as pale as a corpse. The British dragoons were in close pursuit; the Prussians made rapid progress in the rear of his right wing; and, lest he should fall into the hands of his enemies, he thought it high time to decamp, and pronounced the fatal words, "Let us save ourselves!" After this period, no one knew, for a considerable time, what had become of him. He mixed with the multitude, and was carried with the stream of his dispirited and flying soldiers.

The fire of their cannon and musketry ceased as our lines closed upon them. Our loss, on this occasion, was not so great as might have been expected; but, among those who were either wounded, or fell, were several of our bravest officers. The Marquis of Anglesea lost his leg by a cannon ball,

while in conversation with] the Duke of Wellington, and in the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, endured amputation with the usual firmness of his character ;—he even, in the middle of the operation, said to the surgeon, “ Who would not lose a leg for such a victory ? ” \*

The last gun fired was a piece which the French had left upon the road. It was turned upon them in their retreat, and discharged by Captain Campbell, aid-de-camp to General Adam, with his own hand.

It was thus that the French quitted their position. The cannoneers abandoned their guns—the drivers of the train cut the traces of their horses—the infantry—the cavalry—soldiers of every kind, and of every rank, mingled and confounded, appeared only as one unorganized mass, which nothing could arrest, and which sought its safety along the road and across the fields. Stationed on the edge of the road, a crowd of carriages precipitately followed the impulse, and became at length so encumbered by the pressure, that they could no longer proceed. At that moment, a cry was heard of, “ Save himself who can ! ” and this universal rout was the consequence of a spontaneous movement, of which the causes are unknown, unless it be attributed to the consciousness which the soldiery felt of the peril of their situation ; for

\* Behind the house is a neat flower-garden. In the centre of four paths, a little hillock, with a weeping willow, and some shrubs, show the sepulchre of his Lordship's leg. Further on, are the graves of several English officers. A stone, with an inscription upon it, shows where the remains of Colonel Fitzgerald, of the Life Guards, lie.

the French soldier is not like those of other countries, entirely passive; he observes, he reasons; and under no circumstance does he yield an obedience to his commander, so blind as not to submit their operations to his own judgment. No route, no point of rendezvous had been given, and there was then no longer any means to make them known. The generals and the other officers lost in the crowd, and borne along with it, were separated from their troops. There was no longer any battalion behind which they could rally; and while nothing had been foreseen to secure an orderly retreat, in what manner was it possible to check so absolute a route.

The British cavalry came up with the rear of the French guard, who, in a body, retreated slowly, and in some measure orderly, along the road. They obstinately, but uselessly, defended themselves. The Duke of Wellington, and even the British soldiers, would have spared the lives of these brave men, and gave them an opportunity of yielding as prisoners of war; but their answer was, "The guard never yields—it dies." A dreadful butchery then took place, and continued till they abandoned their ranks, and sought for refuge in the common flight. The guard, that unshaken phalanx which, in the greatest catastrophes, had always been the rallying point of the army, and which had always served it for a rampart,—the guard, at last, the terror of the enemy, had been overthrown, and fled with the multitude. Every one sought for safety at random; they struggled, they pressed, and endeavoured to outstrip each other; groups, more or less numerous, collected together, and passively followed those who took

the lead: Fear exaggerated every peril ; and night, which was not long in supervening, even although its obscurity was not great, contributed still more to heighten the confusion. “ But where was Napoleon ? Reports about him were various in the flying army—that he had fallen—that he was taken. Lacoste first gives evidence on the subject, and it is impossible to imagine more damning testimony against the Emperor. He repeated, several times, in great agitation, “ We must save ourselves ! How terrible these grey horses are ! We must save ourselves ! ” This was the man who had flung away the lives of millions, and wrung tears from every eye on the Continent of Europe ; “ who never had pity on any one, nor looked on what he trod.” How did Frederick of Prussia act in circumstances quite as desperate ?—Ever greatest in adversity ; most formidable in despair, instead of crying “ We must save ourselves,” he galloped to a small but firm body of his guards, the only remnant of the field, and calmly asked them, “ My friends, when do you mean to die ? ” “ Now ! ” was the electric answer.—“ Then follow me.” Napoleon availed himself of the darkness and the crowd, and sneaked away. Napoleon’s last resource should have been, if not a cast like that of Frederick, a death like Argentine’s.

The British cavalry, who had followed up the success for a considerable way, became exhausted, and no longer able to continue the pursuit ; but Blucher and the Duke of Wellington, at this critical juncture, happened to arrive, at the same moment, at a point near the farm of La Belle Alliance.\* They exchanged a hasty, but heartfelt

\* This hamlet is said to have taken its name from

embrace and mutual congratulation, and arranged, that the Prussians, who were comparatively fresh, should follow the French during the night. Blücher accordingly ordered that every man and horse in his army, capable of action, should pursue the fugitives, without allowing them the smallest time to rally. This they were the more enabled to do by the light of a full moon, whose brilliancy assisted a slaughter from which the French found no refuge, and in vain sought for mercy.\* In the battle of the 16th, the Prussians had sought for quarter from the French, which they, in an exulting manner, refused, putting every man whom they took to the sword: and during the battle on this day (the 18th), they had, by their savage

the following little circumstance of village scandal:—  
'A woman who resided here, after marrying two husbands in her own station, of creditable yeomanry, chose to unite herself, upon her becoming a second time a widow, to her own hind or ploughman; and the name of La Belle Alliance was bestowed on her place of residence in ridicule of this match.' It came to bear an unexpected and extraordinary coincidence with the situation of the combined armies, which induces many foreigners, even now, to give the fight the name of 'The Battle of La Belle Alliance. Here, too, the victorious allies of both countries exchanged military greetings,—the Prussians halting, made their regimental band to play "God save the King; while the British returned the compliment with three cheers to the honour of Prussia."

\* "The war took a most ferocious character between the French and Prussians from the very beginning. Before the opening of the campaign, the first and second corps of the French had hoisted the black flag. They openly avowed that they would give no quarter to the Prussians, and in general they kept their word." The French were now in the power of the Prussians, and could expect no mercy.

cruelty, forfeited every claim to the benefit of the usual rules of war ; the lancers, in particular, with brutal ferocity, scoured the field, piercing with their spears the wounded and dying. “ The Quoi ! tu n’est pas mort ? ” of the spearman was usually accompanied with a thrust of his lance, which gives countenance to the general opinion, that their orders were to give no quarter. Even the British officers who were carried before Bonaparte, although civilly treated while he spoke to them, and dismissed with assurances that they should have surgical assistance and proper attendance, were no sooner out of his presence, than they were stripped, beaten, and abused. Most of the prisoners whom the French took from our light cavalry were put to death in cold blood, or owed their safety to concealment or a speedy escape.” The Prussians fiercely revenged this slaughter. In a town, says a German officer, not six miles from the field of battle, eight hundred French lay dead, who had suffered themselves to be cut down like cattle. The black hussars of the Duke of Brunswick, who had manfully exerted themselves during the battle, earnestly sought, and were granted permission to join the Prussians in the warm pursuit, and were no less active in the destruction of the foe. The share they had taken, although an active one, in the overthrow of the enemy on the field of battle, had not, in their estimation, fully atoned for the death of their chief. They headed the chase, and none escaped who came within their reach. The death of General Duchesme is sufficient to show the implacability of their revenge. One of these Brunswickers while in pursuit, seeing

necessity of submitting to the interrogation of the guard, and awaiting the convenience of the Governor, who was sent for to establish his identity. This ceremony being gone through, he, with the rest of his suite, entered, and the barriers were immediately reclosed. The army followed at random, scarcely any one knowing the direction he ought to pursue; thousands of straggling soldiers spread themselves over the country, and carried with them terror and alarm. The unfortunate inhabitants were thunderstruck to hear, almost at the moment they had learned its success, of the irreparable defeat of the French army, and to find themselves the prey of an enemy whom a victory, dearly earned with their blood, would render doubly ferocious. The strong places every where shut their gates, and repulsed by force the fugitives who demanded admission, obliging them to find refuge in the neighbouring villages, where they committed every kind of excess. A little way beyond Charleroi, are two roads; the one leads to Avesnes, the other to Philipeville. Many fugitives went by way of Avesnes, while others followed the road which Napoleon had taken; and numerous stragglers, who were careless of every thing beyond a wish to avoid the Prussian cavalry, concealed themselves in the surrounding forests. In this manner the army, by degrees, gradually and almost entirely disappeared.

Napoleon, having passed some hours at Philipeville, was anxious to proceed; but the fugitives, who had collected around the gates of that city, being informed of his place of refuge, were eager to give new proofs of their devotion. In order to hasten their immediate retreat, he propagated a re-

port, by means of his emissaries, that the Prussians were approaching. These minions, leaving the town in a secret manner, made a circuit, and soon appeared, calling out, "The Prussians, the Prussians!" This was quite sufficient to disperse his unwelcome attendants, who were instantly seen flying in every direction. It was this crowd of unsheltered sufferers, who, in the accents of despair, spread abroad the intelligence that the Emperor was blockaded in Philipeville. Bonaparte meanwhile quietly pursued his route to Mezieres, and at nightfall, approached Rocroi, where he was anxiously solicited to remain during the night; but being aware how necessary it was for him to reach the capital before his defeat was known there, he refused this friendly request, and hastily resuming his journey, arrived at Paris at nine o'clock on the evening of the twentieth of June.

Two days of painful anxiety had now passed since the news of the battles of Charleroi, Quatre Bras, and Ligny had arrived in Paris; and now the fate of the battle of Waterloo, and its too fatal consequences, were rumoured all over the city. Napoleon's arrival became known, and then every one was confirmed in the belief of these direful tidings.

The Emperor, on reaching the Thuilleries, was very much exhausted, and retired to have some repose, until his ministers should assemble, as he had ordered. The evening was far advanced before he awoke. His ministers assembled. M. St Didier took a chair, and placed himself by the side of Bonaparte, for the purpose of drawing up the proceedings of his short but fatal campaign. He took notice at once of Didier's agitation.—"What!"



said he, "Drouet has been informing you of the matter. An evil which may be repaired is not a great one; and even if it were irreparable, we should submit with becoming resignation."

The bulletin of the battle of Mont St Jean was then drawn up. Napoleon dictated the greater part of it, and gave it to Regnault to correct. The correction of the bulletin was finished. Maret had a cold and reserved air; Regnault was more affected. He stood at the table unconsciously drawing lines with his pencil on the bulletin, which lay before him. Now and then he raised his eyes, and regarded Napoleon with a look of anxiety, pity, and affection. The Emperor, who was pacing the room with rapid strides, at length suddenly stopped. "Well! this bulletin?" he exclaimed. "Here it is, corrected," answered the Count.

"Let us see," said the Emperor. Regnault began to read it. The Emperor frequently interrupted him, "It was gained! It was gained! The victory was mine." When the bulletin was concluded, he added, with a sigh, "It is lost! and my glory with it!!"

Count Regnault soon after took his leave, but the Duke of Bassano continued with the Emperor, who, notwithstanding his fatigue, received visits from several of his Ministers; and in this manner, during the space of two days and nights, did meetings and committees continually succeed each other in the Elysée Palace, without producing any result. The anxiety of the Emperor increased. The Allies were approaching Paris. Much business was doing, and yet there was nothing done. The Chambers had assembled; but from the violence of the discussions, it was evident the parties stood op-

posed to each other, and the necessity of an abdication was spoken of with much freedom. Suddenly a carriage stopped at the palace, and in it was Prince Lucien—at the very sight of whom Napoleon turned pale. He hastened down, however, to meet his brother, and they both immediately went aside into the closet-walk in the garden.

They returned into the palace, and the Prince of Eckmuhl was sent for; but it is not certain what was proposed to him, nor what reply he made. Lucien, much agitated, soon drove off in his carriage. He was heard to say to his secretary, “What can I say to you? The smoke of Mount St John has turned his head.” The Emperor then shut himself in a retired cabinet, and did not come out for the space of an hour. He had asked, however, for a jelly and coffee, and a valet-de-chambre sent it to him by a little boy, who, during his service in the palace, had been particularly noticed by Napoleon, and of whom he seemed very fond. The boy looked seriously at the Emperor, who was sitting motionless, with his hands over his eyes. “Eat some—Eat some, Sire,” said the boy, “it will do you good.” The Emperor asked,—“Are you not from Gonesse?”—“No, Sire, I come from Pierre Fite.”—“And your parents have a cottage and some acres there?”—“Yes, Sire.”—“That is a happy life!” His head, which he had for a moment raised, then sunk again upon his hands. He soon after, however, returned to the Chamber of Audience, where his secretary was employed in opening a despatch. “Is there any thing new there?” said the Emperor. “A letter for your Majesty,” was the answer, *the substance of which was the following:—*

“ Nature has done much for you—Fortune still more. Born in an age of illumination and freedom ; succeeding to all the power of the Revolution, when experience, too dearly bought, had warned us of all its fatal errors, you should have established that epoch which was always the object of our wishes, in which genius would employ revolutions for the purpose of infusing philosophy into the science of politics, and conducting the nation to happiness. That happiness consisted in the stability and dignity of a legitimate government, approved by the free choice of the people. It consisted in the liberty of the citizens,—liberty without licentiousness, and the enjoyment of rights honoured by the performance of duties. Behold the benefits which France expected from your judgment, your talents, and your gratitude ! What has she received ? She has been called to support, with her treasures and her blood, an ambition always devouring and never satisfied. She has been presented with the phantom of glory instead of the substantial blessings of liberty ; and after unheard-of sacrifices, now finds herself exposed to the rage of embattled Europe, and trembling on the verge of destruction. The chastisement of a hero always consists in his fall. Your’s is resolved upon ; and that history may find it legal, as well as your contemporaries may think it legitimate, it is the public authority which is about to pronounce it. Your accomplices cannot exclaim that it is the work of Calmuck bayonets. You may, however, anticipate it. Reserve to yourself the honour of descending from a throne, that you may not be torn from it. This is the advice of an honest enemy, who often admired, but who never feared you ; and who, at

the price of his blood, would have wished to have revered in you the saviour of the world, of which you have been the scourge. That enemy cannot leave him whom his own genius and the nation will have made a sovereign, without pronouncing that word which a friend, provided he has one remaining, should not withhold, *Abdicate*."

"That I should abdicate!" exclaimed Napoleon, crushing the letter between his hands. "What think you of this?" said he to two of his Ministers, the Duke of Bassano and Regnault;—the former was silent.—"I understand you," said Napoleon, affecting gaiety; "you agree with the anonymous writer. Well, Count Regnault, what is your opinion?"—"With men and money you might still repel the attacks of your assailants; but, without them, what can you do but yield?"—"I am able to resist."—"Public opinion is with the Chambers, and it is the opinion of the Chambers that a sacrifice is necessary."

Here General Solignac, member of the Chamber of Deputies, was announced. "Solignac!" exclaimed Napoleon, "he has not spoken to me these five years. What can he want?"—The Ministers withdrew, and Solignac was immediately admitted. The precise conversation which then took place is not known, but the following is what was afterwards stated by the General.

"The Chamber," said he, "had determined to exclude Napoleon from the throne; but it was wished to show regard for the army in proceedings concerning the person of its Chief, whose power and glory the troops had been so long accustomed to respect. There was also reason to

fear, that the decree of its forfeiture might be made the pretext of an insurrection. The capital might become the scene of serious troubles, and the country be involved in a civil war. It appeared necessary, therefore, in order to avoid these evils, that the abdication of Napoleon should proceed from himself, and be considered as a voluntary act of devotedness for the country. To obtain this object, I employed the means of persuasion, which appeared to me best calculated for success. After an hour and a half's conversation, Napoleon at last yielded to my urgent recommendations. He appeared touched with the frankness and energy with which I spoke, while at the same time I preserved the respect which was due to his rank, and still more to his misfortunes. In a word, I left the Emperor with the assurance that he would transmit his act of abdication, at least in favour of his son, and I arrived at the Chamber of Representatives before the forfeiture, which was then under consideration, became the subject of positive decree."

Accordingly, as Solignac had stated, the following declaration was drawn up and submitted to the Chamber:—"Frenchmen, in commencing war for maintaining the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, of all wills, and the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the Powers against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and have really directed them only against my power. My political life is terminated; and I proclaim my

son, under the title of Napoleon II. Emperor of the French. The present members will provisionally form the council of the government. The interest which I take in my son, induces me to invite the Chambers to form the regency by a law without delay. Unite all for the public safety, in order to remain an independent nation. (Signed) NAPOLEON."

This declaration was received with every mark of respect. Those who had been most anxious for his abdication or forfeiture, were eager to express their sense of gratitude for the sacrifice which Napoleon had made. It was then proposed by La Fayette, that both the person and interest of Bonaparte should be placed under the protection of the national honour, and this proposal was agreed to with loud applause.

Count Regnault, at the same time, being anxious that a change of circumstances might not appear to lessen his regard for the person of Napoleon, rose and spoke to the following effect:—"Gentlemen," said he, "I am no longer a minister, I am a citizen; I am a representative of the people, and I have a right to claim this title, for I have proved myself such, even in the Cabinet of the Prince, towards whom you have still a duty to perform; and here I am certain that no one will disavow the sentiments which I am about to express. You have had at your head a man whom you have proclaimed great. This man posterity will judge. He was invested by the people with sovereign power. He has laid it aside without reserve, without personal consideration. The Chamber should become the interpreter of the sentiments which are due to him, and which the nation would

preserve towards him. I propose that the President and his bureau should proceed to Napoleon, to express to him, in the name of the nation, the gratitude and respect with which it accepts the noble sacrifice which he has made for the independence and happiness of the French people."

This motion was agreed to, without one dissenting voice, and the President, together with the Vice-Presidents and Secretaries, soon after repaired to the palace. Napoleon, who had been made acquainted with their intention, received them with every kind of respect, in presence of his former ministers, the grand officers of his household, and a strong body of his guard. At this meeting, Bonaparte exhibited his usual dignity, and appeared to be firm and collected. Still he was pale from the effect of previous agitation, but gradually became serene and even cheerful. Lanjuinais, the President, approached him with more than usual respect. His countenance was agitated and his voice trembled. He said that he was commissioned to express the deep sense of gratitude which the deputies unanimously felt for his generous compliance with their wishes, and the imperious demand of circumstances. When his throne was connected with the glory and the happiness of France, or while it could be supported without the hazard of the utter destruction of their native land, they had rallied round him, and would have defended him with their lives. But the reverses of Waterloo had again exposed their beloved country to the invasion of a million of armed foreigners, who had sworn never to make peace with him, but who had otherwise solemnly promised to respect the independence of the French, and to acknowledge the

Prince of their choice. His resignation of the imperial power was the only expedient which could disarm the fury of the enemy, who, when the object against whom alone they professed to set themselves in array, had ceased politically to exist, they could no longer consistently carry on the war, and in proportion as the sacrifice which he had made was important to France, their gratitude to him increased. The termination of his political life constituted the most glorious period of his whole career. No longer, by his own generous abdication, their sovereign, they loved and honoured him as the first and most illustrious of their citizens. His safety and his dearest interests would be the object of their most tender solicitude, and be ever considered as the most sacred deposit committed to their care.

Napoleon replied, "I thank you for the sentiments you express. I recommend the Chambers to reinforce the armies, and to place them in the best state of defence. Those who wish for peace, ought to prepare for war. Do not expose this great nation to the mercy of the foreigner, lest you be disappointed in your hopes. In whatever situation I may be placed, I shall be happy if France be free and independent. In transferring the right which France has given me to my son, I make this great sacrifice only for the welfare of the nation, and the interest of my son, whom I therefore proclaim Emperor."

The President observed that the Chamber had not deliberated on that subject, and had charged him with no commission. "I told you so," said Bonaparte aside to his brother Lucien, "I did not



think that they could or would do it. Tell the Chamber," he continued, turning to the President, "that I recommend to them my son: that I abdicate in favour of my son." And thus ended the political life of Napoleon.

It now became necessary, on the abdication of Napoleon, for the Chamber to appoint a certain portion of their own number, who should provisionally take upon them the chief command. Six persons were accordingly appointed a committee. The first proceedings of this committee was to issue a proclamation, informing the people of the abdication of Napoleon in favour of his son, and of their appointment of plenipotentiaries to treat with the Allies.

Meanwhile the most violent discussions were going on in the Chambers, as to the propriety or expediency of acknowledging Napoleon II. as he was termed. The soldiers were confounded at this act of the Emperor, and did not hesitate to show their indignation; but they, at the same time, declared to a man, that at all times and places they would rally round him at his signal, and defend him with their lives. These irregular and threatening proceedings were carefully watched by the Provisional Government, and that every plausible excuse should be removed from them for holding forth such language, it was suggested that Napoleon should first intimate his abdication to the army, and then withdraw himself from the capital.

Accordingly, Fouché being appointed by the committee to arrange this with him, went and declared the wishes of the government to Napoleon, who immediately issued the following proclamation, and departed for Malmaison:—

“Soldiers ! While obeying the necessity which removes me from the French army, I carry with me the happy certainty that it will justify, by the eminent services which the country expects from it, the praises which our enemies themselves have not been able to refuse it. Soldiers ! I shall follow your steps, though absent. I know all the corps ; and not one of them will obtain a single advantage over the enemy, but I shall give it credit for the courage it may have displayed.

“Both you and me have been calumniated. Men very unfit to appreciate our labours, have seen in the marks of attachment which you have given me, a zeal of which I was the sole object.

“Let your future successes tell them that it was the country, above all things, which you served in obeying me ; and that if I had any share in your affection, I owed it to my ardent love for France, our common mother.

“Soldiers ! Some efforts more, and the coalition is dissolved. Napoleon will recognize you by the blows which you are going to strike.

“Save the honour, the independence of the French ! Be the same men which I have known you for these last twenty years, and you will be invincible. (Signed) NAPOLEON.”

From the daily increasing tumults, and even bloodshed, which occurred in the streets of Paris, it was thought prudent to urge the necessity of his departing immediately for Rochefort. Napoleon bitterly accused the Provisional Government for violating their solemn promise. At length, after much discussion, he, with the advice of his friends, resolved to comply with the wishes of the Government, and accordingly set

out for Rochefort, accompanied by an immense train of domestic followers. Meantime, the plenipotentiaries, who had repaired to the head-quarters of the Allies, returned to the Chambers disappointed in their views. Their demands for a cessation of arms had been at once refused. The armies of Blucher and Wellington moved on, driving before them every opposition the French could bring against them, and soon arrived under the very walls of Paris. The Prussians, flushed with victory, in the last stand of the French near the capital, and breathing revenge, closely pursued their enemy, and threatened speedily to enter the city. A herald was despatched to the Allied Generals, who demanded a suspension of arms, until commissioners should be appointed to treat with them respecting the surrender of Paris. This proposal was agreed to by Wellington and Blucher; and accordingly commissioners, duly authorized by both parties, met at the Palace of St Cloud, where a convention was entered into, and determined upon by the assembled parties.

The terms of this agreement were even favourable to the French, and must be regarded as a proof of the generosity of the Allies. Meanwhile, every disposition was made for the safe arrival of the King, by the late ministers of Napoleon, who had once more engaged themselves in the royal cause; and at the barriers he was waited on by the prefect and municipal body, who welcomed him with sentiments of profound respect. The monarch moved on triumphantly, amidst the acclamations of the people, attended by the National Guards of Paris, the household troops, the Count D'Artois, the Duke de Berri, and an

immense crowd of officers, and entered the Thuilleries, where he was received with enthusiasm and gladness. In this manner did Louis enter his capital for the second time, and, protected by the presence of his allies, resume the reins of government, thereby causing the Chambers to renounce the idea of the adoption of Napoleon II. as their prince. Such were to Louis, France, and the rest of Europe, the first fruits of the glorious struggle of Great Britain and her allies on the plains of Waterloo.

ON the third of July, Napoleon arrived at Rochefort, whither the Provisional Government had previously ordered two frigates, in which he and his whole train might embark for North America. He continued, however, lingering there, for the space of seven or eight days, employed in preparing for his flight. He probably prolonged his stay, with the vain hope that Fortune, on which he had so often relied, would once more bring round another change in his favour. He appeared quite irresolute, and loath to leave the soil over which he once held so mighty a sway, notwithstanding the efforts of his friends to convince him of his error. At length he was prevailed on, and wished in reality to depart; but the hour was, unhappily for him, gone by. The British cruisers, already acquainted with his intentions and place of retreat, were now seen closely blockading the port of Rochefort, and escape was rendered altogether impossible. He was also informed that the King had re-entered Paris, and was again reinstated on the throne; and in proof of this, the white flag *was hoisted* on the ramparts at Rochefort. As a

last resource, he resolved to throw himself on the liberality of the British nation. Accordingly, he sent two of his officers to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*, to whom he proposed to surrender, on condition that he should be safely conveyed to England, and then permitted to retire at pleasure. These were conditions, however, on which the Captain could not receive him, and he replied, that he could only convey him to England, there to await the pleasure of the Prince Regent. Although this was by no means what Napoleon wished, yet there was no alternative; and on the morning of the fifteenth of July, he embarked with his whole suite on board a flag of truce, and soon reached the *Bellerophon*. He ascended the quarter-deck, and, advancing to Captain Maitland, addressed him with his usual dignity, and said, "I am come to claim the protection of your Prince and your laws." Captain Maitland received him with every mark of attention and respect, and treated him in a manner characteristic of the generosity and kindness of a British sailor.

Napoleon's suite consisted of Count Bertrand, formerly Grand Marshal of the Palace, the Countess Bertrand, and three children; the Duke of Rovigo (Savary); General Lallemant; Baron Gourgaud, formerly aide-de-camp to Napoleon; Count Montholon Semonville, who was likewise aide-de-camp to the Emperor; the Countess Montholon Semonville, and a child; Count Las Cases, counsellor of state, and his son; several other officers, and forty domestics.

The *Bellerophon* soon weighed anchor, and set sail for England. On the twenty-fourth of July she arrived at Torbay, when an officer was dea-

patched to Government, with intelligence of their arrival, and to receive information as to the disposal of the prisoner and his numerous suite. A letter at the same time, written by Napoleon himself, was addressed to the Prince Regent, which read in substance as follows :—

“ ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the great Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself on the hospitality of the British nation. I place myself under the safeguard of their laws, and claim the protection of your Royal Highness, the most powerful, the most constant, the most generous of my enemies. (Signed) NAPOLEON.”

In this state of uncertainty, and while the British Ministry deliberated on his destination, Napoleon vainly yielded to the idea, that England would be his abiding place ; and with this consoling hope, he passed the intervening time in the most cheerful manner imaginable. He was remarkably agreeable to every one around him, from the Captain down to the common sailor. In conversation, he was familiar and pleasant, particularly to the British officers, while they, at the same time, attended him with the utmost kindness and attention. The multitudes who thronged around the ship from morning till night, were also gratified with a view of him, while his vanity was no less indulged by the anxiety which his presence excited in the English. He was much pleased, too, with the sight ; and, in compliment to the ladies, professed to admire their general and extreme beauty, as much surpassing that of the French. A good deal of his time

however, was spent in writing and reading. The English newspapers were often in his hands, being always eager to know what was said against him. "He had surrendered," he said, "to the British nation, because in doing so, he threw himself on the generosity of a great people. He professed his intention (if he were allowed to reside in England) of adopting the English customs and manners; and he solemnly declared that he would never again meddle with politics. On being asked why he did not surrender himself to Austria? "What!" he replied, "Give myself up to a nation without laws, honour, or faith! No, the moment I had got there, I should have been shut up in a dungeon, and never heard of more." He often spoke of his former victories. "Ah!" said he one day, "I ought to have died the day I entered Moscow; then I had reached the very pinnacle of fame: But from that day hence I have experienced nothing but disasters and disgrace; and yet, had I acted according to my own mind, I might have still been on the throne of France."

Meantime, Government had determined that the Island of St Helena should be his place of exile, and Sir Henry Bunbury, accompanied by the Honourable Mr Bathurst, was charged to make the communication. They were accordingly conveyed on board the Bellerophon by Lord Keith's yacht, when Sir Henry was immediately introduced to Napoleon, and, after mutual salutations, read to him the resolution of the Cabinet, by which he was informed of his intended transportation to the Island of St Helena, with four of his friends, to be chosen by himself, and twelve domestics. He received this intimation without any mark of sur-

prise, as he said he had been apprised of the determination; but he protested against it in the most emphatic manner; and, in a speech of three quarters of an hour, delivered with great coolness, self-possession, and ability, reasoned against the outrageous proceeding.

“ I protest solemnly ” (were the words he used), “ in the face of Heaven and men, against the violation of my most sacred rights, by the forcible disposal of my person, and of my liberty. I came freely on board the *Bellerophon*. I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England.—Once seated on board the *Bellerophon*, I was immediately entitled to the hospitality (*Je fus sur le foyer*) of the British people. If the Government, by giving orders to the Captain of the *Bellerophon* to receive me and my suite, intended merely to lay a snare for me, it has forfeited its honour, and sullied its flag.

“ If this act be consummated, it will be in vain that the English will talk to Europe of their loyalty, of their laws, of their liberty. The British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*.

“ I appeal, therefore, to history. It will say, that an enemy who made war for twenty years on the people of England, came freely in his misfortunes to seek an asylum under its laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and of his confidence? But how did they answer it in England? They pretended to hold out an hospitable hand to this enemy, and when he surrendered himself to him in good faith, they sacrificed him. (Signed) NAPOLEON.—On board the



Bellerophon, at sea, fourth August, eighteen hundred and fifteen."

On the eleventh of August the Northumb  
to which he and his suite had previously be  
moved, sailed for the Island of St Helena,  
she arrived on the eighteenth of October 18

# THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESPATCH FROM WATERLOO.

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*(From the London Gazette.)*

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*Downing-Street, June 22d, 1815.*

Major the Honourable H. Percy arrived late last night with a Despatch from Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G., to Earl Bathurst, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the War Department, of which the following is a copy. , .

*Waterloo, June 19, 1815.*

MY LORD,

BUONAPARTE having collected the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th corps of the French army and the Imperial Guards, and nearly all the cavalry on the Sambre, and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and 14th of the month. advanced on the 15th, and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez, on the Sambre, at day-light in the morning.

I did not hear of these events till the evening of the 15th, and immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterwards to march to their left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters, to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroy was the real attack.

The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and General Ziethen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroy, retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sambref, holding the villages in front of his position of St Amand and Ligny.

The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroy towards Bruxelles, and on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under the Prince de Weimut, posted at Frasne, and forced it back to the farmhouse on the same road called Les Quatre Bras.

The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division under General Perponcher, and in the morning early regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Bruxelles, with Marshal Blucher's position.

In the mean time, I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quatre Bras; and the 5th division, under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, arrived at about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blucher, with his whole force, except-

ing the 1st and 2d corps ; and a corps of cavalry under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at Les Quatre Bras.

The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bulow, had not joined, and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of cavalry and infantry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery ; he made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner. In this affair his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major-General Sir James Kempt, and Sir Dennis Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieutenant-General Charles Baron Alten, Major-General Sir C. Halket, Lieutenant-General Cooke, and Major-Generals Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry, I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 79th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

Our loss was great, as your Lordship will perceive by the enclosed return ; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell, fighting gallantly at the head of his troops.

Although Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Sambref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged ; and as the fourth corps had not arrived, he determined to fall back, and concentrate his army upon Wavre ; and he marched in the night after the action was over.

This movement of the Marshal's rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part : and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blucher. On the contrary, a patrol which I sent to Sambref in the morning, found all quiet, and the enemy's videttes fell back as the patrol advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following, with a large body of cavalry brought from his right, the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.

This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their debouché from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his Lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

The position which I took up in front of Waterloo, crossed the high roads from Charleroy and Nivelles, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied ; and its

left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougoumont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre, we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blucher, at Wavre, through Ohain; and the Marshal promised me, that in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the third corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning, and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for sometime under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add, that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

: This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these the enemy carried the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the legion which occupied

it had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry ; but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful, and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, and 1st Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-general Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with the cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated ; and having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps by Euschermont upon Planchenorte and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person, with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohaim, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point ; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands. I continued the pursuit till long after dark ; and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been en-

gaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning that he had taken sixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c. belonging to Buonaparte, in Genappe.

I propose to move, this morning, upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

Your Lordship will observe, that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss; and I am sorry to add, that ours has been immense. In Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, his Majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service, and he fell gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was defeated. The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through this arduous day, received a wound by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive his Majesty for some time of his services.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct, till he received a wound from a musket-ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your Lordship, that the army never upon any occasion conducted itself better. The division of Guards, under Lieutenant-General Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major-General Maitland, and Major-General Byng, set an example which was



followed by all ; and there is no officer, nor description of troops, that did not behave well.

I must, however, particularly mention, for his Royal Highness's approbation, Lieutenant-General Sir H. Clinton, Major-General Adam, Lieutenant-General Charles Baron Alten, severely wounded ; Major-General Sir Colin Halket, severely wounded ; Colonel Ompteda, Colonel Mitchell, commanding a brigade of the 4th division ; Major-General Sir James Kempt, and Sir Dennis Pack, Major-General Lambert, Major-General Lord E. Somerset ; Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, Major-General Sir C. Grant, and Major-General Sir H. Vivian ; Major-General Sir O. Vandeleur ; Major-General Count Dornberg. I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct upon this, as upon all former occasions.

The artillery and engineer department were conducted much to my satisfaction, by Colonel Sir G. Wood and Colonel Smith ; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adjutant-General, Major-General Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Quarter-Master-General Colonel Delancy, who was killed by a cannon-shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to his Majesty's service, and to me at this moment. I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to his Majesty's service.

General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction, as did General Trip, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry of the King of the Netherlands.

General Pozzo di Borgo, General Baron Vincent, General Muffling, and General Alva, were in the field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and General Pozzo di Borgo received a contusion.

I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them.

The operation of General Bulow, upon the enemy's flank, was a most decisive one; and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack, which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire, if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

I send with this despatch two eagles taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his Royal Highness.

I beg leave to recommend him to your Lordship's protection.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

*P. S.* Since writing the above, I have received

a report, that Major-General Sir William Ponby is killed ; and, in announcing this intelligence to your Lordship, I have to add the expression of grief for the fate of an officer, who had already rendered very brilliant and important services, and was an ornament to his profession.

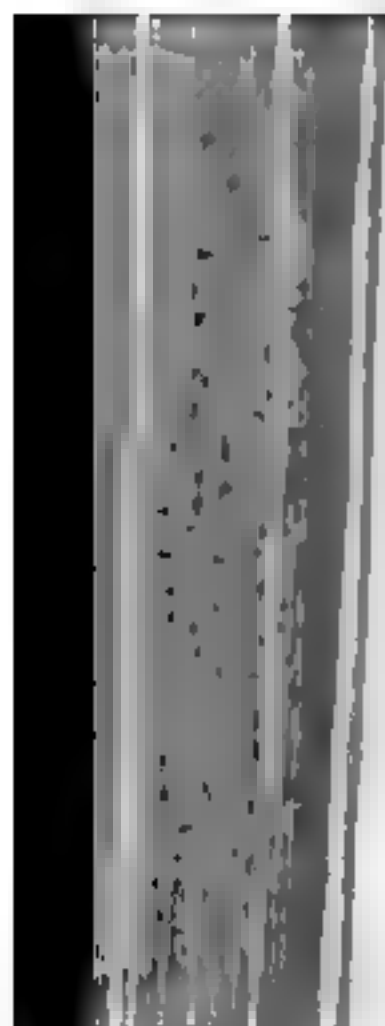
**VII.**  

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**DEATH**  
**OF**  
**NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.**

**VOL. II.**

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# DEATH

## OF

### NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

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THESE Memorials of one of the most general and sanguinary wars that ever devastated Europe, could not be more appropriately concluded than by a brief circumstantial detail of the last moments of the man whose unparalleled ambition not only stimulated the conflict, but, for a long time, threatened to shatter into ruin the whole social fabric of the civilized world; and under this impression, the following facts have been thrown together.

Napoleon, while his ultimate fate was yet in doubt, and the marvellous events that attended his downfall an absorbing topic of discussion, displayed an equanimity almost heroic. He felt that he was a spectacle to mankind—that the eye of the world was rivetted on him; and even in his desolation, he experienced a proud conviction, that his character belonged to history. But these feelings deserted him, when he found himself, year after year,

doomed to drag on a dreary and monotonous existence, on a solitary rock, buried in the solitudes of the Atlantic, and so far removed from that world, to all the movements of which he had been accustomed to give the grand impulse. His restlessly active mind began to prey upon itself, and his rock-prison became more and more insupportable. His time was chiefly occupied in framing complaints against the powers who held him in durance,—quarrelling with the keeper to whose charge they had intrusted him,—and furnishing material likely to assist the historian in the narration of his eventful life. Between him and Sir Hudson Low, it is unnecessary here to pass a judgment. It was requisite to consign him to a man trusty, vigilant, and resolute; and it might be difficult, in so thankless an office; to find these qualities in combination with great suavity of manners and delicacy of feeling.

The Ex-Emperor's death, which took place on the 5th of May 1821, was neither sudden nor unexpected. His health declined gradually, and he had been confined to his apartment for seven weeks previous to that event. He was attended, at the commencement of his indisposition, by his own medical assistant, Professor Antommarchi; but, during the latter period, he received the daily visits of Dr Arnott, of his Majesty's 20th regiment, generally in conjunction with the above named physician. Dr Shortt, Physician to the Forces, and Dr Mitchell, Principal Medical Officer of the Royal Navy on the station, were called upon in consultation, by Professor Antommarchi, on the 3d of May; but they had not an opportunity afforded them of seeing the patient. It was

not till the preceding day that his case had been considered dangerous. On the 4th his life was despaired of; and on the 5th, at ten minutes before six o'clock in the evening, he died. The words "*tête d'armée*" were the last he uttered; from which it may be inferred, that, even when on the verge of eternity, his thoughts were bent on human strife.

Dr Arnott was with him at the moment he expired, and remained with the body during the night. Captain Crokot, of the 20th regiment, the orderly officer in attendance, and Drs Shortt and Mitchell, were admitted to see it, immediately after life became extinct. At two o'clock on the 6th, after having been seen by all the public functionaries in the island, it was opened in the presence of Drs Shortt, Mitchell, Arnott, Burton 66th regiment, and Surgeon Livingstone of the East India Company's Service. Professor Antommarchi assisted at the dissection; and General Bertrand and Count Montholon were also present. After a careful examination of the several internal parts of the corpse, the whole of the British medical officers present concurred in a Report as to the appearances and cause of death. On a superficial view, the body appeared very fat, which state was confirmed by the first incision down its centre, where the fat was upwards of one inch and a half over the abdomen. On cutting through the cartilages of the ribs, and exposing the cavity of the thorax, a trifling adhesion was found of the left pleura to the pleura costalis. About three ounces of reddish fluid were contained in the left cavity, and nearly eight ounces in



the right. The lungs were quite sound. The pericardium was natural, and contained about an ounce of fluid. The heart was of the natural size, but thickly covered with fat. The auricles and ventricles exhibited nothing extraordinary, except that the muscular parts appeared rather paler than natural. Upon opening the abdomen, the omentum was found remarkably fat; and, on exposing the stomach, that viscus was found the seat of extensive disease. Strong adhesions connected the whole superior surface, particularly about the pyloric extremity to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver; and, on separating these, an ulcer, which penetrated the coats of the stomach, was discovered one inch from the pylorus, sufficient to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the stomach, to nearly its whole extent, was a mass of cancerous disease, or scirrhous portions advancing to cancer. This was particularly noticed near the pylorus. The cardiac extremity, for a small space near the termination of the œsophagus, was the only part that appeared in a healthy state. The stomach was found nearly filled with a large quantity of fluid, resembling coffee-grounds. With the exception of the adhesions, occasioned by the disease in the stomach, no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the liver. The rest of the abdominal viscera were in a healthy state.

O'Meara, a medical attendant to whom Napoleon was strongly attached, but who had been removed to England, by order of Government, some time before his death, under an impression that he was more intimate with the Ex-Emperor than a conscientious discharge of his duty to his own country

warranted, represented his complaints as arising from an affection of the liver, generated, or greatly aggravated, by a residence in an unfavourable climate. The five medical men, however, who examined his body, declared positively, that the disease had arisen solely from an ulceration of the stomach, which was understood to be hereditary. He had often said, that his father died of a scirrhus of the pylorus. Dr Arnott's opinion was, that it was not the effect of climate, but had been growing upon him since 1817. Dr Antommarchi, who did not sign the Report, insisted that he died of a *chronic gastro hepatitis*, a disease he erroneously conceived endemic in the island.

Napoleon lay in state on the 6th and 7th, attired in his plain uniform, with a star on his side, and a silver cross on his breast, on a small brass bedstead, which he had had with him in most of his campaigns. Under him was a cloak of blue cloth, embroidered with silver, that he had worn at the battle of Marengo, which afterwards served for the pall. The room in which the corpse lay was small, and covered with black cloth. The body was subsequently enclosed in three coffins, of mahogany, lead, and oak. His heart, which Bertrand and Montholon earnestly desired to take with them to Europe, was deposited in the coffin in a silver cup filled with spirits; and his stomach was similarly disposed of.

He was buried on the 9th May, in Slanes or Haines Valley, near a fountain at a place called Huts Gate, beneath some willow trees—a spot which he had himself selected, under an impression that he was to end his days on the island. His obsequies were celebrated with all the military honour

that are paid to a General of the first rank. The members of his household attended as mourners, and were followed by the Governor, Admiral, and all the civil and military authorities of the island. The 66th and 20th regiments, the artillery, volunteers, and marines, in all about 3000 men, were under arms—a party of British grenadiers bore the coffin from the hearse ; and when it was lowered into the grave, the artillery fired three rounds of eleven guns. His grave was about fourteen feet deep, very wide at the top, but the lower part chambered to receive the coffin. One large stone covered the whole of the chamber ; the remaining space was filled up with solid masonry, clamped with iron. The spot had previously been consecrated by the Abbé Vignali, his priest.

Thus terminated the career of this extraordinary man, for whom Europe was once too narrow. He died chained, Prometheus-like, to a solitary rock on the confines of the habitable earth. The language of poetry may well be employed to wind up his marvellous history ; and the following verses, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine soon after his death, though not the most harmonious, are perhaps the most descriptive that could be selected :—

“ I enter'd, and I saw him lie  
 Within the chamber, all alone ;  
 I drew near very solemnly  
 To dead Napoleon.

“ He was not shrouded in a shroud,  
 He lay not like the vulgar dead,  
 Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud,  
 From his pale brow had fled.

- “ He had put harness on to die,  
The Eagle-Star shone on his breast,  
His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,—  
The sword he valued best.
- “ But calm—most calm was all his face,  
A solemn smile was on his lips,  
His eyes were closed in pensive grace—  
A most serene eclipse !
- “ Ye would have said some sainted sprite  
Had left its passionless abode,—  
Some man, whose prayer at morn and night  
Had duly risen to God.
- “ What thoughts had calm’d his dying breast,  
(For calm he died) cannot be known ;  
Nor would I wound a warrior’s rest—  
Farewell, Napoleon !
- “ No sculptured pile our hands shall rear,—  
Thy simple sod the stream shall lave,  
The native Holly’s leaf severe  
Shall grace and guard thy grave.
- “ The Eagle, stooping from the sky,  
Shall fold his wing and rest him here,  
And sunwards gaze, with glowing eye,  
From Bonaparte’s bier. ”

**THE END.**



